

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

January

15c



Beginning "Five Hollywood Wives"
Telltale Footsteps of the Stars
Their Pet Extravagances



An intimate gift to last all year—eight personal luxuries that breathe Gemey. \$10



To cheer her Christmas day—an intimate treasure—Toilet Water Gemey! \$1.50



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AT GAY

Christmas Parties

THE WORLD AROUND

THE FRAGRANCE

Gemey

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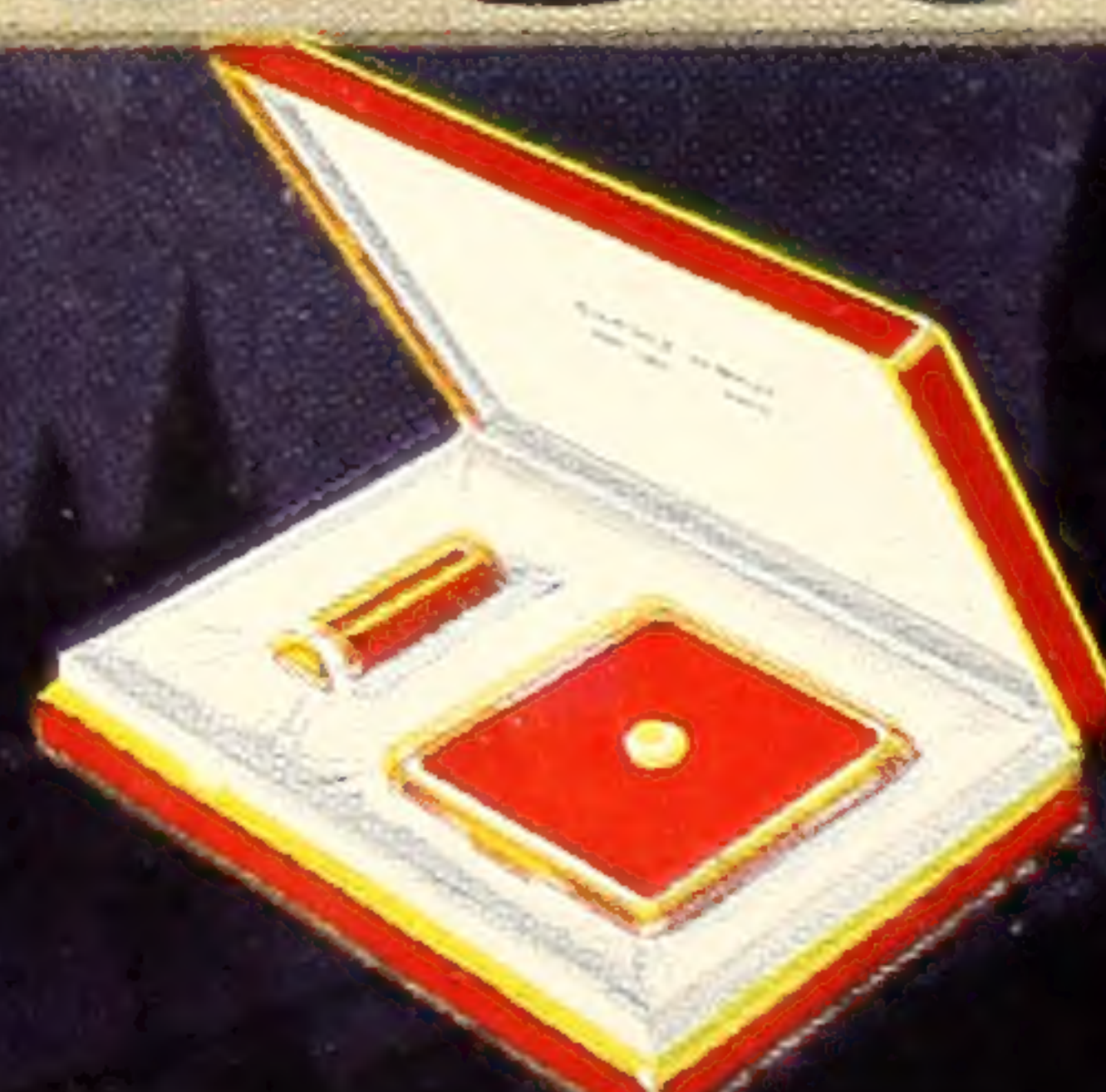
Budapest . . . Capetown . . . Sydney
Shanghai . . . Rio de Janeiro . . . Havana
Bucharest . . . Vienna



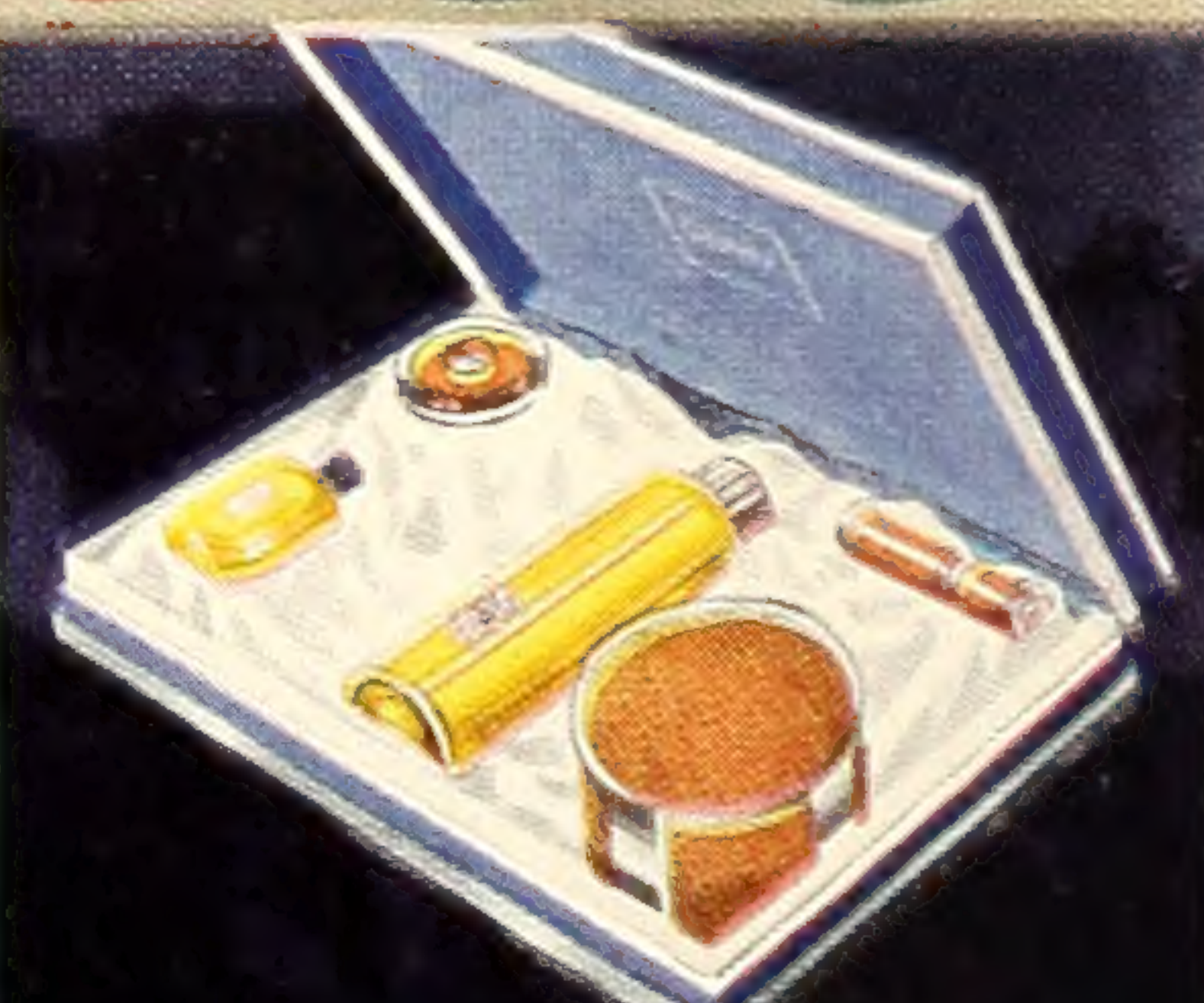
Glamour for glamorous girls: Double Compact, \$2. Triple Vanity with lipstick, \$2.75



For girls who go places—Cigarette Vanity with face powder, rouge, lipstick. \$5.50



Prove your good taste with this Double Vanity and Lipstick in leather-topped box. \$5



A gala giftbox—five "can't-do-withouts," in the world-favored fragrance Gemey. \$5

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The Smart Screen Magazine



SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

Watch for Claudette Colbert Cover!

See Next Issue of
SCREENLAND
for New High in
Covers and Features!

The Robert Taylor cover "caught on" to put it conservatively. You, and you, and you liked it. Now watch for our Claudette Colbert cover on the next, the February issue—it's something new, too, and just as stunning as the Taylor portrait which set a new fresh style in magazine covers in any field.

The Colbert cover, however, is only part of the story! The February issue of SCREENLAND will be rich in features of the sort you like best. For example, "What Does the Future Hold for Your Hollywood Favorites?" Here's a startling article which predicts amazing things for some of the most important stars of the screen. Then there's the only complete, exclusive, and authentic fictionization of Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray in "Maid of Salem." There's an exciting story about Hollywood's most interesting "Non-Professional Wife." There's—but we don't want to spoil the surprises we're saving for you in our February number!

Remember—at the sign of the Claudette Colbert cover, grab the February issue of SCREENLAND, on sale January 5th. You won't be sorry!

January, 1937

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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Joan Blondell by Marland Stone.

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Tarzan
Escapes
M-G-M

Fifty-seven weeks of hard, gruelling work were expended on the making of this, and the result is probably the most entertaining *Tarzan* adventure of the series. Thrills, suspense, and well-sustained interest throughout the film, with excellent performances by Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Benita Hume. Herbert Mundin proves delightful as the comedy relief. The jungle background is spectacular.



Pigskin
Parade
20th Cen-
tury-Fox

Never a dull moment! There's music by the Yacht Club Boys, never funnier; Jack Haley, Dixie Dunbar, Anthony Martin and grand little Judy Garland, with half a dozen hit song numbers. Laughs galore from Stuart Erwin, as a yokel but great football player; Patsy Kelly, and Jack Haley, in the best part of his career. Arline Judge, Betty Grable, and Johnny Downs are three cute kids you love. An evening of swell fun.



The Big
Broad-
cast
of 1937
Paramount

Paramount's annual round-up of stars you know both in radio and films. If anything the show suffers from an embarrassment of riches in entertainers, with Jack Benny, Bob Burns, Gracie Allen and George Burns, Shirley Ross, Frank Forest, Martha Raye, Ray Milland. And there are special numbers by Leopold Stokowski leading a full symphony, Bennie Fields singing a new song, and others. A big show.



Sing Me
a Love
Song
Warners

James Melton in his second picture. He sings his way through his own department store and into the heart of Patricia Ellis. Hugh Herbert is the wealthy kleptomaniac who continually raids the counters. One of the funniest scenes you've seen is a series of dissolves showing Hugh as himself, his brother, father and grandfather. ZaSu Pitts and Allen Jenkins help some. It fails to click despite these several good points.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

Wanted:
Jane
Turner
RKO-
Radio



A nice little program picture with just enough suspense and a couple of laughs here and there to hold on to your interest. It is the story of the robbery of a mail truck and goes on to depict just how the criminal is finally tracked down by Lee Tracy, as a government inspector, and Gloria Stuart, his aide and heart interest. They provide good performances, and Paul Guilfoyle as the bandit does likewise.

Adven-
ture
in
Manhat-
tan
Columbia



A frisky, jolly bit of amusement with Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur playing cleverly and amusingly in a story somewhat in the mood of "Mr. Deeds"—but not, alas, with the gay manner of that adroit and memorable picture. Joel is a reporter, Jean an actress, and round and about them swirl adventure, with a projected robbery they foil as the most exciting. It's a nice little show, very engagingly played and directed.

The
Luckiest
Girl in
the
World
Universal



This little comedy drama, featuring Jane Wyatt and Louis Hayward, is amusing in spots, but it misses, due to story weaknesses. How the girl meets her true love through having to share his kitchen and bath in a boarding-house, is the plot of the play. The featured players are pleasing, and there is a fine supporting company made up of Nat Pendleton, Eugene Pallette, Catharine Doucet, and others.

Rose
Bowl
Paramount



You'll find plenty of laughs and good, clean fun in this youthful romance contributing to the seasonal crop of football pictures. Larry Crabbe turns in a good performance as the heavy, while Tom Brown continues to portray the fun-loving, all-American hero, who finally gets the breaks and wins lustrous-eyed, charming Eleanore Whitney. Benny Baker, however, steals the show with his comedy antics. It's pleasant.

Fugitive
in the Sky
Warners



A hold-up in a passenger plane, 4,000 feet up in the air, makes an unusual and, though implausible picture, one that has a measure of suspense and action to hold you interested, plus some thrills if you can overlook gaps in the plot. Warren Hull as a reporter is fine; Jean Muir hasn't much to do; Charles Foy in a minor rôle is delightful; and Carlyle Moore, Jr., and Howard Phillips are good. A fair show.

The
Magnifi-
cent
Brute
Universal



A rousing, full-blooded melodrama with Victor McLaglen giving a really corking show as the pugnacious steel-worker who dominates the mill and the town where it's located. It pulls no punches in seeking melodramatic force—one grisly incident shows a man fall into a vat of molten steel. But in general effect this is consistently entertaining fare, buttressed by effective climaxes, and well acted by star and supporting cast.

Under
Your Spell
20th Cen-
tury-Fox



Hollywood, continuing to make everything simple and light in its vehicles for the grand opera stars, offers Lawrence Tibbett in a frothy bit of comedy, very familiar as to story pattern, but good for an evening of entertainment and some excellent singing, even thrilling singing by the star. Wendy Barrie is the very attractive girl interest, Gregory Ratoff and Arthur Treacher take care of the comedy. Light but pleasing.

Another **GARY COOPER**, **JEAN ARTHUR** Triumph
CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
"The PLAINSMAN"



Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture . . . the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains . . . a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West . . .



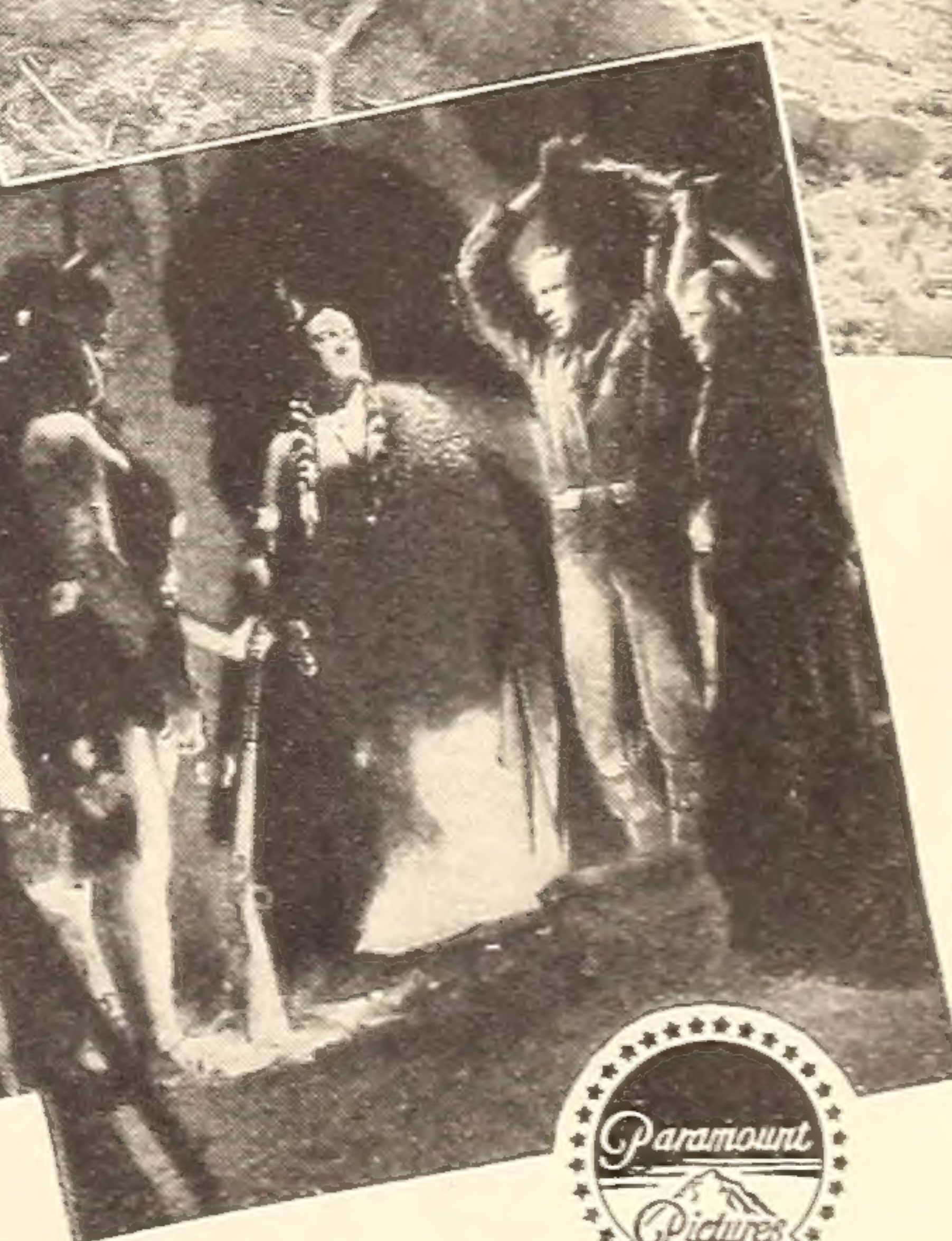
"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians . . . why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"



"Save your fire, boys, 'til they come close and then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."



"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very . . . very peacefully . . . unless somebody wants to deal out of turn."



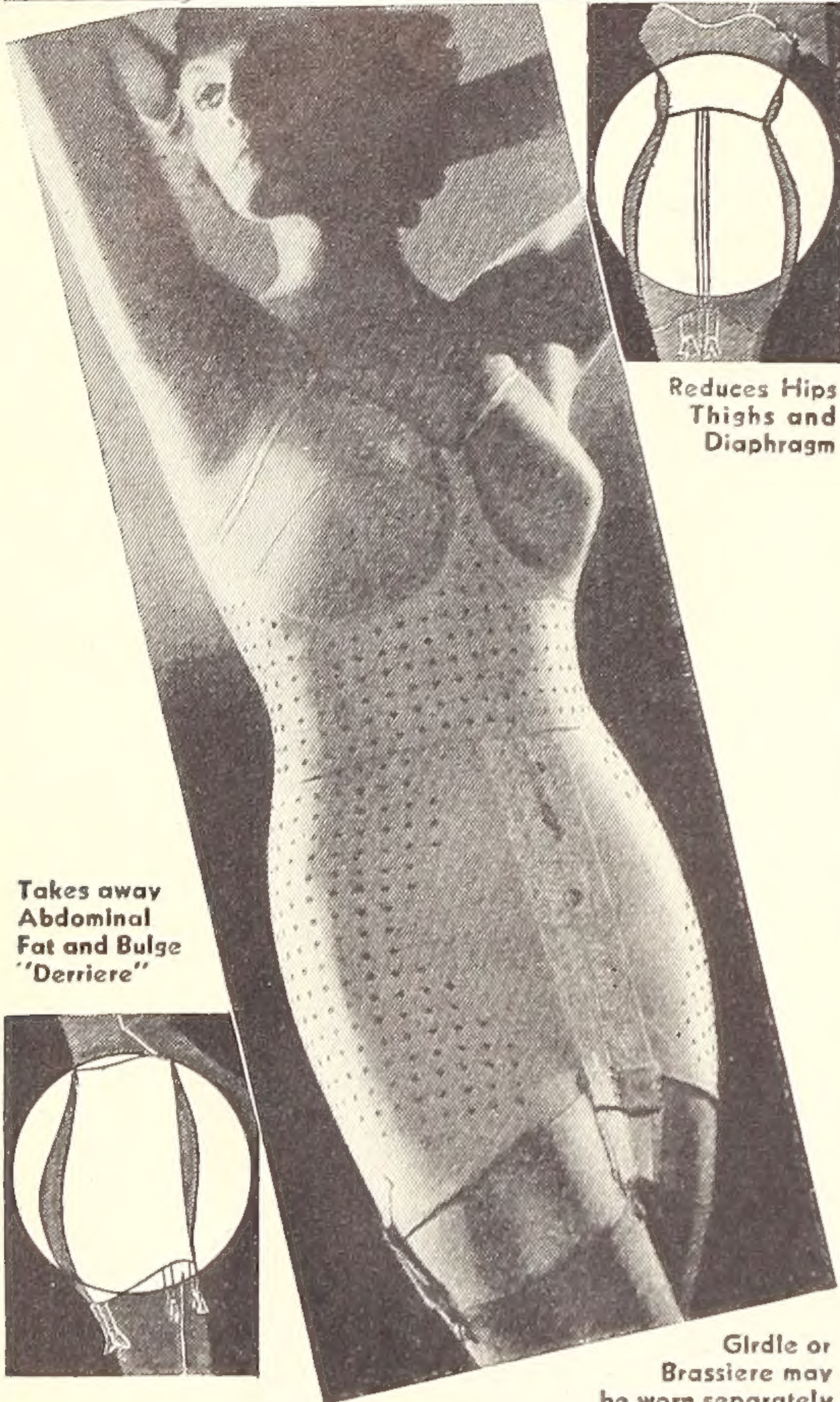
"Go ahead. Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at you. Laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."



Quickly...

Correct These Figure Faults

Perfolastic Not Only Confines,
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Reduces Hips
Thighs and
Diaphragm

Takes away
Abdominal
Fat and Bulge
"Derriere"

Girdle or
Brassiere may
be worn separately

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

**IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!**

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm... the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results... as are other Perfolastic wearers!

**PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY... QUICKLY
WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!**

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely... and quickly!

You risk nothing... why not mail coupon NOW!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 731, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

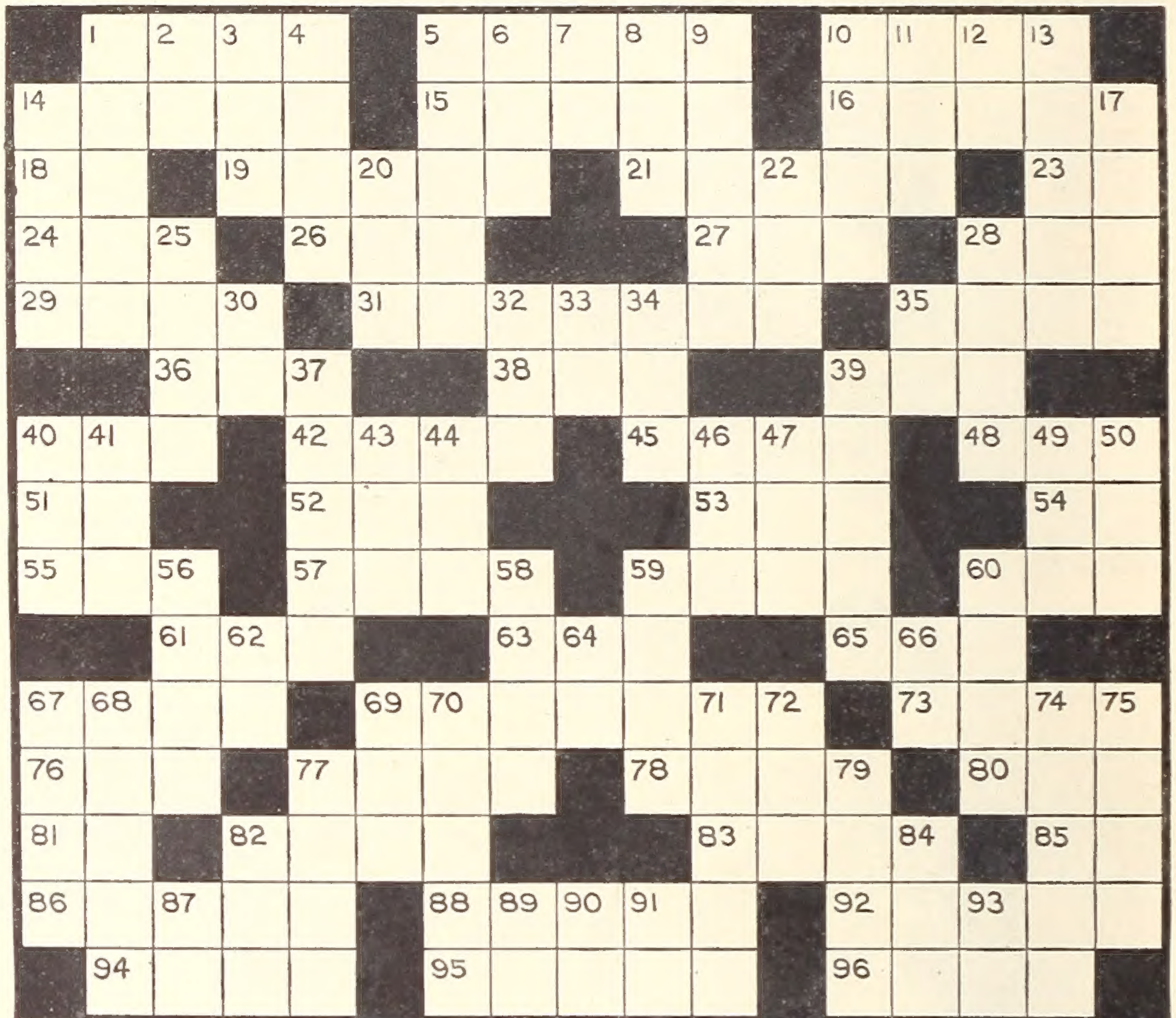
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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Mrs. Franchot Tone
5. She's famous for sad-eyed slavey rôles
10. "Boat," a movie
14. Comedienne of beloved memory
15. To do penance
16. Comedian, featured in "The Texas Rangers"
18. One
19. Star of "Satan Met a Lady"
21. Featured actor in "Libeled Lady"
23. Note of the scale
24. A church bench
26. Common metal
27. Large deer
28. French article
29. To pack away
31. Ginger's co-star
35. Prescribed quantity of medicine
36. Bird's beak
38. Queer
39. Mrs. Rex Bell
40. To fall behind
42. His new one is "Maytime"
45. Too
48. Before
51. Elevated railroad (abbrev.)
52. What you see a picture with
53. Wing of a house
54. European measure of area
55. Shade tree
57. Section of a film
59. Leading lady in "Sing Baby Sing"
60. Mrs. Roger Pryor
61. One of "Little Women"
63. Boat propeller
65. Cry
67. Crooked, askew
69. Her new one is "The Garden of Allah"
73. Female chickens
76. She's Mrs. Arthur Hornblow
77. To make a loan
78. Term of endearment
80. The M-G-M lion
81. The husband of Mrs.
82. He played Louis Pasteur
83. Comic co-star of "Our Rela-

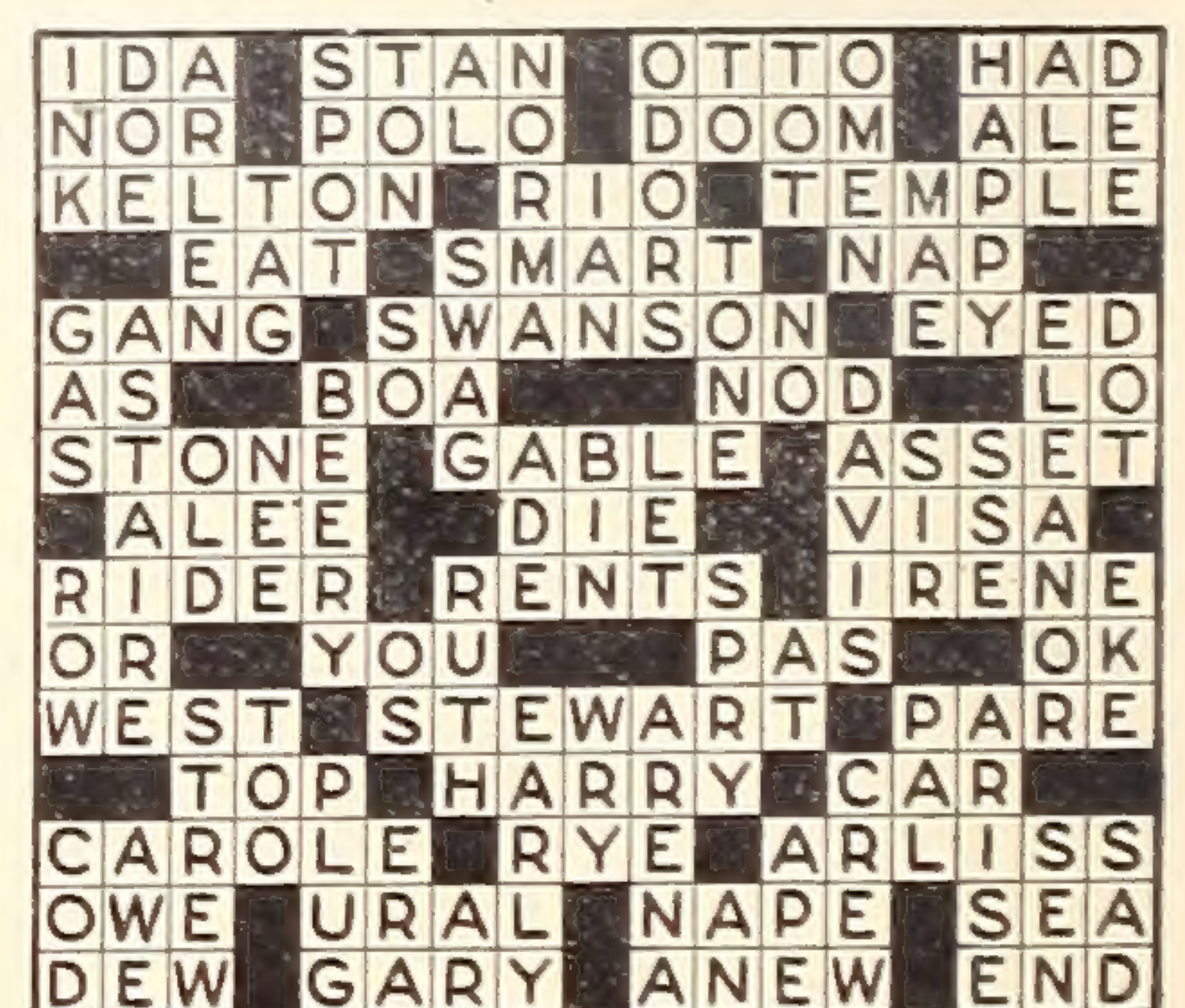
85. Nickname of 28 down
86. Strip of leather
88. Condition of decay
92. Featured actor in "Spend-thrift"
94. "Comes Trouble," a movie
95. Donkeys
96. System of weights

DOWN

1. One of the "Ladies in Love"
2. Either
3. Help
4. Tidy
5. Aches
6. Possessive pronoun
7. Toward
8. High explosive
9. More parched
10. Short stocking
11. Dried grass
12. All right (slang)
13. Allurements
14. Plans
17. Free from pain
20. By way of
22. Malt drink
25. Famous Chinese film actress
28. Hero in "Rich and Reckless"
30. You and I
32. Plaything
33. Paid notice (abbrev.)
34. Heroine of "The Gay Desperado"
35. To perform
37. Star of "Old Hutch"
39. Craig in "Craig's Wife"
40. Mrs. Bing Crosby
41. Every one
43. To alter the color
44. Mrs. Joel McCrea
46. Meadow
47. Cunning
49. Hurried
50. Sea eagle
56. The lady of Pickfair

58. English title of nobility
59. Co-star of "Swing Time"
60. Featured actor in "Second Wife"
62. Belonging to me
64. He's married to Ruby Keeler
66. Exclamation
67. Charity
68. Value
69. Males
70. Featured actress in "Anthony Adverse"
71. Bird's homes
72. To dine
74. Poor
75. A treat at the corner drug store
77. Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller
79. Featured actor in "Yours For the Asking"
82. To deface
84. Neither
87. Note of the scale
89. Like
90. Exists
91. Compass point (abbrev.)
93. A yes-man's forbidden word

Answer to
Last Month's Puzzle



THE PICTURE

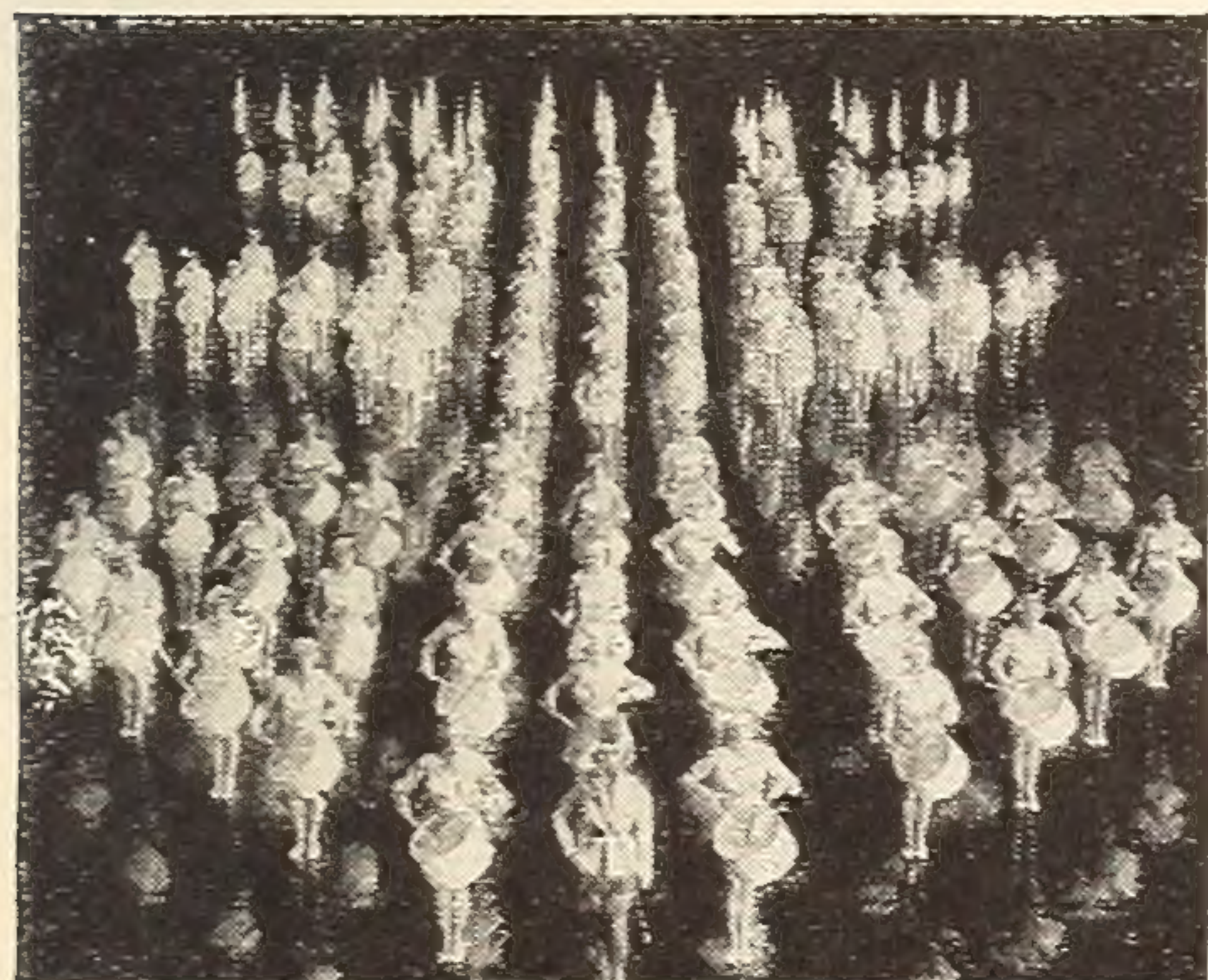
OF THE MONTH



Glenda coos the new Gold Digger's lullaby—"With Plenty of Money and You"—to those dashing heartbreakers and champion fun-makers—Victor Moore and Osgood Perkins!



Take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood's fanciest steppers with the dazzling dance stuff that made you the overnight sensation of Broadway's hot spots!



Busby Berkeley achieves a new pinnacle in rhythm as he introduces his 170 newest beauty discoveries in that stunning dame and ditty number—"All's Fair in Love and War"



And "Speaking of the Weather", it's fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tunesmiths made to order for his lady love!

**Come On, Everyone
THE PARTY'S
ON AGAIN!**



RING out the old...SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and mads and melody...lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies...packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL

in

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON... A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarburt

Warner Bros.

SCREENLAND

Honor Page

"Come and Get It," Frances Farmer! You win our highest award for brilliant performance

THERE is glory sufficient for all those outstanding artists Samuel Goldwyn assembled to portray the characters of "Come and Get It," but to a comparative newcomer must go our eager enthusiasm for the very reason that the young and lovely Frances Farmer strikes a brilliant and vibrant note in a company of such distinguished and seasoned players as Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, Walter Brennan, and the others. Arnold never did finer work—what higher praise can we give?—McCrea lives up to the standards of his increasingly fine acting accomplishments; Walter Brennan creates an unforgettable portrait as *Swan Bostrom*. For Frances Farmer, playing a dual rôle, to play so surely, with such finely-wrought detail and shading as marks the two quite different persons as the mother and daughter in this play, is the more notable for the eminence of her cast associates. We who have hailed Frances Farmer as a beauty and an interesting personality, greet her now as an actress of great charm, notable histrionic talent, and rich promise.



Frances Farmer at top is seen as *Lotta Morgan*, dance hall singer, and at right in an off-screen pose. Immediately above, left: Frances and Edward Arnold; center: Walter Brennan, Miss Farmer and Arnold; right: Joel McCrea and Frances as the young sweethearts of the Edna Ferber story.



**DORIS
NOLAN**
THE SCREENS NEWEST
& MOST GLAMOROUS STAR

TOP OF the TOWN

THE HIGHEST PEAK IN GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT

Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!
Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter!
Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

GIANT CAST OF 350!

LOOK WHO'S IN IT!

DORIS NOLAN

The new fan topic of the nation!

GEORGE MURPHY

Broadway's greatest dancing star!

HUGH HERBERT

GREGORY RATOFF

HENRY ARMETTA

Filmdom's top comics together for the first time in one picture!

GERTRUDE NIESEN

Radio's greatest songstress!

ELLA LOGAN

Internationally famous radio & night club star!

THE THREE SAILORS

They're nuts to everybody!

PEGGY RYAN

Eleanor Powell's protege and dancer supreme!

GERALD O. SMITH

Where fun is—there he is!

JACK SMART

Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

MISCHA AUER

Remember the gorilla man of
"My Man Godfrey"?

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

**THE WHOLE WORLD WILL
BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS**

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On"

"There Are No Two Ways About It"

"Blame It On The Rhumba"

"Fireman Save My Child"

"I've Got To be Kissed"

"Top Of The Town"

"Where are you?"

SONGS AND LYRICS

By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the greatest song hit team in pictures!

STORY AND SCREENPLAY

By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson, Bob (Academy Prize Winner) Benchley and Brown Holmes!

DIRECTOR

Walter Lang who gave you "Love Before Breakfast!"

GOWNS AND SETS

By John Harkrider, illustrious Ziegfeld set and wardrobe creator!

DANCES

By Gene Snyder, famous director of the New York Music Hall Rockettes!

LOU BROCK, Associate Producer

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

That romantic aristocrat, Rosalind Russell, serves "Bruncheon" to SCREENLAND readers in her charming home. Sit right down! Enjoy yourself!



Inside the

Stars

Homes

By
Betty Boone

ON THE corner of a quiet street in Beverly Hills, a flagged walk leads to the door of Rosalind Russell's white brick house. There are white walls and white painted woodwork throughout the interior of the dwelling, and there's a particularly lovely curving white stairway rising from the hospitable hall. All, as you may imagine, making the appropriate background for our New England aristocrat of the screen. The living room, with its fireplace and grand piano, the sailing ship in its studio window, its chintz drapes repeated in the upholstery of the Chesterfield, its mahogany tiptable—each item worth considering for itself—is none the less dominated by two oil paintings set at either end of the room.

"My grandfather and grandmother," Rosalind identified them to me, nodding from the stately gentleman in the frock coat to the gracious lady holding the handkerchief. "I'm supposed to look like her, but I don't, of course." She stood for a moment beneath the grandmother's portrait. Slim and tall, in a blue-and-white sports dress, her brown hair arranged in curls on top of her head, she looked as modern as tomorrow. (Don't tell her, but I thought the star much more beautiful).

"I've just come in from a singing lesson," she went on, breaking into a smile at the remembrance. "I'd far rather sing than eat! I've had very few lessons so far, but I managed a phrase here and there and some scales and what-not; perhaps after ten years I shall be able to sing a whole song. But I adore it! Now if we could talk about singing—!"

"It's really amusing to come to me about a story on food, because I seldom know what I'm eating and care much less. I wish I *could* take more interest. As it is, I am always having to drink milk, or force

down quantities of 'nourishment' to try to gain back lost weight.

"I love to see people who truly enjoy their meals. As a matter of fact, all of us who have enough to eat should be thankful when we consider all the hungry people there are in the world. I'm not looking down on food!"

She has a warmth of personality that somehow has never reached me from the screen—or else it's the rôles she's played.

"Today, we're having bruncheon—a favorite form of entertainment in my house. I love to ride with my friends on Sunday mornings—or other mornings, if I'm not working—and then have them all come here to eat. We always begin with juice of some kind—Campbell's tomato juice or Dole's pineapple juice. Or any fruit juice.

"Everyone likes crisp sausages—we always broil ours here. Then there are eggs in any form. Sometimes we serve pink eggs—the cook fries them in chili sauce, I believe, that turns them pink and gives them a special flavor.

"Today we are having omelet with greens—my cook will tell you about the recipes—pineapple muffins and some unusual preserves."

OMELET WITH GREENS

To 4 eggs in a bowl add, all very thinly chopped, 1 tablespoon of parsley, 1 teaspoon of chive and, if available, a tarragon leaf and a sprig of chervil. Add salt and pepper as needed and a teaspoon of water beat one minute and

(Continued on page 90)



Miss Russell, above, is shown presiding over her tempting table, a very gracious hostess. Right, she personally pours the batter for waffles for her "Bruncheon" guests at her Beverly Hills home.

An Open Letter to—YOU!

Dear Reader:

I've been writing a lot of "Open Letters" to screen stars, and some of them have hated it and a few of them have liked it. Now I'm writing an "Open Letter" to you—and you—and you, and I think you're going to like *this* one. In fact, I'm sure it will turn out to be by far the most popular "Open Letter" I've ever written, because this time I'm not asking some movie actress such embarrassing questions as "Why have you 'gone Hollywood'?" I'm asking you a few questions just between friends, and not embarrassing questions, either.

You see, I want to feel I know my readers as well as I know the screen stars I tell you about. The more I know about you, the closer I can come to giving you just the sort of screen magazine you like and enjoy. Rather than depend upon other sources, I prefer to go directly to *you* and have *you* tell me just who you are, where you live, and other information which will help me so much to give you what you want. As a nice "Thank you" for your trouble in answering the questions below, I've prepared something I know you'll like! A handsome calendar which bears a full-color, lifelike portrait of a favorite screen star! These are charming reproductions and fine for framing. You'll treasure yours, I know.

As the supply is limited, I can only send 5,000 calendars to the answers received. So will you please fill out the questionnaire below and mail it to me at once? Your calendar will reach you promptly and I know we'll both be pleased!

Sincerely,

Delight Evans

THIS OFFER ENDS JANUARY 3RD, 1937. Only 5,000 calendars are available and these will be sent to those submitting complete answers as long as the supply lasts. Address: DELIGHT EVANS, Editor, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City

IT'S EASY! JUST CHECK THE ANSWERS

1. How old are you?..... Do you live alone or with your family? With Family ☐ Alone ☐
 Village ☐ Farm ☐ 1-Family House ☐ 2-Family House ☐ Apartment ☐
 Store ☐ Hotel ☐ Newsstand ☐ Subscription ☐ Other.....
 2. Check which you live in. City ☐ Suburb ☐
 3. Where did you buy this magazine? Drug Store ☐ Stationery
 4. Are you single or married? Single ☐ Married ☐ 5. If
 single, are you expecting to be married? Yes ☐ No ☐ When.....

6. In the first two columns at the right, please list the age and relationship of all persons living with you in your home, including children. LIST YOURSELF FIRST. PLACE A CHECK MARK (✓) OPPOSITE THE ONE WHO PURCHASED THIS MAGAZINE. In the third column check the names of those who read this magazine regularly. Do not check occasional readers. In the fourth column list the occupations of the members of your family (such as clerk, stenographer, student, keeps house, etc.) In the fifth column check those now working. In the last column give the annual income of each, that is, weekly wages multiplied by 52, plus what ever income there may be from other sources.

Relation	Age	Reg. Reader	Occupation	Employed	Annual Income
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

7. If you rent your home or apartment, what monthly rental do you pay? Or if you own it, what is its value? \$.....
 8. Check which of the following you have in your home. Electricity ☐ Gas for Cooking ☐ Both ☐ Neither ☐
 Yes ☐ No ☐ What is it?.....
 9. Do you have a pet in your home?
 Refrigerator ☐ Washing Machine ☐ Vacuum Cleaner ☐
 10. Check which of the following your family now has. Car ☐ Telephone ☐ Radio ☐ Mechanical
 Did you buy it new or used? New ☐ Used ☐
 11. What is the make and year of your car? Make.....Year.....
 12. Do you personally drive a car? Yes ☐ No ☐
 13. Is your family planning to purchase any of the following in the near future? New Car ☐ Mechanical Refrigerator ☐ Vacuum Cleaner ☐ Radio ☐ Washing Machine ☐ New
 Rugs ☐ New Furniture ☐ Other Household Equipment.....
 14. Do you have a Camera? Yes ☐ No ☐ How many
 rolls (or packs) of film have you used during the past year?.....
 15. Do you personally shop for the food served in your home? Most
 of it ☐ Part of it ☐ None of it ☐
 16. If not, do you have a voice in its selection? Yes ☐ No ☐
 17. If you had to choose between the two, which would you eat? The foods you like best ☐ The foods which are best for you ☐
 18. Is your bodily weight a factor in your selection of food? Yes ☐ No ☐
 19. Does the kind of food you eat seem to have any effect on your skin or complexion? Yes ☐ No ☐
 20. Check where you buy your cosmetics. Drug Store ☐ Department Store ☐ Chain Store ☐
 for the following items. Powder.....Lipstick.....Cream.....Nail Polish.....
 No ☐
 21. Please put down what you pay, on an average, for each of the following items of apparel. Dresses.....Shoes.....Stockings
Hats.....Brassieres.....Slips.....Girdles.....Gloves.....
 22. Do you make any of your own clothes? Yes ☐
 to determine what to buy for yourself? Yes ☐ No ☐
 23. What type of hair do you have? Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐
 24. Do you shampoo it yourself or have it done in a beauty shop? Myself ☐ Beauty Shop ☐
 25. Check which of the following you have on hand in the family medicine chest. Headache Remedy ☐ Digestive Remedy ☐ Laxative ☐ Cold Remedy ☐ Burn Remedy ☐ Antiseptic ☐
 26. How long have you been a reader of this magazine? Less than 1 year ☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ 4 years ☐ 5 years ☐ More than 5 years ☐
 27. How long have you been a reader of this magazine? Less than 1 year ☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ 4 years ☐ 5 years ☐ More than 5 years ☐

CHECK WHICH STAR'S PORTRAIT YOU WANT ON YOUR CALENDAR. Robert Taylor ☐ Ginger Rogers ☐ Kay Francis ☐

NAME
 ADDRESS
 CITY STATE

Salutes and Snubs

CINEMA GLOBE-TROTTER

There are many of us who have to do all our traveling by motion pictures. And we certainly appreciate the pictures that show real scenes of different places about the world. But how we wish there were even more of these pictures.

Petra Madsen,
3911 Monroe St.,
Sioux City, Ia.

JOINS THE CHORUS FOR GINGER

Three Salutes and a long cheer are due Ginger Rogers for her absolutely natural acting in all of her pictures. Ginger may not be a great emotional actress like Garbo or Dietrich, but for good, clean comedy, and sincerity in acting, I vote for Ginger!

Hazel Glass,
727 Beckley Ave.,
Dallas, Tex.

LIKES JOAN UP-TO-DATE

"The Gorgeous Hussy" left me absolutely cold. Perhaps I'm prejudiced, but I'm all for Joan in the gay, clever, modern rôles, for which she is so ideally fitted.

Dorothy Fling,
4961 Rubicam Ave.,
Germantown, Pa.

THAT VIVID SIMONE

Three cheers for a lovely young actress who has in such a short time captured all San Francisco with her realistic portrayal in "Girls' Dormitory." Simone Simon is a vivid model of modern youth, not to mention her sincerity and sympathetic manner. Here's hoping she reaches the top of the ladder.

Emily Queirola,
981 San Pablo Ave.,
Berkeley, Calif.

ASK HONORS FOR JUNE

According to my way of judging, June Lang should win the Academy award for 1936. In "Road to Glory," June was sensational. I hope everyone will feel the same about this.

Rusty Simmons,
164 Long Hill Ave.,
Shelton, Conn.

A PLAY FOR NELSON AND JEANETTE

Memories of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie" are still fresh, and delightful; "Maytime" is a very pleasant prospect. And after that, how about Nelson as *Captain Trumbull*, and Jeanette as *Barbara Frietchie* in "My Maryland"?

Gloria McCarty,
1820 Wynnewood Rd.,
Philadelphia, Pa.



Start of a busy day for Ginger Rogers. Top, inspecting a costume submitted by the wardrobe mistress. Next, a chat with her mother. Then, off to the set with her stand-in, Marie Osborne, and Louise Sloane, Ginger's hairdresser.

Talk Back to the Talkies

Did you like that latest film starring your favorite? Does some young player impress you as worthy of greater opportunity? What story would you suggest as best for your favorite stars? If you have ideas, why not express them? Your applause, criticism or suggestions will be appreciated by Hollywood, so send them along by writing a letter for this department. Address your letters to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

ALL RIGHT, LET'S!

Let's have a round of applause for Allan Jones, who not only possesses a fine singing voice, but a delightful personality. Please see that SCREENLAND readers know more about this charming, regular man.

Mary Madison,
657 Islington St.,
Toledo, O.

ALWAYS SERIOUS?

I have always admired Fredric March's talent in films, but why is he so serious in most of his photographs, when he is so much more attractive when he smiles?

Ira Calimano,
Guajama, Porto Rico

LEAVE IT TO HOLLYWOOD

With a sharp click of the heels and a snappy lift of hand to forehead, I Salute one of your finest, Hollywood, your, and our, "Maggie" Sullivan! Be sure you get Margaret back as soon as that stage play she's doing in New York finishes its run. She's needed in Hollywood!

Dorothea Keller,
3 Linda Ave.,
White Plains, N. Y.

MEET JAMES ELLISON

As a constant reader of Salutes and Snubs, I've been wondering why no mention has been made of that up-and-coming young actor, Jimmy Ellison—or James Ellison as he is billed in the credits. Jimmy has shown marked ability in a series of Hop-Along-Cassidy films, displaying talent, youth and vitality.

Faith Ferris,
P. O. Box 170,
North Vassalboro, Me.

BRAVOS FOR BEAL AND BERTON

A royal salute to two of Hollywood's greatest actors, whose appearances are, alas, all too rare. First: John Beal, who had the ability, age, appearance and diction for the rôle he didn't get as *Romeo*. Second: Berton Churchill, whose pompous and gushing presence is enough to redeem the duller of pictures.

James F. Johnson,
2099 Tiebout Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

WILCOXON WINS, AS USUAL

Salute to Henry Wilcoxon in "Last of the Mohicans." Such eye-brows, such a voice, such *je-ne-sais-quoi*! Henry lost the girl in the picture but he "got" the girls in the audience—anyhow, the eight pale-face maidens who came to town with me.

Janice Ingham,
Brentwood, Md.

CLOSE-UP OF DICK ARLEN

Now I'm more than ever a Richard Arlen fan. I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him, and Dick chatted with my friends and me between scenes in the production of "The Great Barrier" at Moraine Lake.

M. L. Holub,
Didsbury, Alberta

THAT'S A RARE BLEND

Here's to a real actor—Don Ameche! He has the power of a Muni and so much of the charm that was Valentino's. His portrayal in "Sins of Man" was magnificent. That of *Alessandro* in "Ramona" surely will sky-rocket him to stardom—where he belongs.

Pauline Esposito,
671 Rockaway Ave.,
New York, N. Y.



Wide World

Francis Lederer and Margo are seen together quite a lot around Hollywood these days. Here they are dining at one of the town's popular cafés.

Bunny. Must be you're a John Beal fan. You will find that interview with him in the April, 1935, issue of SCREENLAND, and the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Beal in New York in the September, 1935 issue.

Gwen. You want to know something about Humphrey Bogart? Well, I'm not surprised at that. It was he who played the part of the killer in the stage play, "The Petrified Forest," he also made his first film hit in the picture version of the play. He was the bad man in "Two Against the World" and "Bullets or Ballots," and was also in "China Clipper." He was born in New York City, educated at Trinity School, N. Y.—joined the navy when the war broke out—played the juvenile with Grace George in "A Ruined Lady"—and you know the rest. Yes, he is married, to Mary Phillips, well-known stage actress now in films.

Juanita. Juan Toren played the part of Barbara Stanwyck's brother in "A Message to Garcia." His name would indicate Spanish descent.



Jack Benny's adopted daughter, Joan, likes daddy so well she even thinks him just dandy in this get-up for his new screen comedy.

Julie L. Your favorite actress, Margaret Sullivan, was born in Norfolk, Va., May 16, 1911. She was educated at Chatham Episcopal Institute and Sullins College, Va. She has gray eyes, brown hair, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She is appearing on the stage right now in "Stage Door," George S. Kaufman's new play.

A. L. J. Here's about Lloyd Nolan: 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 176 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes, is married, under contract to Paramount, recent picture, "Texas Rangers." Nolan had stage experience, both in the legitimate theatre and vaudeville. "One Sunday Afternoon" in which he played the lead, ran in New York for forty-three weeks. He also played the juvenile in "Reunion in Vienna" with Lynne Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. You'll be seeing Lloyd in lots of future films—he is definitely "all set" in Hollywood.

H. E. Marsden. I quite agree with you—Brian Aherne appears all too seldom on the screen. "Beloved Enemy" is the title of the picture in which he will next be seen. It is a story of the Irish rebellion of 1921. The glamorous Merle Oberon will be starred in this picture, not to mention David Niven, who plays an important rôle.

J. B. L. Elissa Landi's first three pictures in America were, "Body and Soul," "Always Goodbye," and "Wicked." She also appeared in "The Count of Monte Cristo," a United Artists picture. Elissa recently signed a nice new M-G-M contract, and her first picture will be "White Dragon."

Marie Paul. Address Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif. Write Joan a good constructive letter, and you'll probably get an answer. The gal is appreciative!

Doris D. Yes. "Poor Little Rich Girl" has been released. Also, Eleanor Powell will soon be seen in a new musical "Born to Dance," produced by M-G-M. Where have you been, Doris, that you don't already know that Robert Taylor was born August 5, 1911, in Filley, Nebr., and is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds? That Taylor lad is certainly the man of the movie hour.

ASK ME!

By
Miss Vee Dee

Texas. Barbara Stanwyck has dark blue eyes and auburn hair. She was formerly married to Frank Fay. Write to M-G-M for a photograph of Robert Taylor. He has appeared in the following pictures: "Society Doctor," "Times Square Lady," "Small Town Girl," "Private Number," "Broadway Melody of 1936," "West Point of the Air," "Magnificent Obsession," "Gorgeous Hussy," "His Brother's Wife," and "Camille" which is in production now. We are glad you think our information is "swell."

Audrey S. Walter Pidgeon played the part of *David Roberts* in "Fatal Lady." He was born in East St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, is 6 feet 2 inches tall, and weighs 180 pounds. His professional career began with Elsie Janis in "At Home." Appeared in vaudeville with her and toured the United States with her. His first appearance on the screen was in "Viennese Nights."

Augusta. Anita Louise is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 106 pounds. Myrna Loy, 5 feet 5 inches, weight, 125 pounds. Joan Crawford, 5 feet 4 inches and her weight is 115 pounds. Sylvia Sidney and Ruby Keeler are twins as to measurements, both being 5 feet, 4 inches in height and both weighing 105 pounds. You're welcome, I'm sure.

Catherine McKee. Shirley Dean is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, and Robert Kent is 6 feet. His birthday is December 8. Shirley doesn't tell hers.

O. Pedersen. Paul Cavanaugh was born in Chislehurst, Kent, England. Graduated with honors from Cambridge University. His first American picture was for M-G-M, "Strictly Unconventional."



James Melton sang a love song to Patricia Ellis—just how convincingly you can judge yourself by what you see happening above.

**"Out till 3:00
P. X... but the
boss never
tumbled . . ."**

IT'S simply wonderful how promptly Listerine, the quick deodorant, masks a tell-tale breath the morning after. This little secret is treasured by millions of men and women who every day must hit the business deck alert, wide awake, and fastidious.

* * *

Freshens and Sweetens

Listerine helps to remove odor-producing debris from the mouth, teeth, and gums. It instantly halts the decay of tiny food particles—the major cause of halitosis (bad breath). At the same time it cleanses, invigorates, freshens and sweetens the entire mouth. Immediately, the breath becomes more agreeable, purer.

Start using Listerine, and Listerine *only*, every night and every morning. Nothing is more refreshing or invigorating in the mouth. And if you wish to be doubly sure that your breath does not offend, rinse the mouth before social or business engagements.

Unlike many of its imitations, Listerine is safe instead of dangerous; adequately powerful instead of excessively strong; pleasant to taste instead of bitter; refreshing rather than *revolting*.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
more than ¼ POUND in the
big double-size tube—40¢



The Society's Page

An Open Letter to MERLE OBERON



Merle Oberon:
Glamor Girl,
new style. Be-
low, surrounded
by the technical
staff of "Belov-
ed Enemy"—all
Oberon fans.

DEAR Sphinx-into-Minx:

So you're just a myth, Miss Oberon! Here I thought all along I was encountering an authentic Glamor Girl, and you walk in looking like nothing so much as a rather naughty spoiled child who, having stolen all the best jam, has forgotten to lick off the traces. What are you up to, anyway? Do you want to ruin the Glamor Girl business for good and all? Are you out to break up the Movie Queen Tradition, to solve the Ghastly Goddess mystery?

Here were moody morsels like Dietrich simply oozing Glamor up to the heavy eyes in chiffon, sables, and feathers; and you yourself in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth" helped the good work along. Aha, we said, Merle Oberon is the new Glamor Queen, mysterious as anything. Watch *her* smoky close-ups! That was fine, for a few pictures, until the sane and far-sighted Mr. Sam Goldwyn grabbed you with a contract and, before we could rub the incense out of our tired eyes, smash went the statue, with Glamor broken to bits. "The Dark Angel" revealed Merle Oberon, that beautiful dreamy sphinx, as a very lively, charming, modern and humorous maiden, and when humor steps on the screen, Glamor flies gasping out the window. The Oberon Legend turned into the Real Life Story of a comprehensible charmer, and dated the dear old Glamor Queens once and for all—I hope. Of course, not satisfied with what you'd

done, you began breaking all the behavior rules off-screen as well. Instead of *la belle* Oberon leading the haughty Glamor Brigade, we have the glowing, gorgeous giggler who'd rather catch sharks in the Pacific than attention at the Trocadero; who's the best friend of Hollywood's First Lady, Norma Shearer; and the pet of Mac and Ralph and Eddie. What, you don't know *them*? Why, Mac and Ralph and Eddie are those important people, the technical assistants in the studio, who can do so much, or so little, as the mood or the star moves them, to make or break a motion picture. They like you. When you became, recently, the only actress in the world with two big film contracts at one and the same time, with Goldwyn and Korda fighting over your services so that you must spend the next ten months making English movies to even things up, and a reputed salary of a million and a half rolling up in the next few years, you burst into tears—because Mac and Ralph and Eddie and the rest gave you a goodbye charm for your bracelet. In New York before you sailed, at first-nights escorted by a bevy of prominent and personable men, you left them flat to sign a fan's program with a fan's leaky fountain pen, spilling ink all over your brand-new Bergdorf-Goodman number. When ace cameraman Greg Toland dropped by, you presented him to a room full of people as "The man who makes me pretty." It's possible that what you may be doing is unconsciously creating a new kind of Glamor by which girls can be gay and witty, wise and beguiling, without making it hurt. Clipped bell-like voices like yours may displace the mysterious measured accents that don't say anything; and genuine good looks, a touch of tenderness, loyalty and quaint, old-fashioned gracious manners may be in for a run. I for one hope so. Mystery is all very well, but a sense of humor lasts forever.



Delight Evans



Fred Astaire's famous nervous footsteps—what do they signify? Regard the individual, give-away gaits of Greta Garbo, above, Katharine Hepburn, center, and Jean Harlow, right.

Telltale Footsteps!

SHOW me how you walk, and I'll tell you what you fear!

This mighty challenge should immediately be noticed by many of our very best stars, for the fearful traits they reveal in their manners of walking are, in many cases, grave handicaps to be overcome—that is, if they don't want outsiders to pry into their private emotions and secrets. Next time you are at the theatre, watch particularly how your favorite player steps about. Revelations are surprising. Even astounding.

For example, Henry Fonda is a good actor, but his walking step is not so good. He humps his shoulders, and bends them forward, assuming the cautious gait of a crane. What does this signify? Well, for one thing, we see that Henry is very uncertain of his path through life. Life is not a sure thing for him. He walks through events, but always with a weather eye on each side of him.

Katharine Hepburn's walk is an imitation, false to everyday use. She is very wonderful to see walking, for Katharine resembles a ballet dancer. She glides. She floats. She sails past people. Hepburn has had splendid instruction in pantomime, at some time or other. Her voice, her hands, her fingers, and her walk all harmonize. Outside of her proper type, Katharine is lost. "Spitfire," "Break of Hearts," "Christopher Strong," "Sylvia Scar-

lett" and "Mary of Scotland"—these rôles fell flat to my mind, simply because the ballet method could not be employed, and the pantomime of her hands.

Now don't imagine Hepburn took a few lessons and stakes her histrionic talents on them. No one can do that. Her walk, since we are stressing footsteps, tells us that Katharine is a wonderfully spiritual girl within. No other actress has such an aspiring flame. That is why the strangest star in Hollywood should portray *Joan of Arc*. It is too bad she was not given the part of the *Maid* to do, instead of *Mary, Queen of Scots*, who did very little walking.

Clark Gable almost bounces. The husky he-man of the screen raises himself onto his toes as he walks. So he bobs up and down, like a cork on water. Clark's bouncing, or bobbing—whichever you prefer—informs us that he essays to raise himself in all ways, but—well, despite it all, he simply remains on the ground.

Robert Taylor's stride is a balanced swing, an utterly natural striding gait that carries him along the surest route to his destination. Nothing hesitant, yet nothing of the bravado about Bob's youthfully brisk and pleasantly modulated swinging walk.

Barbara Stanwyck leans backward if she has to step forward. She has a wary gait. No matter how thick the fight in life, life will never overcome the very self-



In this intimate story you look behind the screen and learn why Myrna Loy and Bill Powell make such a perfect screen couple

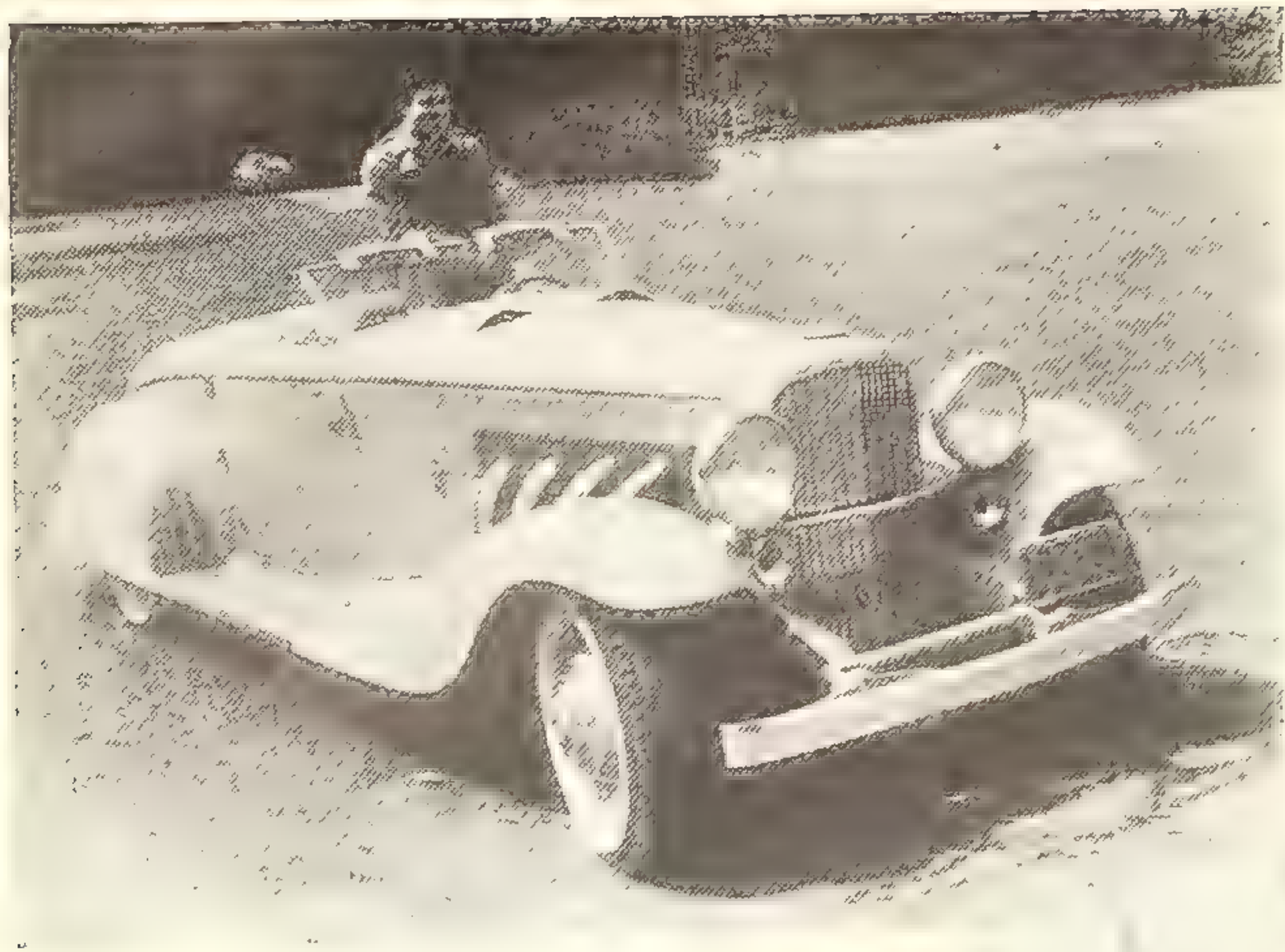
By Elizabeth Wilson

dering herd. That picture played almost as many return engagements as "It Happened One Night." Myrna became a star, was given a dressing-room between Shearer's and Crawford's, and went to Europe on a contract pout. William Powell once more became the rage, (millions of women including myself offered to leave home for him), built himself a Versailles in Beverly Hills with more electrical gadgets than Boulder Dam, and in his new contract with the studio demanded everything but Leo the lion. What a deal of difference a hit picture can make!

But after all I am not really interested in the difference it made in the lives of Miss Loy and Mr. Powell—(Bill didn't take me up on that offer to leave home for him)—ah no, my interest lies in the difference it made in cinemania. For the first time a married couple became tops in romantic glamor on the screen. (*Continued on page 78*)

This makes the seventh time they've been married in pictures; but in private life Myrna's romantic interest is Arthur Hornblow, Jr., her husband; and Bill's is Jean Harlow. Center, left, Myrna as Nora. Below, the famous team in a comedy interlude for their new film.





With us it may be chocolate sodas or that extra movie, but with Clark Gable it's cars, left; with Claudette Colbert it's antique furnishings for her handsome home—see view below showing priceless lamps on fine little tables chez Colbert; Merle Oberon's one extravagance is furs, all kinds; while Gary Cooper, center across the page, prefers Duesenbergs, new, long, rakish, and fast.



By
Liz
Williams

Their Pet Extravagances!

YES, I know, you don't have to remind me that I have been shouting my lungs out lately over how very sensible movie stars have become. But on second thought, (and it's that second thought that often causes me to have a mental breakdown), I have decided that the little folk of the Hollywoods aren't nearly as sensible as I gave them credit for being. Yes, indeed, I have detected quite a few lunacies. On the surface this new generation of movie stars seems sane enough: they draw up budgets, they put money in the bank, they eat spinach, they grouch about the butcher's bill, they think up new economies, they remind me depressingly of my own family. But just when they are becoming as uninteresting as a dish of cold mashed potatoes out pops, of all things, a pet extravagance! One little something, it seems, can make them throw security to the winds and spend money with the giddy abandon of a drunken sailor. No matter how intelligent they are, no matter how diligently they stint and save for that "rainy day" when they

are no longer "box-office," no matter how normal a life they lead, there is always that "one little something" they simply can't resist. When you suddenly see perfectly charming and delicious people changing into maniacs right under your eyes you'll know it's those fatal pet extravagances. With me it's chocolate sodas. With Gary Cooper it's Duesenbergs. What's it with you?

Now there's Carole Lombard who with all her insanities is really one of the most sensible of the movie stars.

Carole knows that she can't keep on being a glamor girl forever so she lives very modestly in Hollywood, has no town car, no personal maid, no swimming pool, and no *chi-chi*. Up until last June she lived in a six-room house on Hollywood Boulevard, which is decidedly an un-*chic* place to live, with a two-car garage into which in a pinch you might shove her Ford and Fieldsie's Ford. But traffic got a little bad along the Boulevard, too many people went "Yoo-hoo, Carole" as they drove past, so one day Carole and Fieldsie, (Fieldsie, in case you are uninformed, is her secretary and best friend) just picked themselves up and moved into another rented house—Carole always rents. This time the location was very *chic*, Bel-Air no less, but the house was even smaller—why, by the time they got the carpets down they discovered they didn't even have a dining-room! Well, the Lombard guests have been eating very prettily all summer in the patio, but comes the winter they'll have to take to the kitchen table.

Cheer up! Cinema stars may be sensible and hard-working, but there's always "one little something" they simply can't resist. Read all about their endearing lunacies in this gay, giddy, and very informative feature



Carole, I suppose, pays about one-fifth the rent other movie stars in Hollywood pay; she has no desire to build a palace and own sweeping acres as did her former husband, Bill Powell, and many another star; *but* just show Carole a star sapphire and immediately she goes stark, staring, screaming mad, and there's really nothing to be done about it until she buys that star sapphire. Naturally, knowing Carole's weakness Fieldsie and her friends are constantly running interference with the jewelry salesmen in town, and it's quite an exciting game, with the salesmen now two touch-downs up on Fieldsie. Whenever Carole comes home wearing that cat-that-swallowed-the-canary expression and trying to be awfully unconcerned about everything Fieldsie knows that another little star sapphire, and not so little either, has found a home. "You'll die in the poor-house," shrieks Fieldsie. "Yes," says Carole, "but isn't it beautiful?"

When Gary Cooper married, he gave up those gaudy and expensive suits and cravats, bilious greens and wild yellows and amazing checks and plaids, which had been the pride and joy of his life. (He also gave up his ape, his tiger skins, and his jewelry). Gary built a very charming but unassuming house in Brentwood with an orange grove and an avocado orchard and sort of retired to the simple life of a country gentleman. It was goodbye to flash—except for one thing. He has never been able to resist a Duesenberg car, and the more expensive the better. He wouldn't think of spending money on clothes and cuff links these days, but just let Gary get a whiff of a high-powered Duesenberg and he goes to town, with his bankroll. Only once has there been a more flashy car in Hollywood than Gary's Duesenberg, and that was the conspicuous little number Lilian Harvey brought with her from Germany.

Another guy who goes in for Duesenbergs in a big way is Clark Gable. Since his separation from Mrs. Rhea Gable, Clark has lived quite (Continued on page 71)



Bing Crosby's extravagance is race horses; see Bing, below, showing off a recent purchase to Marsha Hunt and Eleanore Whitney. Joan Bennett, right, can't resist lovely clothes. Carole Lombard, directly above, is mad over star sapphires. Joel McCrea, top, "collects" Belgian draught horses for his ranch.





ILLUSTRATED
BY
GEORGIA
WARREN

3 Girls M on a atch


Olga was her buddy—they had struggled along together. And now Olga was a star. Pat was suffused with pride as she joined the admiring circle paying homage. "Gosh, but I'm proud of you," Pat cried excitedly. Olga cut her coldly. "I beg your pardon——" and the new star turned haughtily from the amazed and humiliated girl.

By

Pete Brown

The inspiring hopes, tender romance, and tense tragedy of life behind the scenes in Hollywood, depicted with dramatic fidelity in the newest, most brilliant serial from the pen of Beth Brown

Please See Page 72 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapter



PAT rattled up the street. The sleepy little houses were still wrapped in early morning sun. Overhead, the giant pepper trees met in a great green cathedral.

But Pat was not viewing the peaceful vista of gold and green. She was seeing instead a bustling movie set with Miss O'Day, the meteoric star, in the spotlight of attention.

The magic carpet of her mind carried her to Broadway. Her name was blazing from the many marquees. Her fame was reaching to all four corners of the earth. The twenty-room house with the swimming pool was a reality. There was a new, sleek, low-slung car. There were forty closets crammed full of clothes. There was a ranch in the foothills. And there was bacon and eggs for breakfast.

It was good to be alive in a world that had taken on a rose-colored hue. Pat broke into song as she turned into the Boulevard.

Hollywood Boulevard was like no other street in the world. Here, jewelry shop and bakery store rubbed shoulders democratically. Woolworth's and Magnin's moved in the same society. And all day long—winter and summer and spring—marched the never-ending parade of waitress and tourist, farmer and financier, dollar a dozen movie extra and million-dollar movie star.

The clang of speeding trolleys mingled with the honk of heavy motor traffic.

Pat joined the procession, her red hair gleaming like a coronet in the sunlight. But the lavish smile she bestowed equally on cars to the left of her and cars to the right of her—was even more scintillating. She was on her way to the studio. She was on the road to success. She was riding the mighty clouds.

She wheeled right on Vine Street, jogged past the Brown Derby. One of these days she, too, would be dining here, wining the press, and signing her autograph for the cluster of eager sidewalk fans. Her hand trembled on the wheel as she guided the battered old car up Melrose Boulevard and pulled into the parking lot just outside the studio.

Marathon Street was milling with excitement.

The underground call had gone out that a picture was being cast—and it had brought the extras in hordes. There were cowboys in full regalia. There were giants and there were midgets. There were bearded men and there were beauteous blondes. The place hummed with talk of shop.

Pat threaded a path through the maze toward the magic gate that led to the inner sanctum.

The office was in a turmoil. Behind the bars, the office force rushed about like beavers working at top speed. A long line stood in waiting at the casting window. It was

easily thirty minutes before it was Pat's turn at the wicket.

The casting director shouted at Pat: "What's your name?" He shouted past Pat: "Where's the fire-eater?"

"Over at Mike's having a hamburger," bellowed a voice from the bowels of the room.

"How about the bearded lady?"

"He's on his way up."

The casting director burrowed his nose in the hill of papers on his desk. He mumbled: "One dancing bear—one snake charmer—forty pounds of pop-corn—eighty-five balloons. Wish to heaven they'd stick to war pictures!" He adjusted his spectacles and peered up at Pat. "Name?"

"Patricia O'Day."

His pen went scratching down the page. Aloud: "Day—Day—Day—there's no Day here." His brow ruffled. "Oh, yes, there you are, under the O's." He asked her two questions and filled out a form.

"Thank you!" Pat hugged the precious card to the wardrobe department as if it were a pass to Heaven.

The office—the corridor—the stairs—the street—were fast filling with laughing, chattering extras. Work was in the air—money for meals and rent and clothes—money for the Mr. Gianninnis and the Mrs. McGuinnesses that ruled the life of the extra.

Pat's hopes skyrocketed to dizzy heights as she made her way through the crowd. Maybe if the picture called for two days, maybe if she worked long enough, say, a week—she could get a new filling for her back tooth, buy a perky hat for her red hair, and send three dollars home to her mother. The happy mist in her eyes made a blur of everything, everyone.

"Say! Why don't you look where you're going?"

"Sorry." She smiled apologetically. "Why, hello, Mr. Ryan—"

"Eddie to you! The young man grinned. "Gee, Pat, it's good to see you! How's Ann?"

"Ann's fine."

"How's Olga?"

"Olga's superfine."

"Now there's a girl who's going places—mostly after four A. M. I saw them carrying her out of the Trocadero night before last." He grimaced. "You're my speed, kid. Sixty on the straight-aways and easy on the curves!"

Pat made a low and mocking bow. "Why, Mr. Skitch! How you do go on!"

Pat liked Eddie. He was young, handsome, wiry, witty. She had met the assistant cameraman six months ago while working in a George Raft picture. He had taken her out twice—both times to the movies. In this business, a man was married to his work. Eddie was ambitious. He kept up-to-date on light, shade, trick shots, camera angles. One of these days, he was going to be head cameraman. He loved to talk shop. He liked Pat because she knew how to listen.

"What are you doing on my lot?" he wanted to know.

"Got a part."

"No fooling?"

"Five hundred per."

"Come on! Give in!" He manoeuvred her into a corner of the lot. There, in the privacy made by the crook of his arm, he scanned her card. (Continued on page 72)

Errol Flynn, who has lived more adventure than he's acted on the screen, tells about his past, present, and what he'd like to do next

By
Ida Zeitlin

Laughing Irishman



ERROL FLYNN laughs at life.

To which the obvious retort might be: "Who wouldn't in his boots?"

Like many obvious retorts, it has nothing to do with the case. Because Flynn started laughing long before he had achieved his present well-burnished footgear, and if the movies were to go crazy and drop him tomorrow—though he would doubtless be inconvenienced and more bewildered than hurt—he would with equal certainty spot the joke in the situation, and get one or more chuckles out of it. Not as a self-conscious Pollyanna, poking

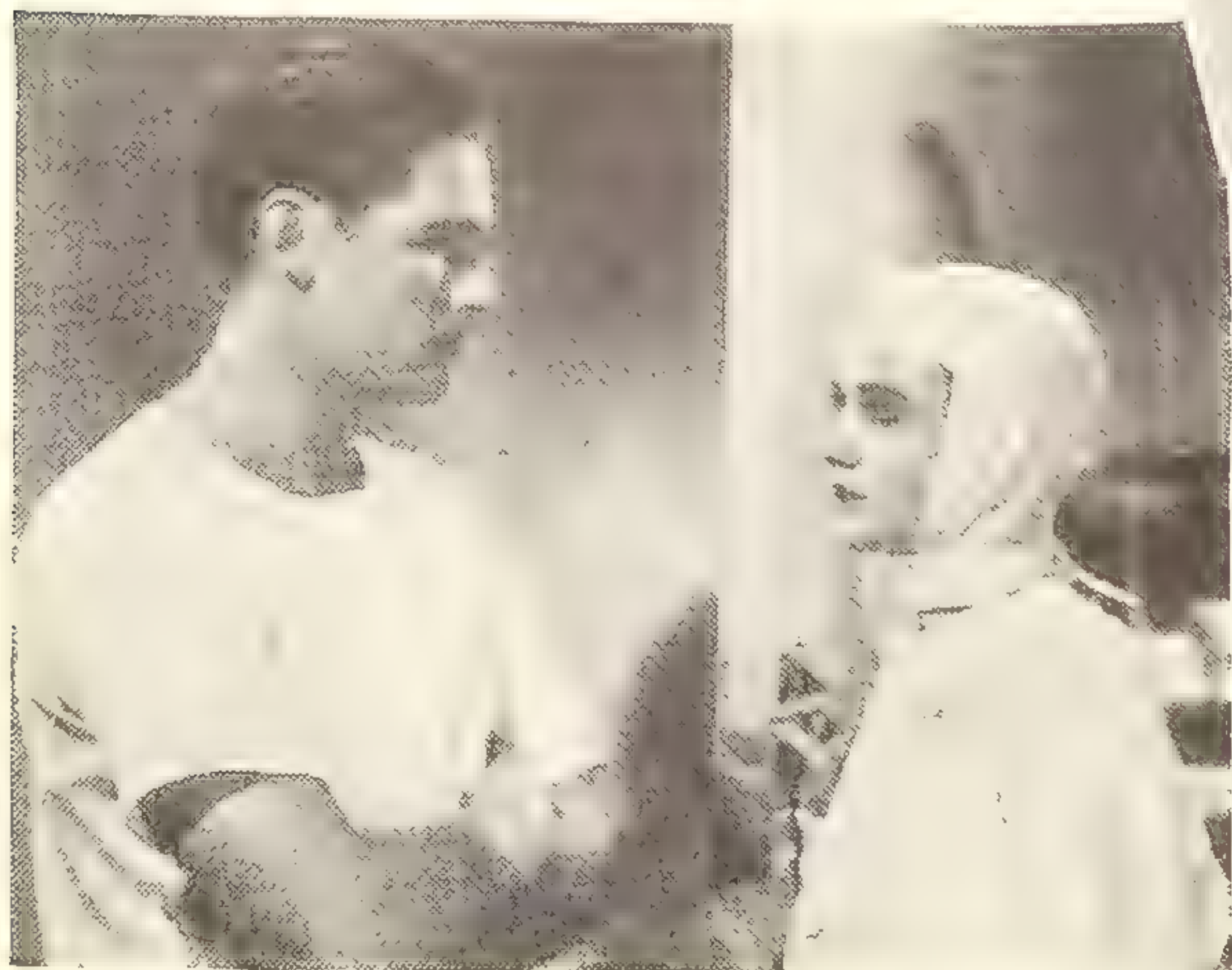


piously around for the silver lining, but because he wouldn't be able to help himself. As some people have a genius for music and some for melancholy, Flynn's seems to be for laughter.

Not that there's anything uproarious about him. He is rather on the quiet side, suggesting in his reserve the conventional idea of the English rather than the Irish.

Your first impression is of lean brown height—brown hair, brown eyes, brown face with a flash of white when he smiles, brown dungarees, brown shirt open at the throat. Your second impression is of ease—in his stride, in his manner, in his speech. Little by little you realize that this is an ease which springs from within—from a kind of gay serenity, rare among us self-tortured mortals. It has nothing to do with fame or wealth or good looks or any outward circumstance, but is more likely to proceed from a sound body, an abundant vitality and a well-balanced mind. My guess would be that (Continued on page 84)

Flynn is a sort of guide to the humor of every situation, as you'll realize when you follow him through his experiences here. Above, with Olivia de Havilland in "Charge of the Light Brigade." Left, with Margaret Lindsay, and upper right, with Cedric Hardwick and Anita Louise in "The Green Light."





Elizabeth Allan relates how some odd coincidences have influenced her screen life. Here's a lively story about a very engaging young star

By
Charles Darnton

Babies and Earthquakes



"I'M ALWAYS having babies!"

Really? Well, yes and no. You see, what Elizabeth Allan meant, in her frankly English way, was that she is continually having them in motion pictures. You remember her, of course, as the gentle young mother of the newborn *David* in "David Copperfield." Then she went back home and, for a change, had pneumonia. But, returning, she resumed her infant industry in "A Woman Rebels," with Katharine Hepburn. And now she's at it again, this time with Garbo in "Camille," of all things domestic!

"Married?" I anxiously inquired, knowing how the French are about little things.

"Oh, yes," was her complacent reply. "I'm the only respectable one in the whole lot. My husband is poor but legitimate, and it is because I, as *Nichette*, had been a shopgirl with *Camille* before she became a great lady that I bring the baby to her for the christening. She had paid for the

wedding, so a little added expense means nothing to her and a saving to me. Yes, the French are thrifty in their family life, aren't they? Personally, I feel I'm having a bit of luck. Laura Hope Crews tells me that *Nichette* has always been considered a lucky part in stage stock companies. This proves it, for I've long wanted to meet Garbo, and playing with her is the only chance one gets to do so. I didn't realize how great she is, and she's so beautiful she takes my breath away. Just to be with her is worth having a baby!"

Odd her talk should have
(Continued on page 80)



Elizabeth continues the tradition she established as the young mother in "David Copperfield," by impersonating a mother again in "A Woman Rebels," starring Hepburn, with her at upper left, and she's happy to be in "Camille" with Garbo and Robert Taylor, as seen at right. Yep, it's a mother rôle.



Joan Bennett — Actress Wife

Murrell



Wide World

Joan Bennett Markey, above: her latest private portrait. The family group shows Joan, Gene, and their two daughters.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This is the first feature in our new series of vital interest to every feminine reader. SCREENLAND has chosen to inaugurate the series Miss Joan Bennett, in private life Mrs. Gene Markey, who tells her particular problems as an actress-wife and mother with all the honesty and humor of which only a Bennett is capable. Thanks, Joan, for this privileged peep behind the scenes of a brilliant working-marriage in hazardous Hollywood. Next month we continue this series with the "Non-Professional Wife" of Hollywood!

D.E.

"THERE is no need in pretending that the actress has as much time to devote to her home, her family and her children as they may really need, or that perfect servants run perfect establishments, or that studio work doesn't take its toll of family intimacy," said Joan

Beginning "Five Hollywood Wives"

SCREENLAND'S important new human interest series revealing the home and private-life problems of outstanding married women

By Dorothy Manners

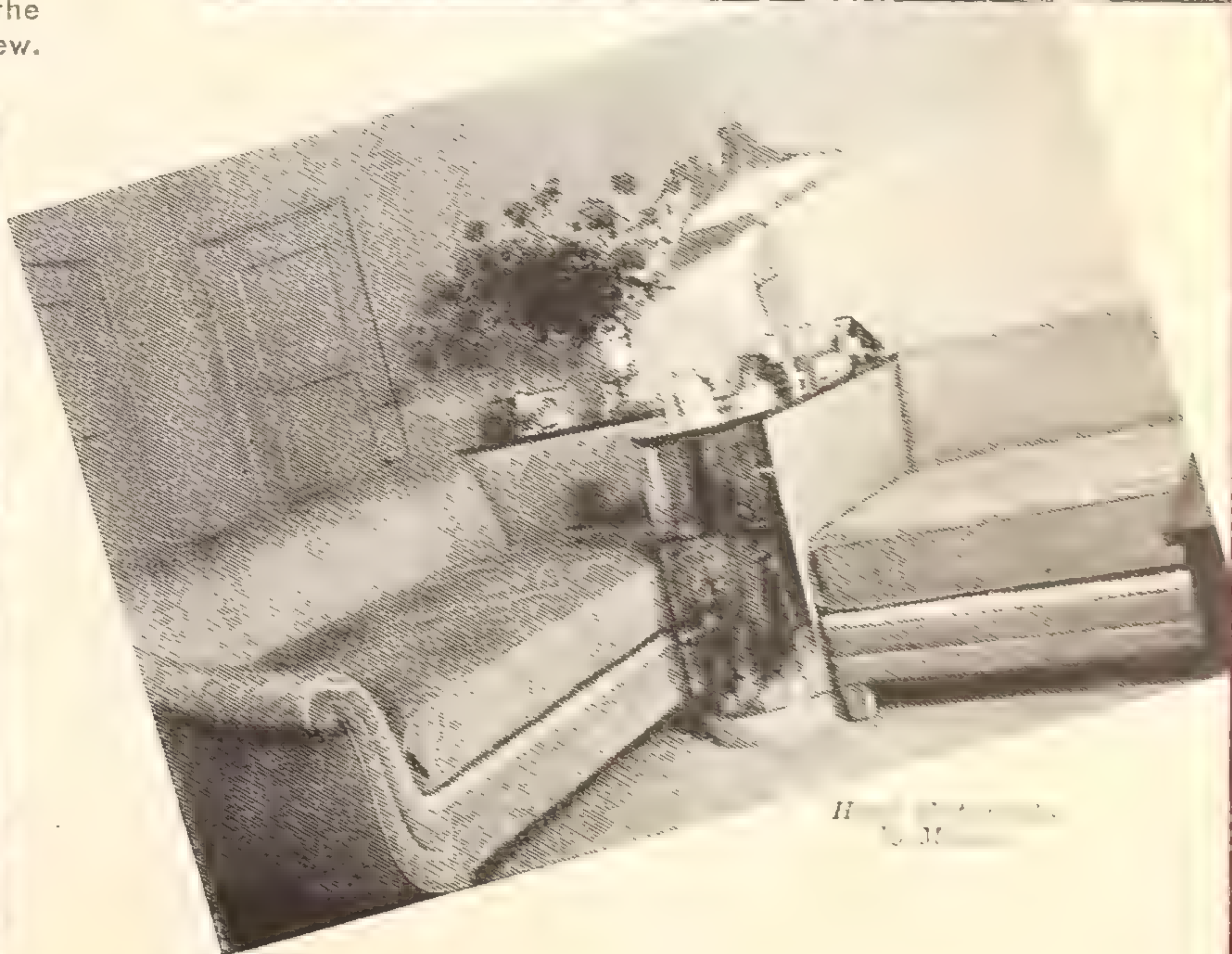
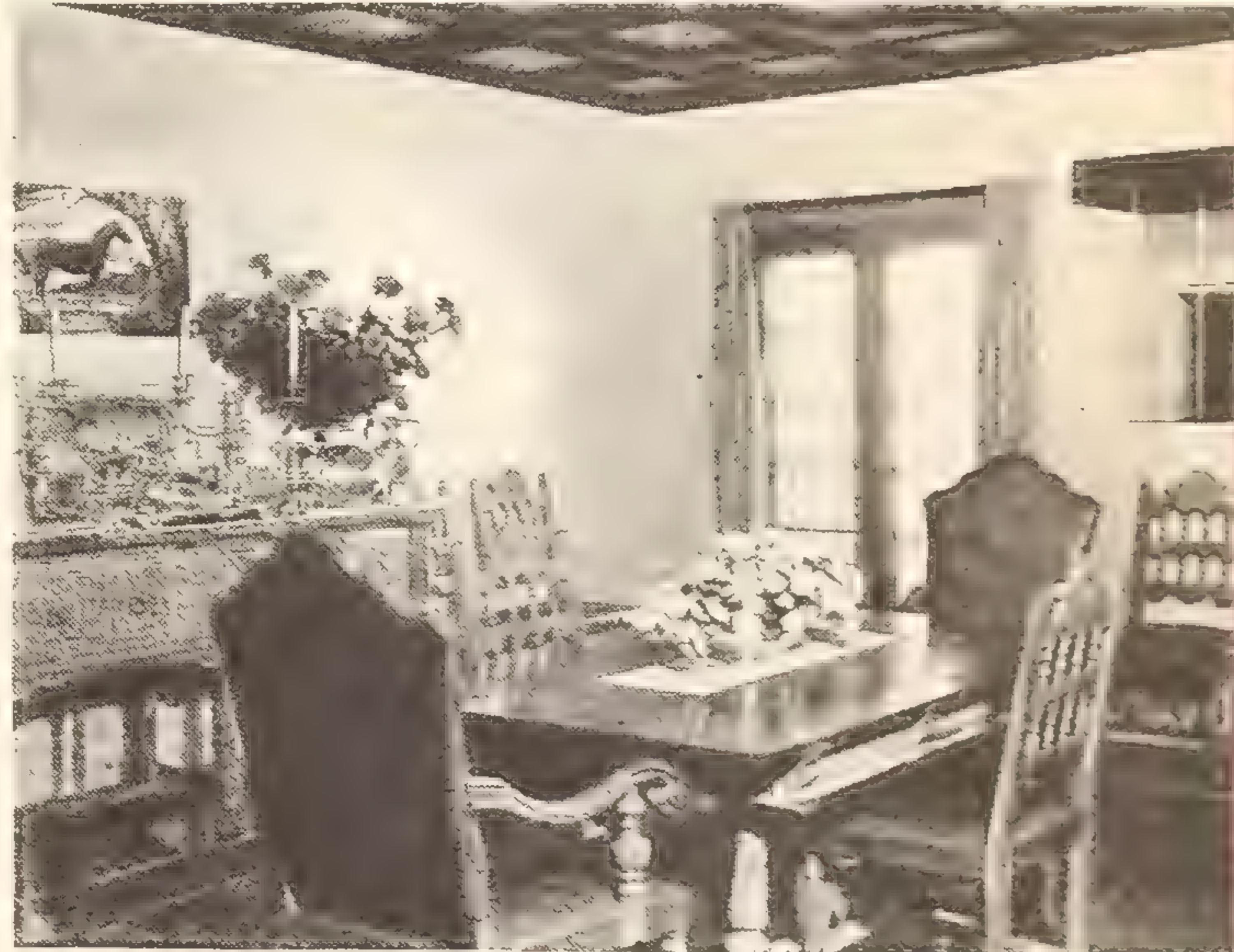
Bennett with that matter-of-factness that seems to be a family trademark of the Bennett clan, but which never ceases to amaze me in the doll-like Joan. "The actress who assumes wifehood, the management of a home, and, later, motherhood has to be reconciled to the fact that there are many little family intimacies she may miss in the pursuit of her career. First baby words that should be said to her will probably be lisped to a governess. There may be many times she could help soothe little home difficulties that will find her, instead, before a movie camera in her latest close-ups.

"But there are compensations, too; many of which I believe make certain marriages in Hollywood even more closely bound, and those hours spent with the children even sweeter because they never become routine."

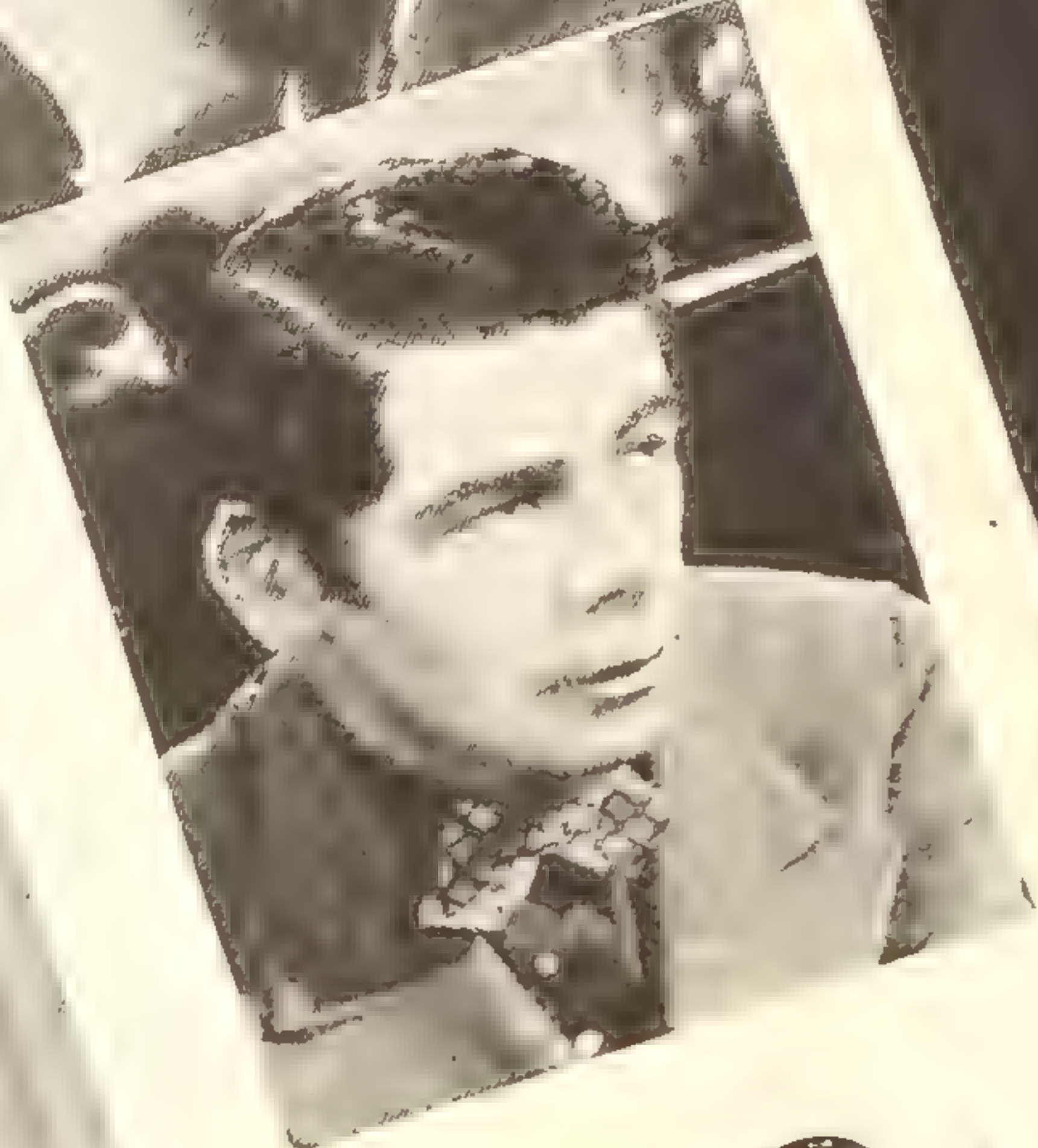
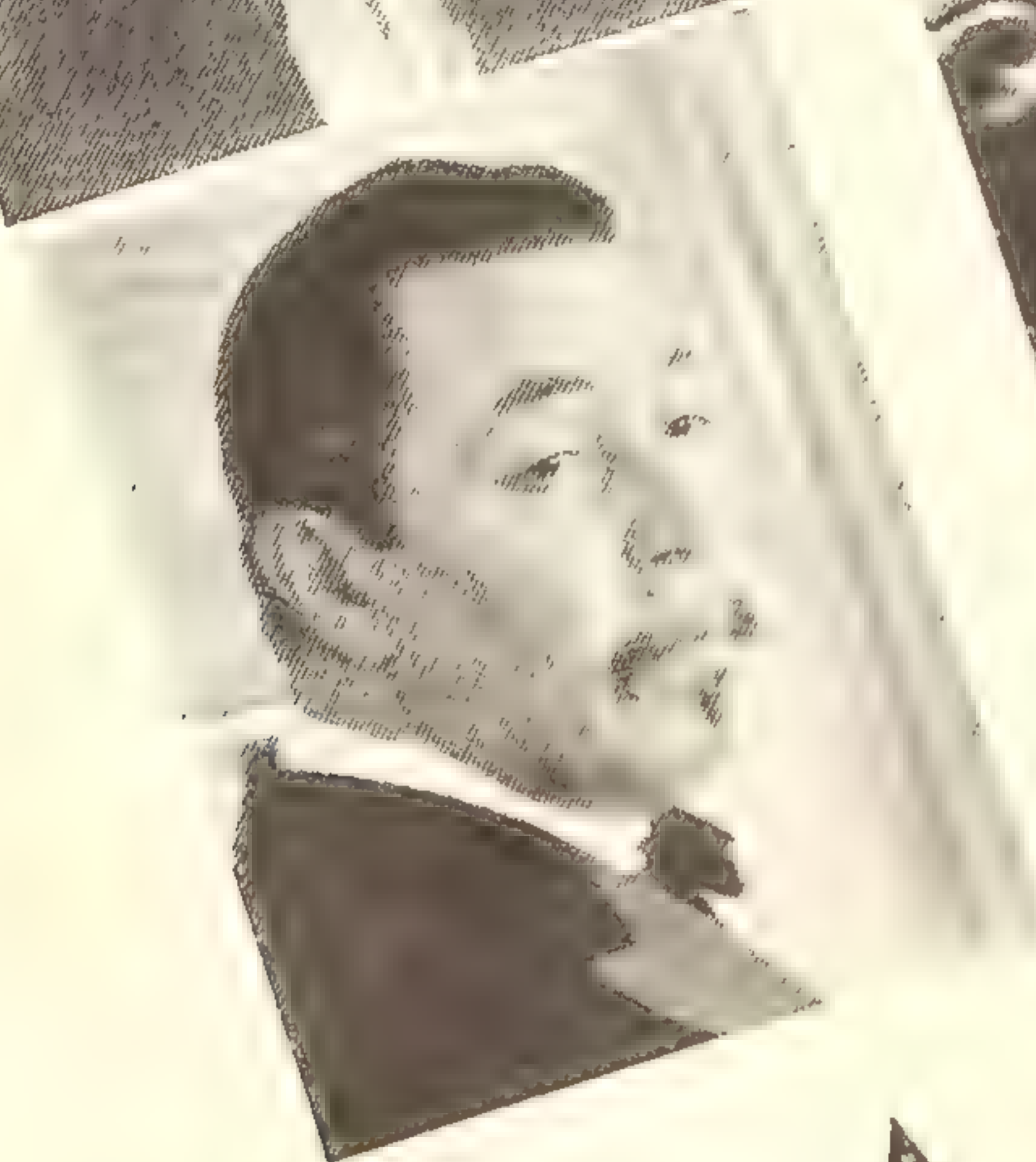
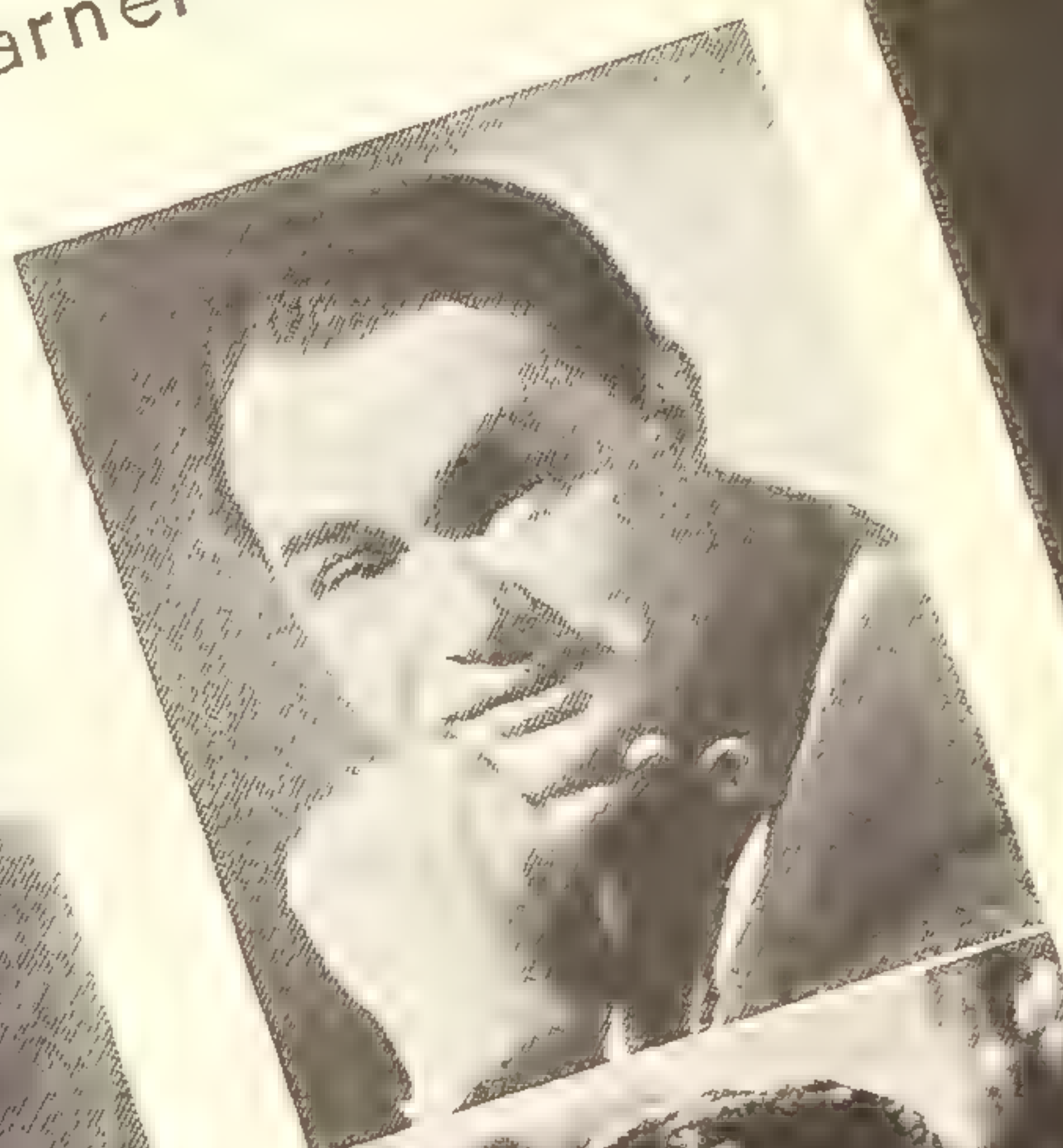
Joan leaned back against the tan divan in her living-room, a distinctly un-Hollywoodish living-room by the way, and rested her blonde head against a pillow a little wearily. She had just recovered from a five-day siege of the "flu" and it was the first time she had come downstairs.

She looked unusually small and childish in pale blue pajamas with a narrow blue ribbon holding back her blonde hair from her face. Directly on the wall behind her was a life-sized oil painting of Joan and her two children, Diane and Melinda. On the piano were two large photographs of "Ditty," (Diane, Joan's eight-year-old daughter by her marriage to John Marion Fox), and Melinda, (the three-year-old daughter of Gene Markey). On her right was a long table almost obscured with elaborately framed family pictures (*Continued on page 74*)

First, and exclusive photographs of the Markey home. Below, a corner of the bedroom, with Joan's dressing-room seen through the arch. Right, below, another view showing the beds, which in daytime make up into green brocaded divans as pictured here. Then, reading up: the dining-room; the living-room, note painting of Joan and her children; and exterior view.



These Men Want to Meet Mae West! Now if Mae would only say, "C'mon up and see me sometime" to Warner Baxter, Eddie Robinson, Warner Oland and Paul Muni



Stars Are Strangers!

By

Gordon R. Silver

IT MAY be a small world, after all, but Hollywood is a pretty big place in it. It's a friendly town, but if you have been imagining that everyone in it knows everyone else, well, you are doomed to be somewhat disillusioned.

It's really rather amazing to learn how many stars are perfect strangers to one another. What this Cinemaland really needs, it's quite apparent, is a nice, cozy little social center where film players could stop admiring each other from a distance and actually get acquainted!

A recent check-up on "who-knows-who" in Hollywood reveals that a host and hostess would be plenty—*plenty* busy performing the introduction act if all the top-notchers were suddenly assembled at one big gathering.

Mae West, for instance, would have to be presented to most of the leading feminine stars—not that Mae is particularly interested. She has met just about all the big masculine stars, she says, but as she doesn't go around with a movie crowd and stays away from parties and night clubs—anyway, Mae's really too busy to worry about meeting anybody.

Paul Muni, Warner Baxter, Charles Chaplin, Edward

G. Robinson, Warner Oland and Charles Farrell, however, haven't met Mae, but they'd all like to! Muni, besides, hasn't met or even seen in person Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn or Greta Garbo. Of course, most of the stars, except those who have worked with the famous Lady from Sweden in pictures, are like Muni in not having met Garbo.

Charlie Farrell, however, has—several times, but not recently. And Neil Hamilton has, once, informally—when he came upon her during a hike in the hills and saved her from being stung by a bee! Ruby Keeler has met her, too, and their meeting turned out to be a classic one.

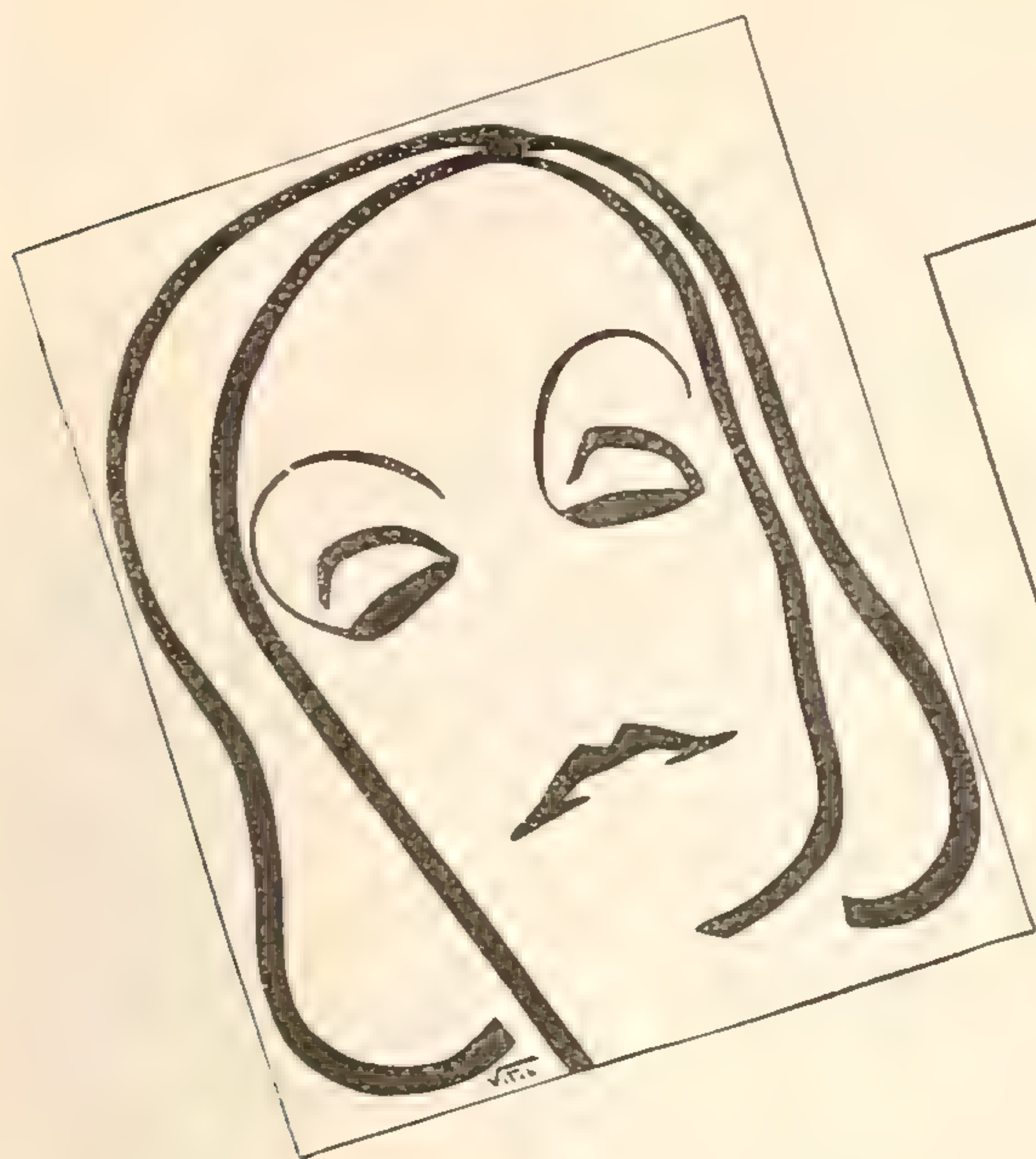
At the time, Ruby was not so famous as a film star and was known in Hollywood mainly as Mrs. Al Jolson.

Garbo, frightened as always of people, was doing her utmost to keep out of everybody's way in a fitting room, but Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, passing by, saw her. "Do come out and meet Mrs. Jolson," said Mrs. Goldwyn to Garbo. The latter turned quite pale.

"But why," she asked helplessly, "should I meet Mrs. Jolson?"

Mrs. Goldwyn laughed and dashed away and a few minutes later came back with Ruby, who was almost as shy as Greta. The two were introduced and suddenly Garbo said to Ruby, "But you look exactly like your husband!"

To this day no one knows just what she meant. Ruby



"Do come and meet Mrs. Jolson!" said someone to Garbo. "But why should I meet Mrs. Jolson?" murmured C. G. Said Chaplin to Franchot Tone: "Sorry, but I don't give autographs!" Walter Connolly likes Myrna Loy—but has never met her.

is sure she did not intend to be facetious. She thinks she was simply ill at ease, and that was undoubtedly the first thing that popped into her head. Garbo never mentioned the incident again, nor has anyone ever asked her why in the world she said such a funny thing!

Lewis Stone has appeared with Garbo in seven pictures, yet he has never spoken a word to her except in an actual scene. He thinks a "get-acquainted-club" would be a great idea, especially for the newer players.

"Most of the players in the old silents knew one another fairly well," he said, "but since the talkies actors and actresses don't have much of a chance to meet unless they're working on the same lot, or have mutual friends."

Working on the same lot? It doesn't seem to mean so much any more. Margaret Sullivan and Gloria Stuart worked at Universal for ever so long before they finally met. All the years that Buck Jones and Jack Holt were under contract to Columbia they never met, though each admired the other.

Gary Cooper, who co-starred with Marlene Dietrich in her first Hollywood film, has seen her only a few times since then, although both are contracted to Paramount. Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Crawford, and Norma Shearer all work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer regularly but only see each other occasionally.

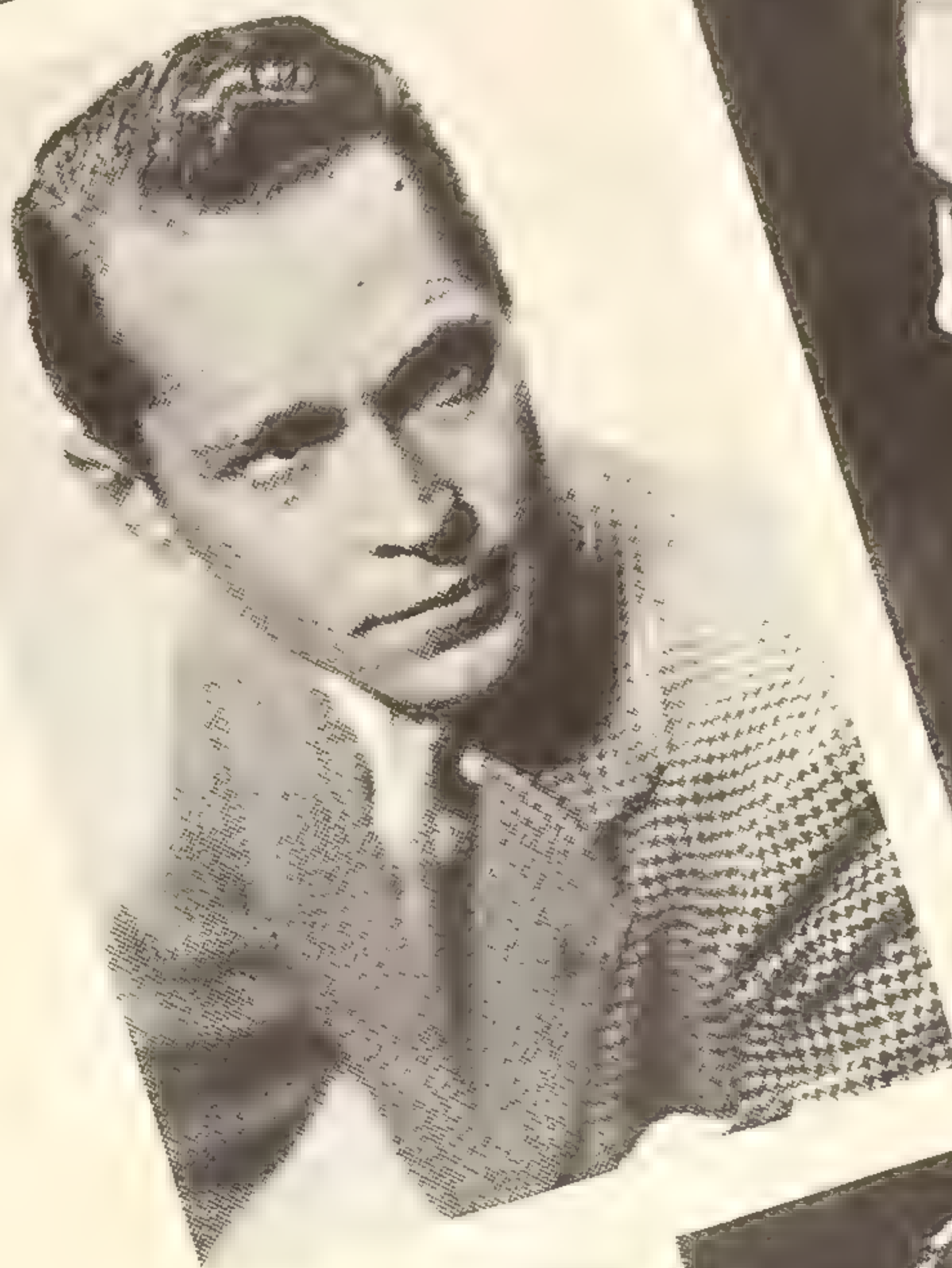
Gary Cooper has never met James Cagney and he greatly admires his work on the screen.

Marlene Dietrich says she has met perhaps a couple of dozen important stars while in Hollywood, but she has seen them so very little she would have to be introduced to them again!

Barbara Stanwyck hasn't met Dietrich, Boris Karloff, Hepburn, Garbo, George Raft, Leslie Howard, Clark Gable, or John or Lionel Barrymore. She only met Robert Taylor by accident—and she's been meeting him nearly every day since!

William Powell can't recall their names off-hand, but says there must be at least a score or so stars he's never met or seen in the flesh.

"At big dances and premières," he smiled, "I find I have a bowing acquaintance with practically everyone. For example, I've seen and bowed to both Constance



and Joan Bennett a dozen times at various affairs, but I've never been formally introduced to them. Why, I do not know—just one of those things, I guess."

Bill also belongs to the "I've Met Garbo" club. Once, long ago. He remembers that she was "very pleasant, rather shy but certainly talkative enough!" Myrna Loy never has met Garbo, but would like to, very much. She has seen her at concerts and once or twice coming into the studio, and once Garbo smiled sweetly at her. Myrna only recently met Marion Davies.

John Boles and Shirley Temple met for the first time on a movie set, when they (Continued on page 87)

Melvyn Douglas, Camera-Dizzy!

THERE are actors who succeed with a *snap, snap, snap*, hurry-up, get-there-first, do-it-now attitude toward life and career. Impatient, impulsive, intuitive, they haven't time to bother with plans or details. Their success depends on a sort of brilliant surprise.

"But *I* like to work things out," observed Melvyn Douglas, squinting into his camera finder, "I enjoy the preparation as well as the actual creation. Getting the thing set in your mind before you project it can be as exciting as the finished product.

"Taking camera pictures, for example. Anyone can learn all there is to know about lighting and focus and speed in taking a shot, all about developing and printing afterwards; but when he has mastered the technique, the pictures he can take will depend on the man behind the lens. He must have imagination; he must create his own style; his individuality must determine his result.

"Most amateur camera fiends can get something fairly good if they have a beautiful scene before them or a charming group or a very lovely child. The test of the picture-taker's mettle is to try to get something interesting with an ordinary-looking person, a bush, and a blank

wall! That's all you need for an interesting picture.

"Cameramen on sets often find themselves confronted with a picture to be made entirely in offices, courtrooms, hotels, cabins on boats or other locations that will give them four walls and a stereotyped lot of furniture. Then you discover whether he is an artist or a hack. Only a man with imagination can come through with an assignment like that and be commended for 'beautiful photography.'"

Melvyn Douglas is one of the sons of the late Edouard Hesselberg, Russian-born, internationally known concert pianist and composer. The "Douglas" was adopted for the stage and came from that romantic Black Douglas of Scotland about whom Melvyn's mother used to relate exciting tales.

"My father was a camera enthusiast. He took pictures from the time I can remember anything, and when I was old enough to use a kodak I began taking them, too. It's a hobby that never grows stale, because it's bounded by your own limitations only.

"This is my third camera of this make—I turn in my old models every time a new one comes out, after the manner of used cars. This one has a wonderful lens. But you can get results with almost any make, so long as you know what you want to do and figure out beforehand how you mean to do it.

"It's my experience that you can seldom slip up on your subject, snap it quick, and get a successful picture. Once in a while you may get something nice, but too many times you find that the lighting was too flat, the background contained a telephone wire or an unsightly board, the subject jerked at the wrong minute, or the shadows were uninteresting.

"Before I take a picture, I use this little light meter—" he showed me a small black instrument no bigger than a pair of opera glasses. "Holding it to the light, I measure from that the correct speed for my lens, and set it at that speed.

"Sometimes at the races or during events where time is an element, I set the speed according to my little meter for an hour—light seldom changes enough to make much difference in that time—and then shoot as fast as

Snapshots from Melvyn's album. Right, his wife, Helen Gahagan, with their son Peter, a young friend, and the family dog. Below, angle shot of Miss Gahagan; Peter and his playmate, and resting on the steps. Lower, center: Mrs. Gahagan, Helen's mother; and the Douglas home.



He makes pictures for a living, and also for fun! Here's star advice for amateur camera fans by one of 'em—who is also a famous actor

By
Ruth Tildesley

I can, hoping to get something interesting; but ordinarily, I feel that there's too much waste in that—too much depending on chance. Personally, I enjoy figuring out my effects before I shoot."

He wouldn't leave to chance the points he hoped to make with the portrayal of the adventurous young illustrator, *Michael*, in "Theodora Goes Wild," his most recent film for Columbia; everything about that characterization was carefully worked out before he went on the set; *Michael* does not in the least resemble *John Randolph*, the Virginia statesman of "Georgious Hussy." He is no less



Examples of pictorial effects Melvyn Douglas produced with his camera in the patio of his Hollywood home. Above, the patio gate; upper left, a study of shadows; left, a view featuring the Aztec fountain. At top of page is a new portrait of the star, with Corky, the pup appearing with Melvyn and Irene Dunne in a new screen play.

conscientious over his hobby.

"I don't care so greatly for home movie cameras because it's so much trouble to set up projector and screen and run off the film whenever you happen to want to look at your stuff, or to show someone else," he said. "It's all very well at first, when you're tremendously enthusiastic about catching movement and showing birds on the wing and so on, but in time you tire of it

and merely say: 'I'd like to show you the new film of the baby, but the room's too light in the day-time. Come around some evening. Not tonight, we're going to the opera; tomorrow—well, tomorrow's the Whosis' dinner, and Thursday we're having bridge—but you'll have to see it *some* time.'

"If the new stuff consists of camera pictures, you can get it out then and there.

"Children are excellent camera subjects. I never find it necessary to catch them off-guard, because they are always willing to co-operate if you approach them properly. They don't mind moving into a better light, or dropping this to pick up that. They will take direction marvelously, if you make a game of it. Peter is only three but (Continued on page 90)

THE HITS TO WATCH FOR FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS *in* **REUNION**

with the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog.

BARBARA STANWYCK and JOEL McCREA *in* **BANJO ON MY KNEE**

with Helen Westley, Buddy Ebsen, Walter Brennan, Walter Catlett, Anthony Martin, Katherine De Mille. Directed by John Cromwell.

WARNER BAXTER and JUNE LANG *in* **WHITE HUNTER**

with Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

CRACK UP

with PETER LORRE, BRIAN DONLEVY, Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Kay Linaker, J. Carroll Naish, Lester Matthews, Duncan Renaldo. Directed by Mal St. Clair.

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE

with JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer

SHIRLEY TEMPLE *in* **STOWAWAY**

*with ROBERT YOUNG · ALICE FAYE
Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Arthur Treacher,
J. Edward Bromberg, Allan Lane, Astrid Allwyn.
Directed by William A. Seiter.*

ONE IN A MILLION

*with SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU,
JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON
AMECHE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge,
Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie
Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love.
Directed by Sidney Lanfield.*



Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production



Those "Gold Diggers" Are Here Again!

Yes, here are those gals again, gay and glittering as ever. "Gold Diggers of 1937" features the beauties, as usual, and adds Dick Powell and Joan Blondell for romance, Glenda Farrell and Osgood Perkins for pleasant menace, pretty Rosalind Marquis and dancing Lee Dixon as newcomers, Victor Moore for many laughs—you'll see them all, scattered about this page. And, to the right, the left, and all around, more girls, for good measure.

Gay Faye



Hollywood, with its variety of
work and play, and weather, is
just the setting for Alice



It's the spirit in which
she does it that makes
Alice Faye shine so
brightly at work—that's
"work" at top, a close-
up with Bob Young in
"Stowaway"—as well
as play in the sunshine,
like romping with a
skipping rope, above.
Right, ready to go
places in her swank fur
coat and saucy hat.





Dazzling even without the glamorous costumes! These candid camera shots, left and below, prove again that Virginia Bruce does things to make the scenery more interesting. Above, a jolly group, Virginia with James Stewart and Buddy Ebsen, her cast-mates in "Born to Dance."

Bonnie Bruce

Virginia is enhancing her visual appeal with vocal delights—you'll hear her sing in her next important picture



Building up to a terrific shape of physical well-being. Left, and 'way across to the right, Virginia Grey doesn't need 7-league boots. Below, Rhea Neisen and Jean Joyce, M-G-M dancers, and lower left, Irene Colman, shapely swimmer.



Anna Lee, British beauty, above, climbs ladders with as spectacular strides as agile Anna is making as a star. A swell stunt for the build. You might give it a try sometime.



Build Will Tell!

And, speaking of the build, perfect standards are set by Eleanor Powell, in her briefly military outfit; as well as by Jean Harlow, center right: the perfect build-up for a lacy negligée. Right, across page, Tyrone Power, Jr., in "Lloyds of London," shows the actor, too, has to fit the costume at times.





Michael Whalen, above, skips the rope to keep "in the pink." Right, Rochelle Hudson bikes for exercise; and extreme right, Jessie Matthews just dances—how she dances!



Ah, the joys of keeping in good shape! It's a big help if you aim to be a star, too. See what we mean?



Garbo And Taylor At Work!

For the first time in ten years, Greta permits informal photographs to be made on the set! Added interest is her new leading man, Robert Taylor, who plays *Armand* to her *Camille*



Scoop stuff! Garbo, right, in Taylor's arms as director George Cukor coaches. Above, first picture ever caught of Greta in the hands of her hairdresser. Left, Bob "shoots" himself through the mirror, on location. Top, Taylor and Garbo in a "Camille" close-up; and directly below that, Greta in a scene with Laura Hope Crews. Top, right, Cukor explains a difficult scene to Taylor—note Bob's concentration. And now, at right—the reward of their labors: SCREENLAND'S coveted "Most Beautiful Still of the Month" spot.





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Garbo and Robert Taylor in "Camille"

Babes in the Limelight

Virginia Weidler and Bonita Granville, left, famous "little women" whom you'll see next in "Maid of Salem." Lower left, the great girl trouser, Jane Withers, with Claude Gillingwater, in "Can This Be Dixie?" Next, Jeanne Dante, Universal's youngest star, in "Four Days Wonder." Lower, across page, Deanna Durbin, 13, was so good in a bit part they rewrote "Three Smart Girls" to feature her.



The Dionnes steal another scene—a quaint Quint custom—as one walks out of the scene to leave her four sisters and grown-up members of the cast of "Reunion," the Quints, second feature, to worry about acting for the cameras. Rochelle Hudson, Jean Hersholt, and Dorothy Peterson are good-natured about the interruption of the scene for the new 20th Century-Fox production being made in Callander, Canada.



Some are actually born famous—five of these stars were. Others achieve fame when they are very young. We hail youth!



The "little men" also make their claim to screen celebrity and riches by sheer force of unusual talents. One of the foremost boy-actors is Freddie Bartholomew, above, in a character study for his newest rôle, in "Lloyds of London." Top left, Bobby Breen, singing star, shows he can hold his own in a bit of horseplay with Charles Butterworth, his fellow artist in "Rainbow on the River."



G-I-R-L-S!

Just Because They're Gorgeous

Symphony of five major
thrills for millions of
eyes! Behold these beauties

Glamor becomes more exciting, beauty more breathtaking, as the gorgeous girls of Hollywood introduce new and striking notes of personal distinction. Merle Oberon, above, contributes generously to the pageant of pulchritude in one of her costumes for "Beloved Enemy." Right, Binnie Barnes, whose next film is "Three Smart Girls," strikes the exquisitely exotic note.





And among gorgeous girls, you'll always find Ann Sothern, left, outstandingly glamorous, particularly in a costume as picturesque as the black taffeta with clusters of gleaming sequins she wears in "The Smartest Girl in Town." Left above, Doris Nolan, a striking new personality, who makes a screen début in "The Man I Marry." Directly above, a modernistic vision, Margo.

The Silly Side of Picture-Making

It's a great, big, powerful, important business, the film industry; but what endears it to us is its genius for glorifying the gay and exalting the trivial, such as—



Barbara Stanwyck, that fine dramatic actress, goes charmingly silly and does a "hick" dance with Buddy Ebsen in "Banjo on My Knee," left. Andrea Leeds, promising newcomer, and John Howard Payne, also a recent Samuel Goldwyn discovery, and a grand-nephew of the writer of "Home, Sweet Home," illustrate Hollywood's habit of publicizing "private" moments. Below, a proud studio gardener gives Jean Harlow a freshly cut rose—for the benefit of camera art.



Shirley Temple is practically an industry in herself, with her own staff at the studio including a personal dressmaker, shown below fitting Shirley for a new dress. Right: Desmond Tester, amazing English boy actor of "Nine Days A Queen," had to learn to cook for the Sylvia Sidney picture, and here he is sharing a scene with a mess of potatoes.



George Arliss, below, has been a great actor for years and years; but it remained for a recent movie to co-star him with a curling-iron in this scene. Below Mr. Arliss, Boris Karloff and Warner Oland meet for "Charlie Chan at the Opera." The pictures at the right from top to bottom of our page, show you Hollywood's sublime silliness better than we can tell you. Reading down, Virginia Grey, Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, and Cecilia Parker make mountains out of molehills, aided by clever cameramen.



Man In Demand!

Herbert Marshall has never been an official "star," but he wins more attention than most high-powered players, and the "stars" fight to have him in their pictures

Hepburn, for instance, begged for Herbert Marshall as her leading man in "A Woman Rebels," and fortunately Mr. Marshall proved not as reluctant as he seems, below. Gertrude Michael, shown in scene at bottom of page, considered herself in luck to be cast opposite "Bart" in "Make Way for a Lady," and is making the most of her opportunity. Little Anne Shirley, at left, below, plays Herbert Marshall's young daughter in the same picture with Miss Michael, and it's Anne's pet part so far.





Private Life of a Prima Donna



Gladys Swarthout has a new house and a new dog, and wants you to meet them both! The dainty diva from the Metropolitan who makes movies between operatic engagements lives simply and sanely in a little Spanish hacienda on a quiet street in Beverly Hills—you'll see the house, below. Right, Gladys and "Wiggles," her new Sealyham pup. Above, a corner of the cheerful living-room; and, topright, Miss Swarthout with part of her cherished collection of silver.



Love on the Run

Joan Crawford and
Clark Gable are falling
in love again! Here is
the pictorial record of
a romantic event re=
lated in a spirited and
light-hearted picture in
which Clark and Joan
are re=united on the
screen



Loyal Lady

Eleanor Powell's co-workers would do anything for her, because she does everything to make them happier

By Anita Kilore

WHILE Eleanor Powell was working in the stage show, "At Home Abroad," last winter, in New York, Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M, was making one of his many trips east, and went back-stage to visit her. In a few months she would be coming again to the coast to make "Born to Dance." "We want to give you all the co-operation we can on that picture," he told her, "and if there's anything special you want in the way of dressing-rooms, publicity, etc., I want you to speak up for them now, so we may make arrangements."

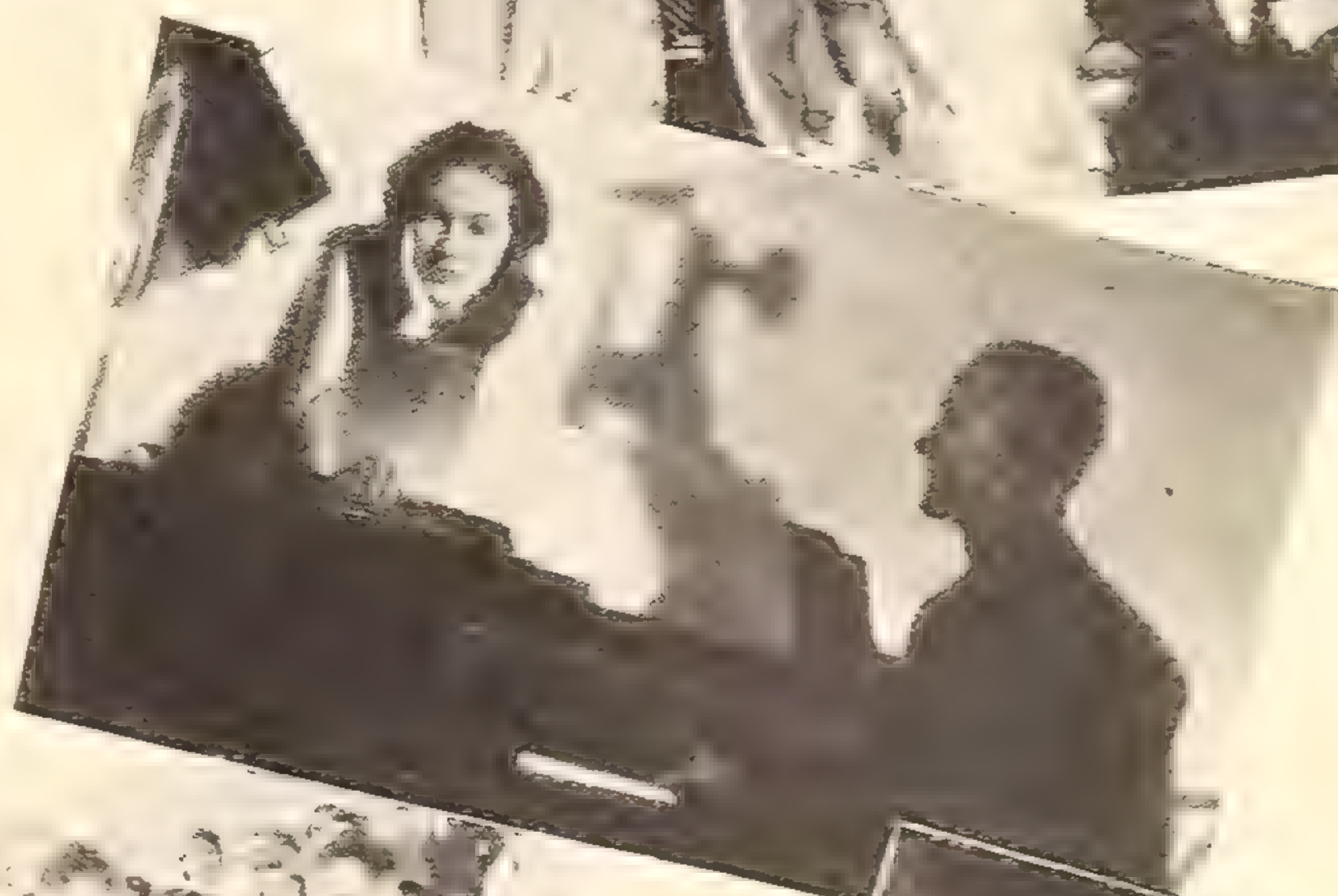
Without any hemming or hawing, Eleanor answered, "There's only one thing I want. And that's to have the same people working with me in this picture who worked with me in 'Broadway Melody.'"

"But, Eleanor, some of those actors will be busy in other things—" Eleanor interrupted with a characteristic good-natured whoop. "Oh no, I don't mean the same cast! I mean the people who stood by me and were so loyal and had confidence in me when a lot of others didn't! I mean Olga, my hairdresser, and Freddy Phillips, my make-up boy, and my piano player! I simply couldn't make another picture without them—they were so wonderful to me; they know me so well; they're my *best friends*. You will see that they have jobs with me on this picture too, won't you?"

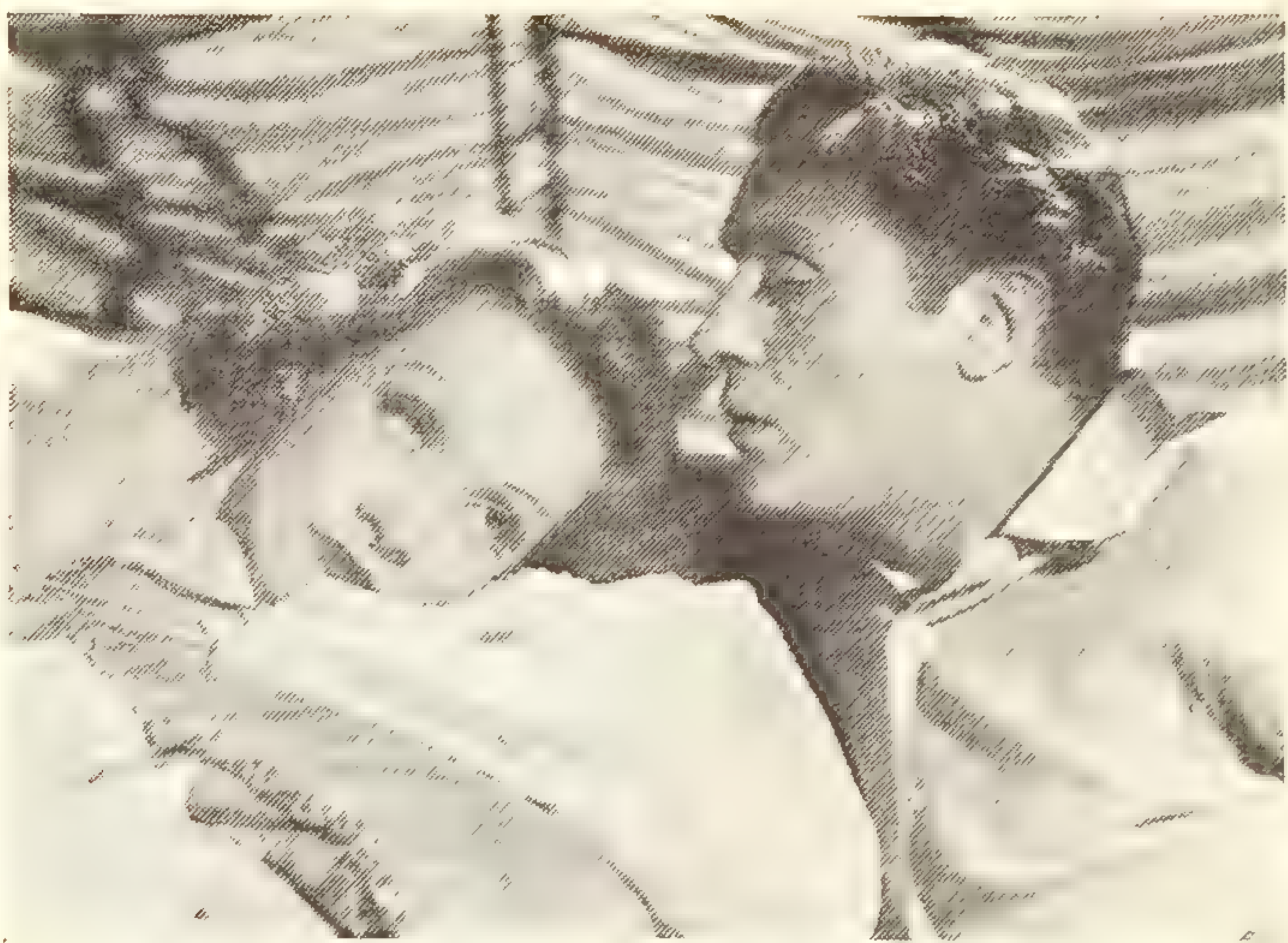
"Why, of course, Eleanor; that will be very easy to arrange. Isn't there anything else?"

Eleanor shook her head. "Can't think of anything," she said simply.

When she arrived in Hollywood in the early part of the summer, one of the first persons she made a bee-line for was her pianist. That was on a Sunday morning, and she knew exactly where to find him—on his beloved golf course. As she ran to him across the green she thought he looked older and more bowed than she had remembered him. After the excitement of the meeting had subsided a bit, Eleanor asked him what was the matter. "You can't fool your Eleanor, you know! Come on, 'fess it up—is it (Continued on page 82)"



Eleanor is a star tosser of good cheer as well as a star of the dance. From top down: with her hairdresser; with her "Born To Dance" cast: Jimmy Stewart, Una Merkel, Jack Benny; with her pianist; a new dance, and close-up.



THE GARDEN OF ALLAH—Selznick-United Artists



COLOR becomes a thrilling thing on the screen in "The Garden of Allah." For the first time, color is dramatic, rather than merely decorative. The moods as well as the manners of the characters are caught and held in glowing beauty; the desert and bazaar scenes are no colored postcards, but actual places; Madame Nature for once is not maligned, but glorified, with skies and sunsets and sand dunes to make you melt. And speaking of meltingly lovely things, Miss Dietrich's first color close-up will awe you for its exquisite tones. Marlene is not always perfectly happy in Technicolor, particularly outdoors; and she pursues her regrettable policy of facing the audience rather than her fellow players in all her best scenes—if only she'd concentrate on characterization instead of close-ups, for a change! At that, it is by far her most human and warm performance. It is Charles Boyer, however, who steals all available acting honors with his fine, sensitive, and spiritual portrait of the Trappist monk struggling against his love for Marlene. Boyer's long close-up in which he tells of his torments is remarkably moving—a great actor, here. Tilly Losch, the dancer, makes a triumphant screen début. Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith, fine.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



THEODORA GOES WILD—Columbia



NOT important, maybe, but grand fun, with the lovely Irene Dunne in her first completely comedic rôle, in which she convinces me she can become the first comedienne of the screen any time she feels in the mood. Here she is entirely entrancing as a small-town girl who, under a *nom de plume*, is the author of the year's most sensational best-seller. It's a secret from her maiden aunts, but she finds a kindred spirit in Melvyn Douglas, also somewhat in disguise as the world's handsomest gardener. Oh, it's all pretty inconsequential, I grant you; but wait until you hear the dialogue, which abounds in real sparkle; and watch the smoothly polished performances of Miss Dunne and Mr. Douglas, another brilliant new team which makes me bless the producer who thought it up; and the amusing "supporting cast" which includes Elisabeth Risdon, Spring Byington—always a joy—and others. If you're looking for sheer, sprightly entertainment with never a dull moment and never, either, a cerebral scene, here's your movie meat—only it's more like dessert, it's that light and frothy. Miss Dunne establishes herself as our most versatile girl star.



THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—Warner Bros.



FOR honest excitement, here's the outstanding cinema show of the season! "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is the most rousing celluloid drama we've had in many moons; it will hold your interest, keep you thrilled, and leave you limp at the finish; you won't want to miss it, for it's a "Must" of the month. Alfred, Lord Tennyson's famous poem of course provided the inspiration for this picture, but the best of Hollywood's box-office brains have embellished the idea until it becomes one hundred per cent movie thriller, in the highest sense of the word. From the start this picture moves, and it keeps right on moving until, with the "Charge" itself, it whirls into the most terrific action the cameras have probably ever caught. Right in the thick of the thrills is, always, the handsome, heroic, and ruthless Errol Flynn, here eclipsing his own *Captain Blood* performance with a less colorful, perhaps, but even more convincing portrayal of *Major Geoffrey Vickers*, ye compleat British soldier and gentleman, who leaves his love who unaccountably prefers his own brother to himself, and rides to certain death at the head of the 600. Olivia de Havilland is the lovely heroine.

SOME GOOD THINGS FOR YOU TO SEE:

"Come and Get It," THE motion picture of the month.

"Charge of the Light Brigade," for thrills, spills, and Errol Flynn.

"The Garden of Allah," for the finest color so far seen.

"Theodora Goes Wild" for Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas and fun.

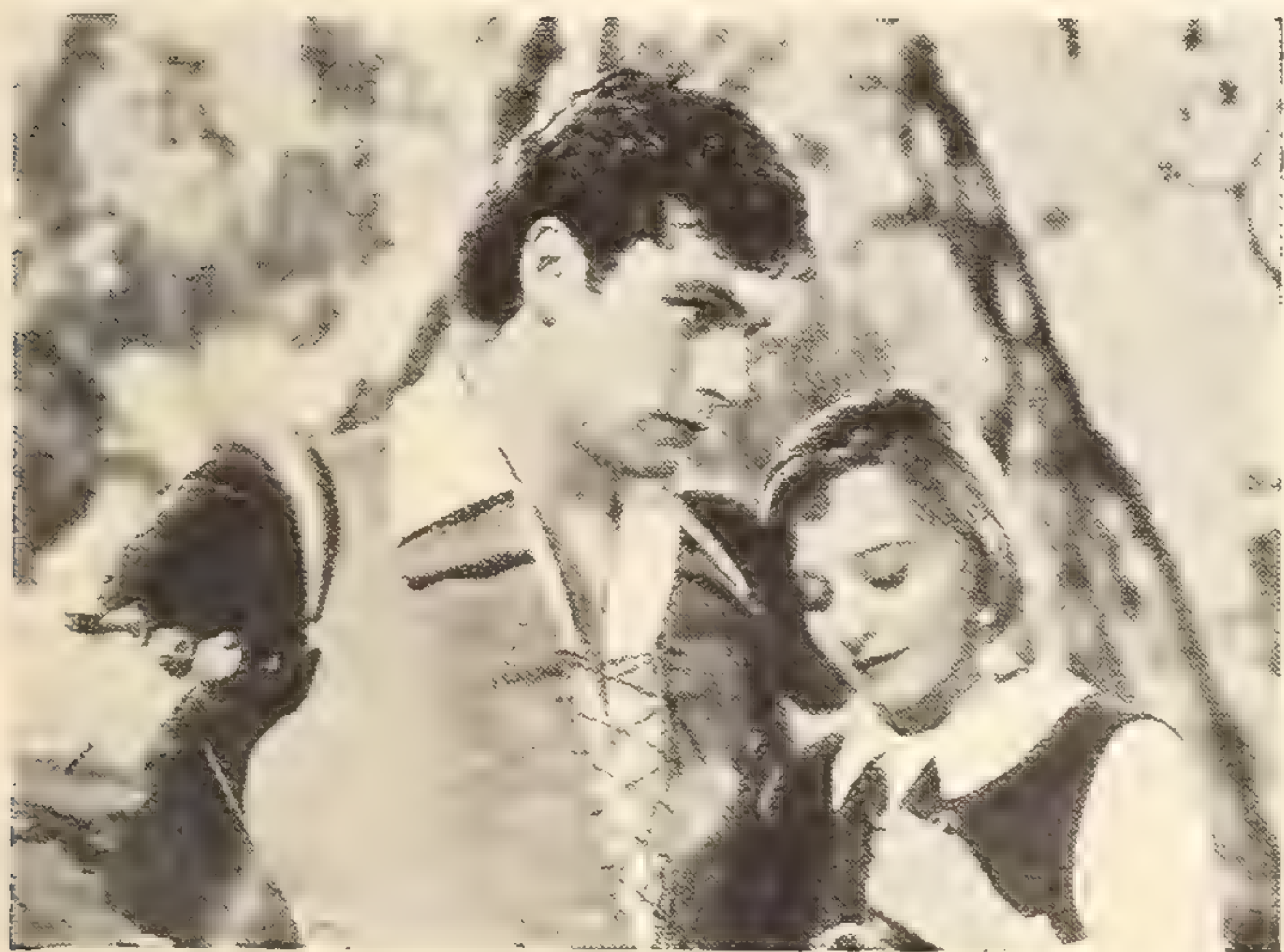
"As You Like It," if you insist upon The Bard and Elisabeth Bergner.



COME AND GET IT—Goldwyn-United Artists



"COME and Get It!" It's the most satisfying picture offered to us this month, and I recommend it with absolutely no reservations. It's "right," just as "Dodsworth" was right. It's a Samuel Goldwyn habit, this cinematic "rightness." Edna Ferber's popular novel has been screen-translated with all its robust interest and vitality intact. If anything, the characters are more colorful than ever. Edward Arnold's portrayal of *Barney Glasgow*, ruthless yet somehow lovable lumber-man who drives toward his goal of wealth, denying on the way an affection for a dance-hall singer in order to marry advantageously, only to become entangled, years later, with his early love's daughter, is one of the greatest acting jobs I've ever seen. Frances Farmer turns in two amazing performances as *Lotta*, the mother, and later the daughter—here's a new screen first lady in the making. Walter Brennan ranks next in a grand characterization. Joel McCrea, Mady Christians, and others make up a perfect cast. From its opening atmospheric shots showing logging in the Minnesota country, through all its extraordinarily vivid chapters, "Come and Get It" is magnificently photographed, superbly directed, perfectly acted. Cheers!



AS YOU LIKE IT—United Artists



MR. SHAKESPEARE comes to the screen again, this time co-starring with Miss Elisabeth Bergner, if even the author may be said to "co-star" with this pint-size personage. "As You Like It" is very much of a Bergner field-day, perhaps no more so than is usual with Bergner vehicles, but the shock of seeing and hearing Shakespeare used as a mere convenience for the little actress' highly individualized histrionics is an experience not to be missed, even though not relished by Shakespearean devotees. *Rosalind* is said to be Miss Bergner's favorite rôle; she has played it throughout Europe to great acclaim. She is indeed an elfin creature, if you like elves; she capers, she cavorts, even to the extent of turning a cartwheel; never let it be said that Bergner's *Rosalind* is dull. After all, "As You Like It" can take it; and in the event that the heroine's pyrotechnics weary you, turn to the splendid *Jacques* of that very fine actor, Leon Quartermaine; or the *Orlando* of Laurence Olivier, or the *Celia* of Sophie Stewart. These finished players bring to the lines the particular beauty of flawless English beautifully spoken, relieving the difficult accents of the star.



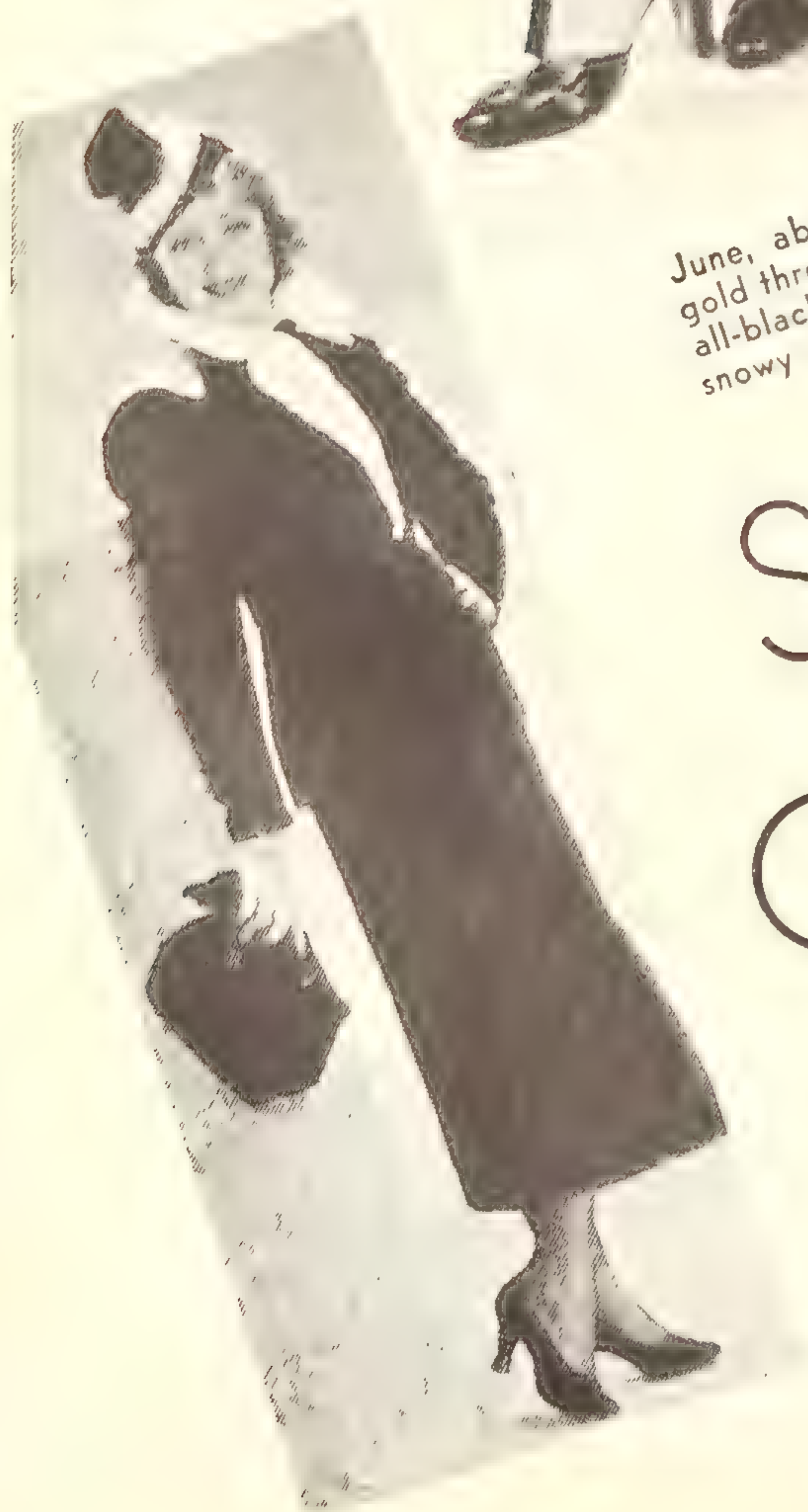
A WOMAN REBELS—RKO-Radio



HERE'S a picture which has caused a lot of controversy. Some seem to think it Hepburn's weakest vehicle so far. Others, including this frantic fan, like it as well as any period piece she has ever done; in fact, to me "A Woman Rebels" ranks right next to "Little Women" for Hepburn appeal. Here's a picture, I repeat, that has been talked about, and I want to go on record as remarking that women should like it and men shouldn't be blamed if bored. For pictorial effectiveness, our Kate has never been more beguiling; for certain close-ups, never more charming. She plays a feminist of Victorian times who becomes and overcomes being "a wronged woman," and emerges as an eminent lady editor with, apparently, the greatest of ease. The early scenes of personal conflict between the modern-minded girl and her reactionary father, excellently enacted by Donald Crisp, have intense interest, and if this mood had been maintained, "A Woman Rebels" might have clicked with all customers. It loses itself in a maze of righteous moralizing and middle-aged romanticism—although it continues, to be quite fair, a joy to the eye, charmingly mounted, gracefully acted.



June, above, is a "golden girl" in a terra cotta silk jersey frock with gold threads, a hat with gold ornament, and gold beads. Right, she wears all-black, with gleaming black paillette trimming. Left, black velvet and snowy ermine, gone gay and youthful in jaunty collar and saucy hat.



SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by *June Lang*

Hollywood's Baby Venus is a vision of young chic and charm in her new clothes which she shows to you here



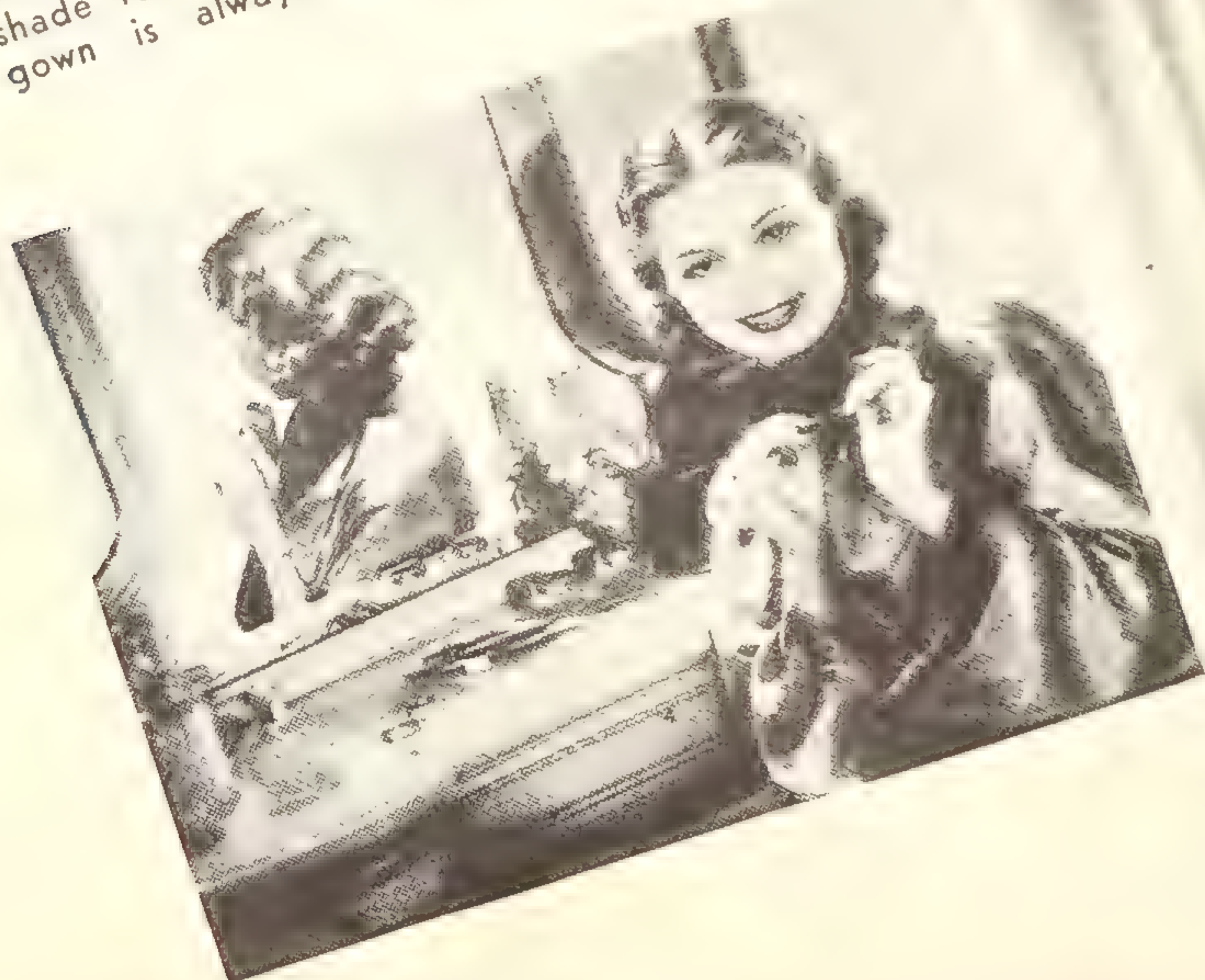
A picture dress for a picture girl! Right, June Lang in her grandest gala evening gown, of black taffeta with gros-grain ribbon roses in pink, flesh, and rose with green leaves. Below, chiffon, very smart again, with graceful skirt. Right, below, a dream of a dancing dress, in gorgeous shades of red-orange, yards of net for the full skirt over a slim sheath, and velvet dots for dash!



A blouse for a blonde beauty, left: black net braided in soutache, which June wears with a velvet skirt and off-face velvet hat with cut-out crown. Below, "the top" in jacket ensembles, and the top of June's white. Her black felt turban has the quaint idea of binding pleated white grosgrain ribbon around tufts of feathers, for fun! At the bottom of our page, June's important, becoming fur cape of red fox.



Make-up reminders from Miss Lang. Above, June believes in the importance of a powder brush in achieving the perfect make-up; she dusts her face lightly but plentifully with her favorite powder, and then removes all surplus with her soft brush. Below, for tinted nails June uses a fine camel's hair brush to distribute the polish as evenly as possible. Geranium red is her pet shade for daytime; a tint to match or contrast her gown is always her smart selection for evening.





Merle Oberon calls this, left, her "gyroscope" hat. It's of black velvet with open crown and four upstanding wings. Janice Jarratt, far left, wears a "Puritan" dinner hat with veil. Mary Alice Rice chooses grey suede liberally trimmed with grey persian lamb.



HI! HATS!



Above, a pretty newcomer, Polly Rowles, is pictured in a black velvet cap-style chapeau with black ostrich feather trim. Lucille Ball, left, wears a delightfully silly dab of a hat made from sable paws, with the head of the animal forming the peak. Right, Jane Hamilton's pert black felt tam is topped by a pom-pom of shiny black fur. A double string of pearls accents her black costume.





LONDON LOWDOWN

Follow the lively gossip and glamorous doings of screen stars, from the studios of Pinewood to premieres in Piccadilly

By Hettie Grimstead



You'll find many Hollywood stars working on sound stages at the Pinewood Studios, shown in the aerial view at left. Across to the left, Anna Neagle plays a Soho street-waif in her new picture. Below, Ann Harding, who has become acclimated to the London fogs.

ADMIRING London has coined a new title for Marlene Dietrich—The Star Who Really Is. For she scintillates along her triumphant path in that grandly dazzling manner a famous film lady should—and so often doesn't care to! She is just as glamorous off the screen as on it, conscious that she is indeed a Queen of the Celluloid and never failing to express her regal glory as she passes.

Everywhere *la* Dietrich goes she is suitably brilliant and breath-taking. She adorned a film premiere at Piccadilly Circus wearing a sheath-like trained gown of glittering tissue and a golden cap from which a great mauve osprey waved. Another evening she went to the theatre, carefully arriving rather late so that her entrance was more sensational in her cobweb white dress with enormous emeralds at her throat and wrists and everywhere else emeralds could possibly be placed. She attended a wrestling match escorted by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a thickly-patterned black veil covering her face and shoulders. As people stood on their chairs to gape, she raised it with a dramatic gesture and bowed.

Her car is a sumptuous grey limousine with chauffeur and footman, always massed with flowers. Marlene makes her way to it between rows of sightseers held back by stalwart policemen but doubtless rewarded by the handful of roses the star throws out smilingly as she glides away. She lunches at the most conspicuous table in the most fashionable restaurant, maybe with Noel Coward, Master Fairbanks, Alexander Korda or his brother Vincent, Paul Cavanagh or Conrad Veidt.



Matronly Constance Collier sometimes joins her party but rarely any other woman.

On the set at Denham studios too, she is still the Star with a capital S. Working she dresses more simply, usually in a plain gray or black tailored suit, but all the panoply of her position must be observed. I watched her sitting in the garden of a magnificent white palace, for her new film, "Knight Without Armor," set in old-

time Russia reveals Marlene as a countess and co-star Robert Donat as an English secret service agent. Picturesque peasants waited to cheer Marlene, who, as *Countess Alexandra*, was about to return to her country home. While workmen polished her carriage and groomed the impatient horses, Marlene smoked cigarette after cigarette in a long jade holder and dictated letters to her secretary.

Two maids fluttered around. "Are you warm enough, Miss Dietrich?" "Would you like some more coffee, Miss Dietrich?" "Yes, here is your scarf, Miss Dietrich, and I've sent for a fresh lipstick." Korda came up and began to discuss the scene, Marlene making numerous suggestions about it, sound, practical ones, too, for her instinctive flair for the dramatic is not confined to her own personality. The fat German camera-man was beckoned to The Presence. He kissed the blood-red fingertips and listened respectfully to all she had to say.

Now London is seething with gossip about the star. Last week Korda cabled his old friend Joseph von Sternberg, who is enjoying a holiday tour in the Orient, inviting him to make a film at Denham, and Marlene's former director has accepted. At the same time the star herself has graciously intimated to the newspapers that she will play in a second picture for Korda just as soon as it can be arranged. Can it—does it mean—

When I asked Marlene she gave me an enigmatic glance from her sea-blue eyes and remarked sweetly that daughter Maria was very happy at her new London day-school and that English studios were so much quieter than California ones. Nary a word about von Sternberg would she say—apparently the name never even penetrated her consciousness even when repeated loudly! So instead we had to talk about her between-seasons wardrobe, for which



London seethes with talk about Dietrich. Above, on the set with Robert Donat; left, at a picture premiere with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and below, having tea on the set with Elisabeth Bergner, a long-time friend. Bottom, left, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are making a film together in London.



her first purchase has just been forty-three pairs of shoes that she calculates will last her for the next year.

It seems Marlene has an unusually-shaped foot, long and slender, so experiences considerable difficulty buying shoes. When she heard of a little workshop in an English country town where elderly cobblers still cut and sew the leather by hand, she promptly sent them her measurements and a series of special stills showing the famous feet in every posi- (Continued on page 77)

Merry Christmas to All

She Loves Perfume

A gift of fragrance rare is a tribute to her loveliness! Light, gay "April Showers" perfume by Cheramy brings the mood of eternal Springtime. \$3.50. Helena Rubinstein's Town and Country Eau de Toilette is designed to fill every cologne need. "Town" is sophisticated, rich and femininely luxurious. "Country" is lighter and more intimate. The skyscraper bottle is ultra-modern. \$3.75 each. "A Suma," one of Coty's most enchanting perfumes, translates into fragrance the rich, exotic sensuousness of Bali. In a gem of a bottle, generously sized, \$10.



Start at the top of the half-circle (left) and you'll see the Cutex Club Kit. This compact little genuine leather case comes in brown or black pin morocco or royal blue swirl finish. It is fitted with Cutex essentials for the perfect manicure and the price is \$3.75. The Richard Hudnut Cigarette Vanity Triple is a very special gift for a very special friend. The slender streamline case is black and gold or white and gold with a smart enamel finish and very modernistic in design. One compartment contains a loose powder well, dry rouge and lipstick. The other has room for six cigarettes. Price, \$5.50. There's something very fine about the grand old name of Cashmere Bouquet! This Christmas box contains a bottle of lotion, a bar of the aristocratic toilet soap and a box of face powder in the light rachel shade—all with the exquisite Cashmere Bouquet fragrance. Price, \$1.00.

~ And a Gift to Excite!



A Gift for Him

Give the most important "him" in your life something he'll use and enjoy! Eastman Kodak Junior Six-20 is an attractive and efficient little model that would please any man. \$10. The Mansfield Carry All Kit by Bourjois is genuine leather and contains Shaving Cream, After Shave Lotion and Talcum besides convenient holders and space for other masculine requisites. \$4.25. Lenthéric has gone to town with "The Three Musketeers," a rollicking trio of proven favorites, Men's Eau de Cologne, After Shave Lotion and Scalp Stimulant. \$1.95.

The Dorothy Gray Week-end Case (upper right) is one of those gifts that go straight to a woman's heart! It's compact, convenient and ever so smart. Comes in brown or black alligator or white fine grain fabrikoid. It is fitted with Dorothy Gray beauty preparations and is an excellent value at \$5.00. Would you like to impart Cleopatra's secret of the body beautiful to a friend? Then give her a bottle of Admiración Pine-and-Olive Bath Oil. Used as a body rub before bathing, it cleanses, invigorates and beautifies the skin. Its fresh pine scent makes it a delightful perfume for the bath. Price, \$1.00. Beauty from Hollywood is sure to thrill the lucky girl who receives Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up Ensemble for Christmas! It contains full sizes of Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Eye Shadow, Eyebrow Pencil and Eyelash Make-Up (mascara). The price is \$4.50.



Pioneering Again!

Irene Dunne, who's supposed to be so conservative, is off on another adventure

By
Tom Kennedy

The beautiful lady at the right really likes to clown a bit, and is not a little baffled at the conception many have of her as so staid and ultra-conventional. Below, as *Magnolia* in "Show Boat," and lower right, with Melvyn Douglas in "Theodora Goes Wild," her first all-comedy rôle.



very animated, warmly responsive, and gaily adventurous person who seemed to get a lot of amusement out of a gamble she is making with the greatest stakes an actress can "put on the line," as the boys at the club say.

This certainly did not conform to the billing, and the idea would not down that perhaps there's been some over-emphasis on the fact that Irene Dunne has consistently refused to become involved in those flamboyant and obvious didoes that make headlines about divorce, contract walk-outs, temperamental outbursts, or brawls with newsmen and public.

THERE'S a lovely legend about a very lovely lady of the cinema. And maybe we'd do better to let it stand. After all, you've been moved by it, and so have I. Writers have tinselled its illusion with the gilt and embroidery of well chosen words that have added up to many a column of type. Even Hollywood seems at times to cherish it and point with pride to its inspiring incandescence.

But—and may you forgive us for throwing a brick at an image that has known much adoration—the legend that Irene Dunne is so thoroughly conventional, so constitutionally, even sanctimoniously conservative that she's one apart from every other in her profession, and NEWS on that account alone, stands up better in print than it does when you meet her and take a second look.

From where I sat, listened, and looked, (you should have been there, the looking was fine), at Irene Dunne in the living room of her hotel apartment in New York, I couldn't see the illusion of legend for the reality of a

Maybe we've been guessing wrong about our Irene. Perhaps she's too different to be conventionally unconventional. And were it not that she is herself so baffled at the popular conception that she is a conventional sober-sides, one might even get the sneaky suspicion that, just for the fun of it, Irene Dunne has been spoofing others into inventing and circulating that legend of the very dignified, conventional, and colossally conservative movie star.

The best excuse this so-called conservative could offer for putting herself in a spot that would scare the wits out of all the hey-nony-nony boys and girls of Hollywood, is that she just wants to try it, and besides, "working in the same studio, doing the same kind of parts all the time gets to be serious after a time, and I don't think anybody likes to have serious people around all the time, do you?"

We couldn't be sure under the circumstances. After all we were talking to a star who is supposed to be very serious. So we decided to be a (Continued on page 88)

WHEN a man has been examined by the best surgeons in the United States Army and has been pronounced a "complete disability," and has been sent home to spend the remainder of his life a hopeless invalid——

When a man has a wife he adores, and she is soon to become a mother and he has no job, none in sight, and has only twelve dollars and fifty cents in his pocket——

When a man has a hotel bill staring him in the face and has only ten dollars in his pocket, and his wife spends that to buy a dog; and then he sells some of his clothes to buy food for the dog——

When a man has amassed a fortune of \$300,000 and embarks in the circus business and sees it all vanish into thin air leaving him broke and looking for a job——

Then is the time it takes courage of a kind that most people do not have, to face the situation and win out!

There is one man in Hollywood today who has faced all of the above situations——has faced them and has refused to admit that he was licked. And because he refused to believe he was defeated he has won his battles; has pushed every obstacle aside, and like a *Dick Merriwell*, he has landed on the top of the heap called success, and today sits in the lap of luxury and comfort, envied by those who do not know the difficulties he has had to meet, admired by those who know him and his troubles. This man is Buck Jones, known the world over wherever small boys and their dads, who are still boys at heart, flock to the theatres to watch him as he rides and fights and proves to the younger generation that the clean man is the one who will always win.

What most of these boys, young and old, do not know is that Buck Jones in private life carries out the very principles for which he stands and fights and suffers in his pictures. They do not know that this two-fisted hero of western pictures will turn down a salary of several thousand dollars a week rather than do anything in a picture that he would not do in private life.

The Bravest Actor in Hollywood

Buck Jones, whose real-life victories over hardship outstrip his film heroics, deserves that title

By Ransom Palmer

A strange man is this chap Buck Jones, who neither drinks, smokes, nor swears, because he feels that as he is worshipped by millions of boys, he should do nothing that would either set them a bad example or lower him in their opinion. A man who so loves his horse that he never goes to bed at night until he has gone to the stable, rubbed the nose of the horse, examined the bedding and given the animal a few words of praise. A man whose education stopped with grammar school, yet who has been able to write several (Continued on page 76)



Buck Jones knows what it is to face handicaps. He had to fight for health, for a living, for screen success, and for a come-back. Right, with his daughter Maxine. Below, a scene at the Jones ranch. Left to right in the group are: Noah Beery, Jr., Maxine, Mrs. Jones, and the dauntless star.





Time Out for Study

If you've believed that the life of your favorite film star is just one wild whirl, read this story and learn about Hollywood's lively pursuit of culture

By Whitney Williams

SO YOU think the life of a star, once he leaves the studio, is just one merry whirl of excitement and pleasure? Brethren and sisters, you couldn't be further from the truth!

The moment he barges forth from his happy little dressing-room suite into the world of *not* make-believe, he might be any other person of leisure and wealth. With one exception: Where the average man and woman of means casts aside, for the most part, all thoughts of learning simultaneously with the completion of his and her school and college days, the star is buried in study, if not for the sake of advancing his career then in pursuit of a hobby or some other form of personal interest.

And what are *you* studying, Mister Bones?, might be the question put to any star, for nearly all are engaged in delving into the finer points of some subject.

Janet Gaynor devotes much of her leisure time to the study of philosophy. To observe Janet on the screen, you never would think that so weighty a subject could appeal to such a little girl.



Glenda Farrell, top, is an expert interior decorator, and designed this clever room herself. Jean Parker, above, left, is a student of costume designing, while Janet Gaynor studies philosophy. Lew Ayres, left, is a serious classical musician. Ann Harding, below, is learning to write for the theatre and screen, and is shown here discussing a script with Basil Rathbone.

Deep down, however, the star is intensely serious and such problems as those she meets in metaphysics interest her. At present, she is doing some rather advanced research work in the philosophy of the ancients, particularly Plato and Confucius.

Ever since she missed being cast in the rôle Jeanette MacDonald plays in "The Merry Widow"—because she couldn't sing sufficiently well to please the heads of the studio—Joan Crawford has dedicated one hour every day to voice culture and singing. The gorgeous Joan long ago set her heart on enacting the title rôle in the picturization of the world-famous operetta, and when another was selected she experienced deep and bitter disappointment. Now, that a second opportunity may not pass, she takes a lesson daily, regardless of how hard she may be working in a picture or how weary she becomes.

Believe it or not, but Richard Dix has enrolled in the extension department of the University of California and is deep in the study of scientific agriculture! The popular star owns a ranch and wants to know how to run it modernly and with the fullest benefit. Hence, the college course, atop all his other activities.

There's something about the down-to-earth substance you sense in Ralph Bellamy that gives you a clue to his studious interests. They lie, in fact, in the dusty tomes of ancient history. When he might be sunning himself on the nearby beaches or riding the horses he loves so well, he can generally be found, instead, in the famous archives of the Huntington Library, in Pasadena, and among the historic pieces of Los Angeles' celebrated Southwest Museum. His personal library is considered a very complete historical collection.

Irene Dunne's father made quite a name for himself as an amateur astronomer and the actress-singer inherited his love for the celestial kingdom. As a child, she picked up a vast fund of information on the stars and their constellations and has eagerly pursued the study ever since. She owns a very fine collection of scientific books on astronomy and spends many hours delving into its inner and more intricate secrets. A strange pastime for a beautiful actress, but few really know Irene Dunne.

Lew Ayres likewise concerns himself with a contemplation of the stars and has a neat sum of money invested in observatory equipment. Most of his knowledge has been picked up at random, and through the offices of an elderly man whom Lew befriended a number of years ago. But interested as he is in astronomy, Lew

derives even greater pleasure and benefit from the study of music. Purely as a hobby and a pastime, the young actor composes classical music, and recently finished a rhapsody upon which he has been working for the past six or seven months. He is said to have more than one hundred original compositions but will not as yet submit them to a publisher.

Ginger Rogers, also a music lover, plans some day to present a musical comedy of her own composition and to that end is utilizing every possible means available to her. Since she is determined that the musical comedy will be all her own, Ginger devotes much time to the study, not alone music, but to costuming, everything that will further and aid her ambition. Naturally talented along these lines, she already has cast the die from which her "opus" will be patterned, and those close to her hold high hopes for its success.

Ann Harding always has been interested in the theatre. Now that she has made such strides as an actress, she is looking beyond, into the future, and to realize a dream of long-standing she has set a schedule for herself, that when (*Continued on page 93*)



Our story tells you an interesting fact about Ginger Rogers as a student—a new pose of Ginger, above. Francis Lederer, left, is pictured on his ranch, in a gay mood; but he can be intensely serious on one subject—see the story.

Here's Hollywood



For glamorous news, just follow the stars around with SCREENLAND!

By
Weston East

BILL POWELL was with Jean Harlow, having a gay time at the Clover Club. Which reminds us that Bill has moved again. The small bungalow he rented after disposing of his huge "White Elephant" mansion turned out to be *too* small, so he's moved into slightly more comfortable quarters. No, there's no indication that he and Jean are going to do anything more serious than be romantic about their romance.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has a new boy friend. He's none other than Arthur Treacher. And what's more, he's already started to give her jewelry, if you please. It all happened when Arthur was obliged to fasten a small bracelet on Shirley's arm, for scenes in "Stowaway." But instead of using one from the property department, Arthur purchased a real charm bracelet for Shirley on which were fastened, among other amusing miniature objects, a tiny ship and movie camera.

The sunkissed gals above, Jean Perkins, Louise Stuart, and Terry Ray, stick to California; while Ricardo Cortez and his wife, left, and Marion Davies, below, come home from European trips. Right, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March return to Hollywood from a vacation in the east.





Acme

Gary Cooper and his wife were holidaying when Gary got word to hurry back to Hollywood pronto for re-takes on "The Plainsman," and here we see them arriving at Los Angeles Airport.

THE whole cast and crew of "After the Thin Man" gave a tree and flower shower for Myrna Loy the other evening at her new Coldwater Canyon home. They had to get a two-ton truck from the studio transportation department to make delivery.

IF YOU want to make a hit with Bob Taylor, just let him know there's a new kind of watch on the market. Seems Bob is just *crazy* over watches, and now has fourteen of 'em. Last one to make its appearance is in the form of a ring, which he wears on his little finger. You might say he has time on his hands these days!

THE entire cast and crew of Lily Pons' newest picture, now in work, have dubbed her "Snooky." Which rather disproves the old impression that all opera stars must be handled with kid gloves, because Lily simply *loves* her new nickname.

The ocean liners have been bringing in an imposing array of screen notables lately. Peering at you from the deck-rail below are Mrs. Reinhardt, Max Reinhardt, famous producer, Mrs. Patric Knowles, and Pat Knowles himself, all Hollywood-bound.



Honeymooners Dick Powell and Joan Blondell found a bit of rural Europe right on Broadway, when they visited back-stage with Kitty Carlisle and William Gaxton, stars of "White Horse Inn."



Stars bound west and east across the briny. Above, Herbert Marshall, seen as he set out for a vacation in England. Below, Fernand Gravet, famous French star, arrives for Hollywood movies.



DURING the past few years, Bing Crosby has been a great trial to his family. Each and every member of the tribe have been worrying him to death, trying to make him lose weight. They finally succeeded in annoying him into taking off thirty pounds just before he made his last picture, "Pennies from Heaven." They were a bit upset, when he started out for a vacation in Honolulu, for fear he'd put the weight back on. However, they received a most reassuring letter from Bing, after he'd been gone about a week, telling them he was keeping in condition. "Not a day goes by," he wrote, "but what I exercise. I've been fishing, surf riding and bicycling ever since I got here." Upon his return, however, they learned that his fishing was done from a comfortable chair, the surf riding was done on a board, and his bicycle had a motor attachment. P. S. Fortunately, he hadn't gained any additional poundage so everybody was happy, especially Bing, who had a "swell time."

"Goodbye, Britain; hello, home!" says Sally Eilers, returning from English film work, and looking as though she enjoyed it.



SEEMS to me the Hollywood stars are getting just too ambitious for words nowadays. What with Errol Flynn celebrating the publication of his novel, "Beam Ends," to say nothing of his splendid color photography movies, along comes James Stewart with some very interesting Leica studies of all his friends. And now Jimmy has taken his pen in hand and is spending all his spare hours working on a short story. These are days when we can read as well as see and hear screen stars.

OUT on the set of "Captains Courageous," Lionel Barrymore is extremely happy over the fact that he can smoke his favorite pipe during practically every scene in the picture. The Metro property department, however, is taking quite a loss in pipe stems. It develops that Lionel *chews* his pipes when concentrating, and so far they've supplied no less than nineteen new stems!

Wide World



That promised Chaplin production starring Paulette Goddard is coming along—so be patient. Here, above, we see Charlie and Paulette absorbed in studying story material. Left, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, who announced their engagement recently, snapped as Gene escorted Jeanette from the train after a holiday in New York.

DOLORES DEL RIO claims she isn't a bit superstitious, but she definitely believes in sentiment. For instance, she has pressed one flower from every bouquet ever sent her by husband Cedric Gibbons. She now has several books of them, all catalogued in memory of each happy occasion they've celebrated together.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND has developed a new hobby. She's raising sea anemones, of all things. The last time Olivia visited Carmel, California, where she spent many years of her life, she brought two of the strange creatures back to Hollywood with her, securely fastened to a rock, and placed them in her goldfish pond. One of them died, but the other is not only thriving, but has given birth to several baby anemones!



Flora Robson, English stage star, plays Queen Elizabeth in this scene above with Leslie Banks, from "Fire Over London," a new British production. Right, Burgess Meredith and his wife, Margaret Perry, arrive in New York from Hollywood, where Meredith played in his first picture, a screen version of "Winterset."

IT APPEARS the thing that was holding up the deal between Janet Gaynor and David Selznick, who wanted her for his new picture, was a little matter of working hours. During all the years Janet has been in pictures, she has insisted on a clause being inserted in her contract, stipulating that her working hours are from nine to five daily. When Janet found he was not willing to make this concession, she refused to sign, although she was terribly anxious to play the part. After weeks of quibbling, Selznick gave in and Janet is happy once more.





DRIPPED around on the "Ready, Willing, and Able" set the other day to find Ruby Keeler but completely surrounded by no less than three radios, one of which was in her car. Seems Ruby is such a rabid football fan, she can't be bothered tuning in on first one station and then another to hear the games all over the country, but must have at least three so she can have each one all ready to listen in on the various broadcasts as each half terminates.

ONE of the nicest compliments I've heard in a long time was paid Gail Patrick the other day by Francine Larrimore, famous stage actress now making her picture debut with Edward Arnold in B. P. Schulberg's, "A Man and a Woman." Mr. Schulberg dropped around on the set about the second day of shooting to ask Miss Larrimore how she liked pictures and to find out if everything had been done to make her happy.

"Oh, yes, I'm happy," she replied. "But I'm worried about the picture."

"Worried?" Mr. Schulberg queried, anxiously.

"Yes, I'm worried about my part," she went on. "I don't see how I can convince anyone, as I must do in the picture, that a man would prefer me—or any other woman—to a girl as beautiful and charming as Gail Patrick."

MARIE WILSON, blonde comedienne, and Nick Grinde, director, are billing and cooing over on the Warner Brothers lot.

Acme



Here's looking at you! Above, Jean Hersholt, Sonja Henie, and Adolphe Menjou, who are featured in "One in a Million," represent a lot of people if we apply the title to each. At the right: Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda are a romantic twosome in a new picture, "You Only Live Once," directed by Fritz Lang, who directed "Fury."



Katharine Hepburn plays another James M. Barrie heroine, in the film version of "Quality Street," scene from which is shown above, with the star and Eric Blore in close-up. Left, the latest picture of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Scott, showing the screen star and his wife at the Horse Show in New York.

THE Patric Knowles' have moved into Bill Fields' old house at Toluca Lake. They've even gone so far as to adopt Bill's pet swan who has been hanging about the place ever since he left. Only now the swan has a flock of little ones!

MAE WEST, as is her usual custom, presented members of the cast and crew of "Go West, Young Man," with various and sundry items of jewelry upon completion of the picture. Director Henry Hathaway was presented with a gorgeous star sapphire ring.

(Continued on page 95)



Strong, but Not Silent!

Humphrey Bogart plays those grim-lipped characters on the screen, but he's not like that at all. Meet him in this amusing and revealing close-up

By Madeline Glass



You see the real Humphrey Bogart in the informal portrait at the left. The scene from "The Black Legion" shows him with Ann Sheridan. We picked a smiling "still" rather than a grim one because Mr. Bogart is good and tired of scowling all the time.

he was offered another gentlemanly part in "China Clipper." He took the rôle, also a good share of the picture, but was still restive. The

FOLLOWING my talk with Humphrey Bogart a publicity man asked him if he wished to read my article before I sent it to the Editor.

"No," said Mr. Bogart. Then, to me: "*You* do the writing, darling, and *I'll* do the acting. Of course," he added, "I shall expect you to describe me as rivaling Robert Taylor in the matter of looks, having Clark Gable's romantic appeal, being as talented as Paul Muni, and possessing a dash of Leslie Howard's suave intellectuality."

"Right," said I, returning his grin, and he hurried away to the set where he was already fifteen minutes late.

Not since George Raft reformed and began playing civilized young men has there been so interesting a portrayer of underworld rôles as Humphrey Bogart. His *Duke Mantee* in "The Petrified Forest" was a histrionic depth bomb. A smaller rôle in "Bullets or Ballots" had the explosive power of compression. After those two performances his studio gave him a sympathetic rôle in "Two Against the World," an assignment that made Mr. Bogart very unhappy. Unlike Mr. Raft, he has not repented and he doesn't want to reform. Then

Warners dispelled the Bogart misgivings by giving him the part of a harried turncoat in "The Black Legion," a picture of marked sociological significance.

"Most of my first stage rôles," he told me, "were those of tennis-racket-swinging juveniles or fatuous youngsters left on the stage to keep the show going while the principals changed their costumes. A man may be a poor workman in other professions and still be endurable, but there is nothing so futile as a bad actor. He smells! For that reason I want strong rôles that I can get my teeth into, preferably those which present turbulent or dangerous characters."

This from a man who was born on Christmas Day, and who attends the Episcopal Church! Tsk, tsk! But don't be fooled by all this. In real life Humphrey's vices are limited to an inordinate fondness for chess and the practice of smoking in bed. His father was a surgeon and it was Humphrey's intention to be one, also, had not Fate, personified by William A. Brady, theatrical producer, caused him to change his mind.

"I am neither a pessimist nor an optimist," said he, in answer to my question. "I am a fatalist. You know the sort of incident that may (Continued on page 92)

Their Pet Extravagances

Continued from page 23

simply, mostly at hotels, and he cares less than ever for clothes, society, and "keeping up appearances." But he's a sucker for a good car. Of course he did drive around for a while in that wreck of an old Ford that Carole salvaged from a junk yard and had painted white for his Valentine, but you can be awfully certain that he put a high-powered engine in it first. (Clark's a first class mechanic and can make a good living any time he wants to give up pictures). Just last month he bought a new Duesenberg, and nearly drove the cast and director of "Love on the Run" crazy by dashing out between "takes" to tinker with it.

With Joan Bennett it's clothes. Joanie just can't resist fashionable clothes. Schiaparelli, Patou, Lanvin, Molyneux and Chanel have but to hint slyly that Madame would look lovely — and immediately Madame, usually the most level-headed little person, becomes a mad woman and buys everything in sight from properly woolly sports clothes to things eccentric with feathers. The minute Joan gets off a boat in France the Parisian couturieres start singing, "Clap hands, here comes Joanie." And when Joan gets on a boat leaving France her luggage is really something to write home about. Joan is one movie star who looks and travels like a movie star, and we certainly ought to thank our stars there are a few of them left. But Joan's home, believe me, is far from being a movie star's home. In the first place it's small, right on the street, and with just enough yard in the back for little Melinda, age three, to run around in. As a matter of fact it was cute little Melinda, the most precious baby in Hollywood, who sort of tipped me off to the simple, I may say even parsimonious, life of the Gene Markeys. I was having lunch there one day in Joan's very charming dining-room when Melinda demurely entered, gave me a quaint old-world curtsy, and proceeded to pull one of the drapes out of its folds—and, my dear, the folds were full of holes. "See," said Melinda. "Oh, no, Melinda," said Joan, collapsing with laughter, "not for company!"

Claudette Colbert, on the other hand, though one of Joan's friends, is as far different from her as day is from night. Claudette never buys a dress until exactly ten minutes before she is supposed to wear it. The spacious clothes closets in her new Holmby Hills home are far from being jammed with little Hattie Carnegie numbers—in fact they are quite conspicuous by the absence of clothes. If you see Claudette dashing wildly into Bullock's Wilshire at five o'clock some afternoon you will know quite definitely that she has remembered a dinner invitation for that night and hasn't a thing to wear. No, clothes aren't one of Claudette's extravagances, and the jewelry salesmen would starve if they waited on a purchase from her; but she has put a fortune into her home. She made a special trip to New York and lived for days in antique shops, and silversmiths, and art galleries, and no matter what things cost, if Claudette thought they would look well in her house, she paid. And Claudette did not furnish her house ten minutes before she was due to move into it. Heavens, no; it was almost two years.

Robert Taylor's pet extravagance is shirts! Bob started working at Metro several years ago for \$35 a week, and on \$35 a week, as you well know, you can't live like a bloated aristocrat. Bob's salary of

course increased as he became the most popular male star in Hollywood, but his tastes changed very little. He did get a flashy car, though it happened to be a present, but his home life remained just as unassuming as ever. When you call up Bob Taylor he answers the phone—you don't have to talk to six servants and a secretary before you get him. But all his life Bob had had a secret weakness for shirts, exquisitely tailored shirts, and so just the minute his salary permitted Bob simply went to town on shirts. There's a guest room in the Taylor home, but you needn't expect to move in, for Bob uses the bed and dresser to pile his extra shirts on. It



You can add to your list of "Look Alikes," Myrna Loy and Ruth Coleman, screen newcomer, above.

seems he hasn't enough space for all of them in his own room.

Fred Astaire goes just as mad over shoes as Bob does over shirts. Off the screen you'd never point Fred out as being a well-dressed man, for he dresses very quietly and modestly; in fact, a bit *too* modestly, for his hats usually look like something that had been kicked about in a Notre Dame game. But one glance at his shoes and you'll know Fred's weakness at once. He has his shoes made in England and they are made of suede, usually brown, all in one piece with very thin soles. Fred has dozens and dozens of these shoes made for himself. Sylvia Sidney is another movie star who forgets to be sensible when it comes to shoes. Sylvia has some of her slippers specially made; others she buys in the best shoe shops, and whenever she takes a fancy to a certain model she orders it in every color imaginable. Sylvia lives in a small apartment in the Colonial House in Hollywood and has only one servant; she drove the same car until it almost fell to pieces last year and she had to trade it in; and she'd just as soon as not appear at the

Vendome for luncheon without a hat: but show her a pair of slippers she likes, and without even asking the cost she screams like a maniac and orders a dozen pair in all colors.

For her pet extravagance Madeleine Carroll has a real castle in Spain. At least, she hopes she still has it. It's right in the war zone and she rather suspects that her beautiful castle which she spent so much money on is nothing more or less than a lovely old ruin now. She expected to spend her vacation there this past summer, but one look at the news reels and Madeleine decided she would be happier in America. "I know it's a silly extravagance," she told me, "but ever since I was a little girl and read fairy tales I wanted a castle in Spain. So when I made enough money out of the movies to buy one, I did, and I furnished it beautifully, and thought it would be a wonderful place to live when I wasn't working, but I'm afraid—" Yes, Madeleine, I'm afraid too that your castle in Spain is shot to hell.

Merle Oberon has a fur complex. She lives in an unpretentious little beach house in Santa Monica, usually drives around with David Niven in his second-hand car, and except for the evening can always be found in sports pajamas or inexpensive sports dresses. But if there's a good piece of fur within a mile of Merle she will simply go batty until she has purchased it. Merle has the most gorgeous and expensive fur coats in Hollywood—a sable that's a dream, chinchilla, two ermines, two minks, nutria, silver-fox, white fox—oh, everything! And of course it's kind of cute to see little Miss Oberon prancing around in her sable with a little seven-ninety-five dress under it.

Radios are the big weakness in the otherwise sensible life of Mr. Warner Baxter. Warner is another of Hollywood's "English gentlemen" but he's as crazy as a cracked American over any kind of a radio gadget. Naturally all his cars are equipped with the best types of radios, so is his swimming pool, his tennis court, his bedroom, in fact every room in his house including his bathroom. Warner has so many radios, and loud-speakers, and electrical gadgets that he keeps a man on his monthly pay-roll who has nothing else to do but snoop around every day to see if all the radios are working.

With Joel McCrea it's Belgian horses. They are not race horses, you know, but draught horses, and heaven only knows why Joel should take such a fancy to them, but on his ranch out near Chatsworth he has two hundred of them already and expects to breed more. The McCreas, (Frances Dee and two little sons), live very modestly in a small ranch house, they have no town house or town car, and seemingly don't spent as much money as we do, but when Joel starts buying Belgian horses at five hundred a plug it's really something. Bing Crosby, as everybody knows, goes in for racing horses. They don't win many races but they eat an awful lot of oats.

Barbara Stanwyck haunts antique shops looking for old silver. A pair of 1786 candlesticks recently caused her to go pleasantly mad for days. With Miriam Hopkins it's modern art. Charles Boyer can't resist porcelains. Joan Crawford, like Carole, goes demented over star sapphires. Dick Powell probably has the largest collection of ties of any man in America. And W. C. Fields asks nothing of the world except a well-equipped trailer.

3 Girls on a Match

Continued from page 25

"Stage number five—why, that's the carny picture—that's the one I'm shooting! Got a bit?"

"Sure. I'm the Siamese twins!"

"How about taking both of you to lunch? Got a date?"

"Well——"

"Well, you've got one now. Been meaning to buzz you—been meaning to roll around to the house—but you know how it is in this business!" His sharp blue eyes probed her shy mood. "There's something I've been wanting to tell you, Beautiful, but it's a long story and I'm short on time." He consulted his watch. "I'll see you at chow. Hold up till then!"

Pat was left standing breathless in the middle of the studio street. The day—the job—and now Eddie—it all made a gay carousel that spun her round and round. She wished she had worn her best brown suit. She was glad she had borrowed Olga's furs. She wondered what had prompted the invitation to lunch. She was curious to know what he wanted to see her about.

"Where in the world is the wardrobe department?" interrupted a voice beside her. "This is my first day on the lot."

"I'll take you there," offered Pat. "I'm going there myself."

It was crowded in the wardrobe department. It was noisy. A happy confusion filled the air. The wardrobe mistress was calling out sizes and assigning costumes.

Rows upon rows of colorful costumes hung from the racks. The shelves that lined the walls from floor to ceiling were packed with shoes and hats and wigs. The glass cabinets were crammed with costume jewelry.

Everybody was talking. Everybody was laughing. The workaday world was in high spirits.

Pat, assigned to a costume, took her place beside the others at the long line of make-up mirrors. Powder flew. There was a faint singe of hair being curled. Someone told a funny story. Pat broke into a popular song. Three girls took up the chorus.

A warm flush rose on Pat's cheek and stayed there. This was the happy fever which sent the rich blood coursing through her veins. She was working—part of a great pattern—a cog in the most fascinating game on earth. Her whole being sang with joy as she slipped into her blue Louisa May Alcott costume with its big bustle and its leg of mutton sleeves. She tied the ribbons of her bonnet in a saucy bow under her chin. A ruffled parasol completed the portrait that pirouetted in the glass. The mirror substantiated Eddie. Pat was beautiful.

She wished that Bud could see her—Ann—Olga—Pop—Mom—the kids back home in Tallahassee. She wished a big director like King Henry—or William Keighley—or George Stevens—could see her, could say to Zanuck—to Mervyn LeRoy—to Bris-kin—that here was star material.

"All onstage!" came the call. "Onstage!"

They were shooting an old-fashioned carnival picture. The set was crowded with bewhiskered Deacons, burlesque constables and Joey clowns. Hick beaux strolled about sporting fifteen dollar mail order suits.

Pat stumbled over the guy ropes and animal wagons and took her place under a crepe paper apple tree in full bloom. Every now and then, she was pelted by a flurry of cotton petals that drifted to the ground.

THE STORY UP TO NOW

For three years Pat O'Day has struggled along in Hollywood on the meager earnings of occasional work as an extra, sharing cramped quarters in an apartment with Ann Dewey and Olga Dupont, also striving for screen careers. Now Bud Bradley, boyhood sweetheart, is insisting that she forget her ambition and return to Tallahassee and marry him. Ann frankly tells Pat that she wishes some boy like Bud would offer her a home. Olga is tired of trying to get ahead by working up from an extra, and now is banking on the influence of Emmet Richard Fielding, whose profile is famous on the screen and whose love life has been spread on front pages. Bud is telling Pat she must decide today, for tomorrow he returns to the old home town. Just then a call comes from a studio. It's just another extra job, but Pat can't resist. She sets out, with Bud protesting that she must decide between him and her hoped-for career by tonight.

The sound crew set up the mikes. The director, the leading man, and the script girl seated themselves in the charmed circle of canvas chairs.

"Lights!" yelled the head cameraman and vanished behind his camera like a jack-in-the-box.

"Lights!" echoed the head electrician popping out from a platform high in the rafters.

"Lights!" piped a familiar voice. It was Eddie in the isinglass visor and brown leather putties, his voice a call and echo across the vast stretches of the gigantic stage.

Pat watched him proudly: "Friend of mine," she whispered to the girl beside her.

"You're lucky!" came the envious comment. "In this business, there's nothing like having a in——"

"You said a mouthful!" agreed an extra who was playing the part of a portly matron. "Say, how about some bridge while we're waiting for the mob scene?"

DEAR READERS:

There was a mistake in the first instalment of this story, so if it didn't make sense, please don't blame the author. The three girls go to the window—and nothing happens. But that isn't the way Beth Brown wrote it—and Pat, Olga and Ann are pretty mad about it. Were you able to puzzle it out? Gosh! We're sorry!

Beth Brown

It'll be hours before they're ready for us."

"Poker for me!"

"I brought my knitting."

Pat borrowed a magazine.

One by one, the extras settled down to their favorite pastimes. Some read, others talked shop and love and dirt and religion and life hereafter. The children were herded together and seated at the school room table where the studio tutor set them to work at algebra and geography.

Nine o'clock gave way to ten and ten to eleven. It was these waits between takes that made motion picture work so tiresome. Finally, the head electrician shouted down: "Ready, Boys?"

"Ready," came the answer.

"Ready, sir," relayed Eddie to the head cameraman who in turn relayed the word to the assistant director, who in turn relayed it to the director himself.

All on the set were instantly alert. Knitting and book and small talk were dropped.

"Lights, O.K.!"

"Sound, O.K.!"

"Silence!"

"Camera!"

"Cut!"

"O.K."

They were ready to shoot the scene. The extras gathered around the director.

"Now here it is——" They listened intently while he explained what he wanted. All that was required of them was to frolic through a fun house, slide the chute-the-chutes, ride the loop-the-loops, race through the revolving barrel, and gorge on popcorn, ice cream, hamburgers and lemonade.

That sounded easy enough. The shooting started and the fun began. It was jolly at first, but after two hours of eating, leaping, falling, laughing, yelling and doing it over, again and again and still again, it became work, hard work.

Pat bent all her energy to the task. She tried to catch the camera's eye. She tried to elicit the director's "That's good!" To be singled out from all the others was the aim of each and every extra—and for Pat to be singled out, meant more to her today than any other day. It meant the difference between staying in Hollywood or going back to Tallahassee with Bud.

But luck did not favor her and the mob scenes came to an end.

"Cut!" yelled the director.

"Cut!" echoed Eddie.

"Ready for the new star?"

"Ready!" echoed the crew.

The extras retreated in hot panting groups. Pat sank into a chair, dabbing her wet face.

"Calling Miss Dupont——" sang the head cameraman.

"Calling Miss Dupont——" echoed Eddie.

Pat looked up and smiled. No doubt Eddie was playing one of his proverbial pranks.

But now the director himself was calling for Miss Dupont.

No, Pat was not dreaming. Sure enough, here came Olga escorted by Emmet Richard Fielding, and followed by a respectful coterie.

"May I, Miss Dupont?" the make-up man proffered a powder puff.

"The script, Miss Dupont?" obsequiously from the assistant director.

"Here you are, Miss Dupont." Eddie was holding a chair.

Pat stared. This was scarcely the bankrupt Olga of the shabby two-room bunga-

low, the Olga who borrowed Ann's perfume and Pat's stockings. This was scarcely the gold-digging, wise-cracking, platinum blonde. This Olga was glamorous in inch-long eyelashes. This Olga was resplendent in shiny, snaky satin. This Olga spoke with a charming French accent. This Olga had the director at her feet.

"You come on the carnival lot," the director was saying, "and you fall in love with the big ballyhoo man. You go for him in a big way. You get him."

"Je comprends," said Olga with a languorous wave of a lily-white hand.

"You say, 'It is the summer night. It is the moon. It is the stars. No, it is love!'"

Olga raised her eyebrows and breathed deeply. "Oui—l'amour—toujours l'amour—"

Pat had still to believe her ears. She had still to believe her eyes. But then, this was Hollywood and the strangest things happened in Hollywood.

Olga was her buddy—and Olga was a star. What luck! One of the three girls had finally broken the ice. Pat felt like shouting. She felt like turning cartwheels. She was suffused with pride as she joined the admiring circle that was paying homage to the new star.

"You're simply colossal," fervently from Emmet Richard Fielding.

"You said it!" agreed Olga.

Pat ran over to congratulate her. "Hello, Olga. Gosh, but I'm proud of you!"

Olga cut her coldly. "I beg your pardon—"

"Why, Olga—"

"The name is Dupont. Miss Dupont to you—"

Pat was taken by surprise. "I'm sorry," she murmured. She put her hand to her cheek as if she had been slapped. She felt humiliated before all these people. But it went deeper than that—she loved Olga—they had shared the hills and valleys for so long—fortune and misfortune—the battered community car—and the bumpy community bed. "Sorry," she repeated numbly and she slipped away.

It was time for lunch. Slowly, Pat followed the others into the crowded commissary. Over the partition that divided the royalty from the rabble on the lot, she caught a glimpse of the glamorous Marlene Dietrich, exotic in floating feathers, Gary Cooper shambled past, handsome in cowboy regalia. And then, there was Olga again. Olga saw her. Olga cut her.

Pat mounted a stool at the counter. There was a lump in her throat. She was no longer hungry. The sun had gone out of her day.

Eddie rushed in and climbed up beside her. "Hello, Honey. What are you having?"

"I'm not eating."

"Go on! Have a ham on rye. Gosh, it's hot!" He mopped his brow. "What do you think of Olga?" he asked and he answered: "You could have knocked me over with a feather when they told me the news. What a break! The boy friend's fixed it up for her." Eddie studied the menu. "Coffee, tea or coke?" He went on in an irrelevant rush of words. "Doing anything tonight?"

She remembered Bud. "I've got a date. Sorry."

"Come on," he coaxed. "Call it off. How about going to the movies with me?"

After all, Eddie was a power in this picture business. She capitulated. "I might be able to manage it if we take in the last show." Bud was planning to leave at ten o'clock. "How about nine?"

"It's a date. Hope nothing comes up to break it like it did the last time."

She thought of all the other times she had made engagements with Eddie only to have them broken. The movies were a hard taskmaster.

"Cigarette?"



Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, and Louis B. Mayer were interested spectators of the sports events which featured the annual Studio Club picnic.

"Thanks."

They smoked companionably as they wandered back to the set.

In a few minutes, Pat was back in the make-believe world of carnival—gay, lilt-ing, fast, playful.

"Hey, you!" called the director.

Pat was startled. Here was her chance at last. She stepped forward hopefully.

"Not you—" The director indicated the blonde beside her.

Pat stepped back. There was a dull void where her dream of success in the movies had stood tall and shining only a moment before. Suddenly, everything seemed futile, tangled, hopeless.

She thought of the money that was due Gianninni. She thought of the rent that was overdue. She thought of the lost day she might have spent down at the beach with Bud. Bud was right. It all depended upon luck. It was not beauty or ability that counted. It was the breaks.

The long afternoon dragged endlessly. Again there were takes and retakes. It was hot under the intense kleigs. It was tiresome waiting around. It was wearisome standing hour after hour in tight little knots listening to the director bark orders, watching the cameraman focus and grind, focus and grind. One by one, the extras dropped out.

"Too much pop!"

"Yeah, and too much popcorn!" complained a hick beau under his breath.

In spite of the iron constitutions for which the extras were noted, the food and the fun began to take their toll. Three of the girls had to be taken to the studio hospital. And two of the carnival constables were sent packing home to bed.

Pat was relieved when the day was over. She was glad to turn her costume in, climb into her clothes, get her card punched and collect her money. She walked slowly out of the gate—across the grounds toward the parking lot. She was surprised to find Eddie sitting in her car.

"Hello, Eddie." She sounded dejected.

"Hello, kid. Better luck next time." He chucked her under the chin. "Keep this up! You know what I think of you!" He kissed her.

"Gee, Eddie. What made you do that?"

"I love you, Beautiful, that's what!" He put an arm around her. "Don't you worry, Honey. Won't be long before you're in the

lights and I'm in the credits. I'll see to that!"

She blinked the mist out of her eyes and summoned the sun in its place. "Thanks, Eddie. Be seeing you tonight. Now don't forget—nine o'clock."

"That's just what I was going to tell you. Sorry, kid, but we'll have to make it tomorrow night instead. The chief just sent down word that I'm on tonight. Got to be back at eight o'clock to take some retakes."

"Gee, Eddie!" Then: "That's all right, Eddie. I understand."

"We'll make it tomorrow for sure—"

"Sure, Eddie."

"Here's one on account—on account of I love you!" Eddie kissed her again. The honk of a horn sounded close at hand. Eddie scowled at the interruption. "Oh, hello, Ann."

Pat looked up.

Ann and Bud were sitting in the car parked at the curb. There was a strange, twisted little smile on Ann's white face. Bud's lips made a thin, hard line.

"Bud thought he could come for you and I would drive Melinda back," professed Ann lamely.

"You can get Eddie to drive you back!" declared Bud savagely. He shifted noisily into second.

"Bud's leaving tonight," reminded Ann. "You'll try and be home before ten, won't you?"

"I'll be there," promised Pat.

"You—we—" but the rest of Ann's words were lost on the wind. Bud's car groaned, shot forward and vanished around the corner.

"What's eating him?" demanded Eddie.

"Oh, I don't know—"

Eddie looked hard at Pat. "You're not in love with that guy?"

"No," she decided. "No, I'm not in love with him."

The day was like a wheel in her tired head that spun round with the piano man. Mrs. McGuinness, Bud, Olga and now Eddie who had made and broken a date.

"I guess I better step on it, Eddie. I'm tired."

Eddie clambered out of the car. "See you tomorrow, Baby. S'long."

"Good-bye, Eddie." She started the car and without so much as a backward look, she chugged slowly up the hill.

(To Be Continued)

Joan Bennett, Actress Wife

Continued from page 29

of Barbara Bennett Downey and her three children; Constance Bennett and little Peter; Gene Markey and Ditty and Melinda—in short, if this hadn't been the very livable living-room of the Markey Beverly Hills home in Tower Road with its deep comfortable chairs, its open fireplace, and the homey touch of candy, cigarettes, and flowers about, it might have been the family art gallery.

I was particularly interested in noting there were no professional pictures of Joan anywhere to be seen, no glamorous poses *a la* movie star. "And that's on purpose!" she said in her low husky voice. "I've really made an effort to keep the tangible evidences of my own career out of our home. Don't misunderstand. I believe in glamor in working hours. But I do not believe that any career, no matter how important it is to a woman, should be reflected in a home until it resembles a movie set more than it does the four walls that shelter family life.

"The 'royal retinue' of studio life can so easily and unconsciously be dragged into the home. And if there's one thing I don't want my home to be, it is a minor palace in which stiff servants stand around awaiting 'Moddam's' orders while they dust off 'Moddam's' pictures spotted around in silver frames, or cart her ladyship's fan mail upstairs to be answered. You can't bring up children in that atmosphere. Maybe this isn't the most elaborate establishment in Beverly, and I'm convinced that it isn't, but there's one thing I'm proud of: there isn't anything in the house the children 'can't touch'."

It was certainly easy to believe that. Here is a home that is really lived in every hour out of twenty-four, and that sense of intimacy is as tangible in its warmth as the fire place that crackled so cheerfully against the mist of the rainy winter day.

I said: "Joan, what is the really big problem in reconciling matrimony and a career or *vice versa*—I mean the most im-

portant difficulty to be solved, the biggest hurdle in combining glamor with domesticity?"

She hesitated a moment: "That is a little difficult, not that I don't know the answer, but that it is a hard thing to put into words. You see, before the average actress marries she has given probably five, six, or more years of her life to a career. Everything else has been sacrificed to that all-consuming ambition that seems to come before everything else. In other words, she, herself, is the paramount factor in her own little world.

"Then comes love' as they used to say in the old subtitles—and marriage, and then the confusing knowledge that this one-track existence is complicated by devotion to someone else, and if there are children, by the care which is lavished upon them. I know when I first married Gene I felt as though I were two human beings living in two separate worlds—one bound by bright lights, and the other a completely private island on which Gene and Ditty and then little Melinda, when she came, were set apart all by ourselves. It is the reconciling of these two women that presents the real problem; stilling the fear that one of these persons who happens to be *you* shall not absorb you to the extent that the other suffers.

"It is not easy to learn selflessness! Though this will probably sound shocking, I don't believe immediate maternal and homemaking instincts come as easily to the professional woman as they do to the girl who has spent her youth in readiness for them. At first, you worry that the actress-woman may be depriving the home-woman's world of the care and attention it should have. And then the pendulum swings, and there are moments when you wonder if your career is not suffering because of the newer, more real values that have come to mean so much in your life.

"Shall I continue to be frank and say what I really think? Well, then I do not

believe that professional women, particularly actresses, are natural home-makers. It is so easy, before marriage, to leave everything to the care of servants. The Hollywood bachelor girl seldom entertains, and little is expected of her as a hostess. But marriage changes all that.

"Of course, the only thing that brings about complete readjustment is—time! By the system of trial-and-error you learn just exactly how much domestic detail you can assume without upsetting household efficiency by going violently domestic between pictures, and then letting things go hang when you go back to work again. The only solution I've found to this problem is to schedule my day and not deviate from that plan no matter whether I'm working or free. In other words, I have tried to make a working-day and a vacation-day just exactly the same as far as my household is concerned, so that the routine doesn't suffer when I'm busy, and the efficiency isn't clogged by too much attention when I'm free. That is the only system that could possibly work in a household in which there are children.

"Suppose, when I had two or three weeks between pictures, I went about upsetting the careful routines of Melinda's nurse and Ditty's governess by changing their hours so they could be with me just because I happened to be home, and wanted to drag them off to some children's matinee, or to the circus, or on some shopping spree. Every once in a while, as a very special sort of treat, we do go off on one of those 'hookey' jaunts. It's so much fun to do that sort of thing with one's children. But for the general thing, I think too much of this sort of thing is definitely harmful. It becomes confusing to the child who is suffocated with maternal devotion every day for two or three weeks and then hardly sees this domestic paragon for a similar length of time when she is working. It makes it difficult in disciplining the children; for movie children are exactly like other youngsters in that they'll hold 'Mama' up as a higher court of authority if you give them the slightest loophole.

"It would be absurd to say I have certain set hours I spend with the children. To the contrary, there is a great deal of freedom in our household. Both Ditty and Melinda usually wander into my bedroom in the mornings while I'm having my tray, or putting on my studio make-up, and we usually get the exciting things of the day before hashed out then. If there is something special coming up that I should hear about, Ditty and I will make a telephone date and I'll call her from the studio when she gets home at three-thirty. She goes to public school, you know. Oh, yes, I tried private schools first because there seems to be some sort of a law about a movie star's children attending 'select' schools. But she didn't seem to be making the progress I wanted, so we switched to a public school right here in Beverly Hills and now she's 'third best in her class,' in her own words. She is really so much happier. I'm so glad I wasn't foolish and insistent on keeping her in one of those more select little 'cultural backgrounds.'"

I asked: "Joan, do your children ever seem to realize that you have less time to spend with them than the average mother?"

"They've never made me feel that they do," she answered thoughtfully. "Of course, Melinda is still such a baby, such a little creature of habit, it probably hasn't made any difference in her infant life. And Ditty



In the home presided over by Joan Bennett as a Hollywood wife and devoted mother. Above, a corner of the bedroom of Joan's daughter "Ditty."



Joan Bennett Markey sets out from her home to assume her professional life as a screen star.

is seemingly quite nonchalant about my career. The only thing she ever mentioned about it was once when we were between governesses for her, (you see, there is such a great difference in their ages I must have a nurse for Melinda and a governess for Ditty), she said: 'Do we have to get somebody else to look after me? Couldn't you sort of button me up in the morning, and that's really all I need?' I assured her that she really needed quite a bit more attention than this and she finally agreed. Another time, when I asked her if she missed me when I was working, she said: 'Of course I do; but then I hardly have much time myself staying in school so late in the afternoon and then my music lesson right after.' Joan laughed, "At least the children of professional people learn self-confidence and independence early in life and these two sterling virtues certainly can't hurt them."

"A moment ago you spoke of a routine you seldom deviate from in your household, Joan," I suggested. "Does it have to do with planning menus and the actual management of your household, or is it merely a schedule of hours for prompt meals and so on?"

"It is actually a plan," she replied. "We are a pretty large household, counting all noses, and considerable management is required. Not figuring the four of us of the immediate family, my household consists of my secretary, Ditty's governess, Melinda's nurse, my personal maid, the cook, a parlor maid which I prefer to a butler, and the chauffeur. Naturally, the meals for our minor hotel are quite a problem. There are at least three sets of breakfasts served, first Melinda's, an hour later, Ditty's, still later Gene's, and then my tray. At night, it is almost the same thing, with the children eating earlier than we do. Naturally, the nurse and the governess are the authorities on the children's meals. But I insist on planning the other menus, and making all arrangements, at least by proxy, for the entertaining we do."

"Let me run through a typical studio working day for me as it affects my home:

"I arise promptly at seven in the morning. By seven-thirty I've had my shower and the morning paper has come up along with orange juice, toast, and coffee on my tray. After this is over, and it doesn't take

long, I make out a list of memos for Dorothy, my secretary. These usually consist of flowers to be ordered and arranged, a note to my dressmaker concerning a few hems and such, or a call to Magnin's to send out the hat I tried on the day before. That sort of thing. Then the children come in while I make-up. By eight, I am usually down-stairs to join Gene who is indulging a much healthier breakfast. Sometimes Gene swears he doesn't see me for days at a time when I'm working—but he's a fibber, even if he does occasionally hail my entrance with something like: "Well! If it isn't the popular Miss Bennett! Fancy, seeing you here." And then follows the usual pow-wow about '... what's on for to-night?"

"Oh yes! after you pass the bride-and-groom stage it's the same thing in Hollywood as it is in Paduca: that business of squirming out of that date with the bridge-playing Joneses or getting together on a show that one or the other of you hasn't seen. Or else we agree that, should one of us be tired that evening, the other will pinch-hit for 'The Markeys' at somebody or other's party. Of course we've accepted invitations without one another! Wouldn't it be silly for Gene to sit at home just because I happen to be tired and wanted to go to bed early, or for me to curl up on the divan and sleep while he works late on a script? We don't consider it 'modern' for one of us to be out on his own for a couple of hours in the evening. It's merely sensible."

"But to get back to this typical day of mine: during the drive to the studio, I fill out a little book we call The Kitchen Diary. It is just like a date book: with each day listed as to breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, and spaces into which you may fill your guest list and what you plan to serve. It is really a gorgeous idea because if you want to look back over it, you can find the exact menu you served the same guests the last time they dined with you—in that way, avoiding repetition even if you had planned the same thing again. The Kitchen Diary is then sent back with the chauffeur and cook begins the marketing immediately. We've worked out a schedule of three marketing days a week and on those particular days,

all vegetables and staples are ordered. The only thing left to order at the last minute, then, is the entrée or perhaps some special dessert."

"I leave the studio promptly at six o'clock; that's something new in my contract, by the way. For years, I went along working until all hours, missing seeing the children and frequently missing Gene when he had an early preview. But no more of that, thank you. Ever since I signed my last contract, a certain clause has stipulated that my day's work is finished at a certain hour—and that hour happens to be six. It isn't fair, otherwise. It isn't fair to your husband, your children, or to your staff. So, off little Joan goes at six—and I mean promptly! If we're having guests, I make a hurried tour of the living-room taking a look at the flower arrangements; then I make sure that the cigarette boxes are filled and that the hors d'ouvres and cocktails are about ready to serve. With these things in order, I've found that a slightly tardy hostess may be excused if she is a moment or two late in dressing. And then dinner promptly at seven-thirty with either the newest picture, a play, or an hour or two of dancing. I insist on being in bed by eleven if I am working. If I'm not, I don't care much what the late hour is."

I asked: "Joan, do you think your career has been a help or a handicap in your marriage? I mean: is your husband intrigued or annoyed by your having such a busy life of your own?"

She smiled quizzically: "It's hardly fair to make up Markey's mind for him, is it? But if you really insist, I suppose the answer is: a little of both—though heaven knows, Gene is the most understanding and generous person in the world. He knows studio life. He is confronted with the same demands it makes on me. So, naturally, he understands a great deal easier than a man in some other walk of life would; I think the only thing that seriously annoys Gene is that in all the years we've been married, we've never been able to plan a vacation together. Oh, we've been close to it; but just as we get as far as the reservations, he is signed to start a new screen story or I am rushed into a new production. This is disappointing. There are so many places



Here's a view of the playroom at the Gene Markeys'. The bar, done in blue and white. Note the novel lighting fixture with illuminated bottles.

we want to see together. So far, we've never been able to manage more than a jaunt to San Francisco for a football game, and then one of us was playing 'hookey'!

"But I think if husbands would really break down and be honest, they'd have to admit they are a bit intrigued with the idea of a wife having a life of her own. At least we working women like to believe that—and we're probably right about it, even though men do hesitate in admitting it.

"I know that as a woman and as an individual I am much happier, because I have so much to make my life complete. I've worked too long and too hard for what I've achieved ever to be content to devote myself solely to the management of a home; for the details that are so much pleasure to me now—that bring such a richness and fullness to my life—would become routine, if they were all I had to think of. I suppose I'll always have the love of acting in my

blood. I come of a theatrical family. I was raised in the greasepaint and excitement of acting. I know I shall respond to it as long as I live. Gene understands that.

"It all works around in a perfect circle, really. Now, being so happy with Gene, Ditty, and Melinda, I know that my work and career would never completely fill my life. I'm just plain lucky, I guess! I'd rather be an actress-wife-and-mother than anything in the world—and I got my wish!"

The Bravest Actor in Hollywood

Continued from page 63

original screenplays that have been made into pictures.

But—the outstanding quality of this man is his bravery, his courage, his intestinal fortitude. He is a man who does not know there is such a word as "defeat." The story of his experiences reads like fiction, and it is stranger.

While just a youth he decided that life on his father's ranch in Oklahoma was not exciting enough, so he joined the army, hoping to see some of the world. He was shipped to the island of Mindinao in the Philippines. There he became a "top sergeant" and was planning to spend the remainder of his life in the army until he was sent one day with a detachment into the interior in search of a band of Moro ladrones, or robbers. One of the Moro bushwhackers shot him in the left thigh and Buck was taken back to camp on a stretcher. Infection set in, and after weeks in the hospital the leg healed and still he could not use it. Army surgeons puzzled over him for months and finally decided he was "done"—all through. They invalided him home and the future looked tough for this lad who had set forth so cheerfully to see the world and carve a niche for himself.

Back to the ranch went Buck and there he decided he was going to fool the whole United States Army. He swung that leg back and forth daily by the hour. He "willed" that it should become sound again, and b'Gosh if it didn't! Just as President Franklin D. Roosevelt overcame the terrible affliction of infantile paralysis, this farm boy overcame his disability, by sheer will power and grit. And all of this took place before he was quite twenty years of age!

Sound of limb again, Buck looked for more adventure, and in 1914 joined the famous Miller 101 Ranch Wild West show as a bronc rider and trick roper. This lad who shortly before was never expected to walk again was in the center ring of the circus when it opened in Madison Square Garden in the spring of 1914, thrilling thousands with his riding and roping. It was there he met Odelle Osborne, a rider, and fell in love with her. The next season they both joined the Julia Allen Wild West Show and Buck and Odelle were married one day in the middle of the big circus arena while practically all the town of Lima, Ohio, looked on.

Buck felt he should settle down now that he was married, so he quit the show business and went to work in a garage. The circus was in their blood, however, and in 1916, they were back with Golmer Brothers Wild West Show. But Buck quit his good job because the horses were mistreated. He took his wife out of the show and the two were left without a job and with but little money. But that is Buck Jones—no man could abuse an animal and expect him to work for him! So Buck went back to



Joe Cook brings his comedy to a new film, with June Martel, a recent discovery, aiding prettily.

the 101 Ranch in Oklahoma and took a job as a plain cowhand. The big money of the circus meant nothing when an animal's feelings were concerned.

In 1917 he and his wife wrote Ringling asking for a job. They went to Chicago, rented a room and waited for the arrival of the circus. They were down to their last ten-dollar bill. Then Mrs. Jones came in and blushing admitted she had spent all of it to buy a Boston bull pup. Buck gave her a sickly smile, patted her on the back and turning to the clothes closet took out his fancy "chaps."

"Where are you going with those?" she asked.

"Well, the poor mut has to have something to eat, doesn't he?" was the reply. And Buck pawned his chaps and bought meat for the dog.

"Incidentally," says Buck, "we sort of chiselled on the poor dog a bit, for we used some of his meat to make ourselves a stew."

Then the circus arrived and Buck and his wife got a job. But when the show reached Bakersfield, California, Mrs. Jones whispered in Buck's ear that the Jones family was to become three instead of two. Without a moment's hesitation, Buck quit the show, took his savings, and headed for Hollywood. He rented a house on Sunset Boulevard for only \$12.50 a month, told his wife not to worry, and then started looking for work. He heard that cowboys were making as much as \$5.00 a day in films, but he couldn't seem to get inside

the studio gates. Funds getting low, a doctor and hospital bill in the offing, and baby clothes had to be bought! Buck was down to just \$12.50—a month's rent. He was wondering whether to pay the rent and trust to luck for food, or to duck the landlord and eat. Daily he haunted the studios, but not a riding job could he get. And then came the landlord. Buck paid him six dollars on the rent and promised the balance in a few days. That day he landed a job as a sheep herder in a film at \$5.00 a day.

"I worked six days—got thirty dollars," says Buck. "And our depression was over. We sang again in our little house. You don't know how big thirty dollars looked to us."

That was the turning point for Buck. He soon got riding jobs, and suddenly secured a job at \$100.00 per week, and there were no more worries in the Jones household.

Jones was ambitious, however. In 1927 he made a picture under independent production, with his own money paying the bills. That was all he got—bills! He followed this by organizing the "Buck Jones' Wild West Show." He took it on the road and before he knew what had happened, he went stone broke. More than \$300,000 had gone and he owed a lot of money in addition.

But did this man Jones become downhearted? Did he fold up and complain? Did he do anything that the ordinary man does?

He did not! Buck just smiled again, promised to pay his creditors, asked them not to throw him into bankruptcy—and went back to Hollywood and to work as an actor again. He joined Columbia Pictures as a western star, and paid back every cent of the debts that had accumulated during his circus fiasco.

"Now, honey, I guess maybe we'd better buy ourselves a new car," he said to his wife the night he mailed out the last check paying up his circus debts.

Instead of more circuses, Buck bought three acres in San Fernando Valley and built himself a home. And there he lives today with the same charming wife he married beneath the circus tent on August 11, 1915, with his lovely daughter who was the innocent cause of taking her father and mother out of "the big tent" and putting him in pictures; and with his famous horse, "Silver," which Buck considers as much a member of the family as his wife or daughter.

He has three automobiles and a sailboat. And he has his famous "Buck Jones Ranger Band," an 80-piece organization of boys he has outfitted himself. He is starring in adventure pictures for Universal, and he is happy. But not many men could have overcome the difficulties that stood in the pathway of this chap who is not only a "he-man" in films, but also in real life.

London Lowdown

Continued from page 59

tion. All her new shoes are in deep brown, navy blue, or pale grey; and she is also having a pair of ankle booties in scarlet calfskin with scalloped heels four inches high! These are to wear with her winter walking costume of scarlet broadcloth and silver fox.

The Dietrich's new gowns are appropriately exotic and include a peacock-green tunic model with an orange scarf. (Odd she chose that color because she screamed at the sight of the studio peacock promenading the Denham lawns and declared the bird was unlucky to her!) Then she has a pale green lamé dress striped with darker green and gold with short sleeves fashioned to that square-shouldered line you'll notice she always affects. And one night she'll be the sensation of some Hollywood party in a tight-fitting gown of shiny black satin patterned with vivid scarlet flowers and slit in the front to flash the scarlet lining as she walks.

Incidentally when Marlene was being fitted for this, her lunch-tray arrived, and the star is always regular to meals. So down she sat, attired in slippers, frilly pink step-ins, the top part of her gown all marked with pins and an enormous hat she'd forgotten to take off! For ten minutes she ate rapidly; then she rose and commanded the meekly-waiting dressmakers to continue their work.

Meditating upon the efficiency with which Marlene manages this business of her glamor, I left her and went on to hear the rest of the studio news. Charles Laughton has gone to Italy for a fortnight, wandering round the ancient classic ruins, studying in the museums and generally absorbing atmosphere for his coming portrayal of the Roman Emperor in "I, Claudius." That's typical of Charles, who always has to be a character rather than merely act him.

Ann Harding drives herself to work in a modest two-seater and has adopted a new English perfume called "New-Mown Hay." Throat trouble kept her off the set for



Diners at a London restaurant popular with the film stars. Ricardo Cortez and Laura La Plante—wearing bright blue spectacles to match her gown.

several days recently, but now she's found a gargle that effectually counteracts our wintry fogs. Charles Farrell is daily to be seen in the studio gymnasium playing tennis without a ball, going through the movements and running about as though on a court. It's his individual way of getting in his daily quota of physical exercise when working.

Presently I tore myself away from Denham and drove for a few miles along the country lanes, past a sleepy little old village and up to grassy Iver Heath beyond which now stand our latest and largest studios, palatial Pinewood. They have been built in beautiful gardens round an eighteenth-century mansion, once the home of the Rothschilds, now the residential club of the stars.

First tenant to house a production in one of the stages is Herbert Wilcox, who's making "London Melody" which paints both sides of our metropolitan scene in dramatic contrasts. Golden-haired Anna Neagle is the heroine, a Soho waif called *Jacqueline* who becomes a successful dancer after training for which an eccentric millionaire *Marius* has paid as the result of a sudden whim. He is Tullio Carminati, once more sophisticated and debonair, but spending his leisure evenings at home with his books nowadays. He seems to prefer serious reading to all the social delights London would only be to pleased to offer him.

Ricardo Cortez is playing at Pinewood too in "A Man with Your Voice," which tells how an actor's gift for impersonations is used without his knowledge for criminal purposes. Ricardo is a keen joy to our Mayfair hostesses for he can always be relied upon to appear at the right place wearing the right clothes and to say precisely the right things! He dances tirelessly both at restaurants and private parties, takes an interest in ice-hockey and greyhound-racing, and can generally be seen enjoying a dish of pilaff at suppertime. (That's really a Turkish meal, with its rice and raisins

and diced onions and veal and lots of spices all fried together into an appetizing curry. Very fattening, but Ricardo doesn't seem to be affected).

His leading lady is Sally Eilers, returning to British pictures once again; while another star just arrived at Pinewood from California is H. B. Warner. He is to act in "The Navy Eternal" as a consul in a South American seaport who finds himself with his daughter in the storm center of a revolt and is rescued by the timely intervention of British warships. He doesn't seem to have changed one iota since he was here four years ago playing in "Sorrell and Son," earliest of our talkies. Richard Cromwell and Noah Beery are in the navy film, too.

I met an interesting fellow-visitor at Pinewood, none other than Edward H. Griffith, over from Hollywood for a brief holiday after directing *Mesdames* Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young and Simone Simon in "Ladies in Love." He grinned when we asked him just what it felt like.

"Rather like being a ringmaster in a circus," he said. "Impossible to relax your attention for a second."

He must have felt quite at home when he later looked in at the Gaumont-British lot, for there they are producing "King Solomon's Mines" which also has four stars, but masculine ones. It's a romantic story of exploration in unknown Africa with Sir Cedric Hardwicke in a bushy beard as *Captain Quartermaine* and Roland Young as his assistant and Paul Robeson as a Zulu king wearing astonishing jungle garments like a leopardskin costume with a huge flowing cape made from thousands of emu feathers. Then there's John Loder as a scientist in love with *Quartermaine's* daughter, blonde Anna Lee. She has just one outfit, ancient flannel trousers and the most tattered cotton shirt the studio wardrobe could devise.



Steffi Duna keeps busy with a bit of sewing 'tween scenes on the set at the English studios.

Thin Man and Wife

Continued from page 21

Heretofore, pictures had always worked up to a marriage in the seventh reel. Or else if the couple were married to begin with, they had to have a couple of indiscretions and renunciations before they could share in the last close-up. But here, believe it or not, were a married couple who seemed perfectly content with each other, and who lost none of their romance and glamor in so being. Every wife in America suddenly decided that she too could be *Nora*, (not *Nora* of Ibsen's "Doll House," don't try to put your Vassar airs on around us), and every bachelor who had been sort of smug in his single blessedness, suddenly decided that he must find *Nora* and marry her at once. Thousands of young men, trained not to accept a substitute, sent direct proposals of marriage to Myrna Loy, who in their minds had become hopelessly confused with *Nora Charles*. Then when they realized that they couldn't marry her themselves they insisted that she marry William Powell. For months and months after the release of "The Thin Man" the greater part of Myrna's fan mail consisted of letters suggesting, even demanding, that Myrna marry Bill. Such an ideal couple on the screen should make an equally ideal couple off, or so they reckoned. But they reckoned without Jean Harlow and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., who had a few things to say on that subject.

And "The Thin Man" accomplished something else in Hollywood that has never been accomplished before—a state of permanency. Nothing is permanent in this mad town where you can't even count on the earth beneath your feet because every so often it rises right up and slaps you in the face—that is, nothing *was* permanent until Myrna's and Bill's screen romance was established; and that, my dears, has lasted through fire and flood and earthquakes and taxes. Myrna has been married to Bill in five pictures, six if you wish to include "Libeled Lady," though they didn't get married in that until the last reel and even then thanks to Miss Harlow it was all a little doubtful. Their last picture is, praises be, the long-awaited sequel to "The Thin Man" called "After The Thin Man,"

with Myrna and Bill again playing the utterly fascinating *Nick and Nora Charles*.

Although in actual time it has been two years since "The Thin Man" the sequel pretends that it has only been three days, and the picture starts with *Nick and Nora* arriving in San Francisco after that hectic trip to New York where *Nick* solved a sensational murder mystery. (I bet very few of you remember what the mystery was, but you haven't forgotten Myrna's hangover scene with the ice-bag on her head, or Christmas morning with Bill and his pop-gun.) They are on their way to visit Myrna's rich and aristocratic family who dwell on Nob Hill and who consider the man she married nothing more than a vulgar flatfoot. Of course there is another murder for Bill to solve, though he swears to the reporters that he has retired from sleuthing in order to devote all his time to looking after his wife's money, and when that is finished again the rollicking *Charleses* grab a train.

"It's all arranged," said Myrna, "so that if the public continues to like us Bill and I can keep on being *Mr. and Mrs. Charles* and getting in and out of murder scrapes until we celebrate our Golden Wedding and have to be rolled along in wheel chairs when we take *Asta* for his walk." (By the way, *Asta*, who in real life is named Skippy, evidently read his notices after the last picture for he insists upon a much bigger part this time and is up-staging Miss Loy and Mr. Powell every chance he gets. The famous lamp-post scene is duplicated in this picture, though I hear that the Hays office has ordered it taken out which will be a pity as it certainly didn't hurt anyone's morals before.)

So it seems it all depends on you fans, whether or not Myrna's screen marriage remains the permanent institution it has become these last two years. As long as you are faithful Myrna and Bill can enjoy their marriage, which is certainly a new angle. And enjoy it they do. Many times I have been asked in my ramblings around the world, (I often get as far as Merle Oberon's beach house at Santa Monica), if Myrna and Bill are as gay and charming

together on the set as they are on the screen; and as far as I can judge in my snooping about when they are working, I think I can safely say that they are even more gay and charming, and decidedly more screwy. When Myrna occasionally wanders off and becomes Mr. Gable's or Mr. Baxter's wife, or Mr. Tracy's girl friend, she is the very model of decorum. She sits sort of aloof like in a far corner of the stage and usually reads between "takes." Myrna is really a very shy and reserved young lady. When she was making "Hide-Out" with Spencer Tracy poor Spence almost had conniption fits because Myrna wouldn't talk to him on the set, he thought he had b.o. or something, until someone explained to him that Myrna wasn't the most cordial person in the world and gave all her leading men the aloof business—that is, all except Bill Powell. But when Myrna's with Bill in a picture she relaxes completely; gone with the wind is all that reserve and dignity; and she thinks up gags and ribs and pranks to play on Mr. Powell with the utter abandon of a Harlow or a Lombard. "I suppose it's because I've been married to him so many times," Myrna explains it with a giggle, "when I'm working in a picture with him I have sort of that going home feeling."

I think it rather remarkable that two people can work and love for pictures so ideally and except for a warm regard have no feeling for each other whatsoever. As you well know, despite all efforts of the fans, Myrna did not marry Bill Powell but instead married Arthur Hornblow, Jr., last summer and is blissfully happy. And the suave and witty Mr. Powell is still the constant escort of Miss Jean Harlow. When the last "take" of the day is over Myrna rushes home to her first and only husband, and Bill stops by for a pint of ice cream to take to Jean. Their private life never seems to get involved with their screen life. And just in case you might think otherwise I'll tell you right now that Myrna and Jean are the best of friends, and so are Bill and Arthur. You can't make anything out of that. Bill of course constantly refers to Mr. Hornblow as "that man you married—what's his name—Horntooter?" And when I asked Bill why he considered Myrna the ideal screen wife he said with a decided wink in Miss Loy's direction, "because she goes home at five o'clock."

Director Van Dyke, who is directing the "Thin Man" series, had this to say of his two stars, "They perform together as smoothly as the Flying Codonas. They are entirely unselfish. Neither of them ever tries in any way to steal a scene from the other, or for that matter from anyone else in the cast. They are far more interested in the success of the picture as a whole than in their individual performances, which makes them rather unique as actors go." And the studio people will tell you that they are the two stars in Hollywood who get along perfectly together. No jealousies, no temper. Which is more than can be said of some of the other famous teams, such as Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell. So when all is said and done there is little wonder that they make such gay pictures together.

When I first heard that Myrna Loy was going in for gags I simply couldn't believe it—not that shy, dignified Myrna. But evidently the debonair Mr. Powell brings out the peaked cap in his women, for Lom-



On the sidelines during the filming of a night scene on location, we find Fred MacMurray, his bride, the former Lillian Lamont, and Edward Ellis.

bard after a marriage with him became as mad as a March hare, Gracie Allen, and Harpo Marx combined. When they started "going together" Jean Harlow became decidedly prankish. And now Myrna is cavorting. The other night Myrna and Bill were asked to add their footsteps to those of thirty-two others in the forecourt of Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre—which is a great honor, and which means of course that Myrna and Bill have achieved success together and will go down to posterity as the perfect screen couple. Well, it's a very serious occasion you can be sure. The wet cement was ready, and so were the photographers and the fans and Mr. Grauman, when Miss Loy and Mr. Powell arrived wearing shoes big enough for an elephant and were all for clumping down on the wet cement, until poor Mr. Grauman on the verge of tears wailed, "Oh, Bill, oh Myrna, don't do this to me. This is a serious proposition." Myrna and Bill were having a dandy time playing *Nora* and *Nick Charles*, but when they found out how much it meant to Mr. Grauman, (himself the King of the practical jokers), they kicked off their seven-league boots and became as serious as they could, which wasn't very. So now they've been immortalized in cement.

Ever since the time when Myrna slipped him a rubber pan cake, (and nearly bounced his teeth out), in the delightful flapjack scene in "Libeled Lady," Bill has been looking forward to an opportunity of getting even with Myrna. And the chance came while he and Myrna were on location in San Francisco for "After the Thin Man." (Jean Harlow went along, too, just for the ride.) One of Myrna's rich fans had sent her two dozen beautiful and immense yellow chrysanthemums, and while Myrna was bathing, her maid had put them in the hotel sitting-room in a large vase. It had been arranged that they were to have cocktails and caviar in Jean's and Myrna's mutual sitting room before going out to dinner, and along with the caviar arrived Mr. Powell. With no one watching him he proceeded to take the caviar and with artistic skill make dark centers in all the chrysanthemums—sort of glorified black-eyed susans. Well, you should have heard Myrna



Study in the studios! Joan Broadel, Mickey Rooney, and Freddie Bartholomew obey their teachers: Mary MacDonald, left, and Miss Murphy, right.

and Jean exclaiming when they entered the room. "I've never seen such beautiful and exotic flowers in all my life," gasped Myrna. "Yes, aren't they?" agreed Bill, "and they have quite a delightful fragrance about them, too." Of course the normal thing for Myrna to do after that, being feminine to the core, was to stick her cute little turned-up nose right in the center of a large chrysanthemum and inhale, and that's exactly what she did. And did you ever try to inhale caviar?

Well, Miss Loy bided her time until the company returned from San Francisco and went on location on lot 2 back of the Metro studio in Culver City. Right next to their "location" was the graveyard set left over from "Romeo and Juliet," and when Mr. Powell arrived that evening for a few night scenes he found that his dressing-room had been set up in the tomb of the *Capulets*. Bill doesn't like graveyards, ever.

phony ones, and he knew just whom to blame.

One of the most charming scenes in "After the Thin Man" is where Myrna is complaining because she has been cooped up in a compartment on a transcontinental train for three days and is pretty weary of it all.

"How they can expect a woman to still have any mystery for a man after three days in a place like this is beyond me," grouches *Nora*.

"Darling," says *Nick*, shaking up another round of cocktails, "you don't need mystery. You've got something so much better than mystery, so much more alluring—"

"What?" asks *Nora* a little dubiously.

"You've got me!"

That's right. And as long as they've got each other, we've got fun.

Telltale Footsteps

Continued from page 19

Perhaps the most outstanding in one line of walk is Mae West. Her walk is a flopping walk. From right to left, the screen Mae flops along, as if earth only meant complete relaxation, or collapsing.

Yet *la West* is clever. Even as a pseudo-Salvation girl she changed her gait for the nonce, and rid herself, momentarily, of her flopping walk. But it reappeared as soon as she set her foot on the gangplank of Victor MacLaglen's ship, remember?

One of the most outstanding actresses—and I mean what I say—is Isabel Jewell. She is a real actress because she can alter her walk, and her talk, to fit the character she plays. The passion she can put into her voice is most telling, if a scene needs a denunciation speech. In real life, Isabel is lively and jolly. From hardboiled girls, recall the splendid bit she did in "The Tale of Two Cities." As the frightened little seamstress going to the guillotine, she was a marvel of revelation in walking and voice.

Lee Tracy is fearful. Lee walks as if he expected someone, or something, to leap out at him as he moves along. Like Fred Astaire, there is a nervous trait in

Lee He has so much surplus energy that to sit still, or stand still, is agony. He told me once that he always had to be doing something. If not working at the studio, he wrote. If not writing, he sailed his yacht on the Pacific. Lee's walk suggests very definitely that he is always looking for something to do. But, at the same time, he dreads that it might be something he doesn't want to do. Such walking is a constant strain on the nervous system. Or I think so, at least.

Carole Lombard's walk seems to symbolize her rise to screen popularity. Carole's gait gives one the impression that she is rising in an elevator. Chin out, chest in, she elevated herself by sheer opposition. It means, of course, that Carole feels all others are antagonistic toward her. As if anyone could be!

Languidness is the trait clearly shown in Leslie Howard's walk. He is good in almost any rôle, for he changes his walk to suit the character. But nonetheless, the Howard languidness creeps forth. It tells us that Leslie has been crushed by life's brutality, by the World War, by other obstacles. He might be the *Happy Warrior*.

Now I come to think of it, he must be. He has got past struggles in life, but the resulting existence is, to him, merely carrying on.

Garbo walks direct and straight, almost like a business man. She sees she has to do something, go somewhere, and there's nothing more to say. She does, and goes.

Binnie Barnes seems always to be going on a long walking tour. Her steps are buoyant and quick. It indicates that Binnie doesn't sit back and wait. She feels she has still a long way to go, and is only starting out. Such walkers get there!

Perhaps Paul Muni is the most difficult to place by his acting walk. In each characterization he alters his every gesture. As the famous gangster, as the miner, the scientist—in any one, Muni's gait fits in. Also his voice. In short, Muni's walk betrays the fact that he is a splendid actor.

What is that rushing and scraping I hear? Oh, I see. Merely most of Hollywood's elite attempting to change their tell-tale footsteps. Before they reveal other fears and secrets, let me warn them to watch their step!

Babies and Earthquakes

Continued from page 27

taken this matronly turn. For, slender and supple, she was like a glowing, fair-skinned girl who, a few moments before, had breezed into the room for all the world as though just bicycling out of an English country lane. Her short-skirted gray suit bore out this impression. Blue-green eyes smiled from under sunny hair topped by a tilted beret which evidently had weathered rain and shine. Plain only as to clothes, she struck me as quite the smartest thing since women wore brains.

"But the trouble with babies is you never know what they're going to do in pictures," pointed out Miss Allan. "Remember the scene with the baby in 'David Copperfield' where both of us were in bed? Well, there I was in the best scene of the best part I'd had since coming to Hollywood and I'd looked forward to it with high hopes. It was short, but so human that I'd counted on it as meaning everything to me. All I had to do was turn and say, 'David.' Nothing could be simpler—or so it seemed. The only thing to keep in mind was time. That was of first importance because the baby was only four days old and was allowed but thirty seconds under the lights. The instant they were turned on we started the scene. I turned and was saying 'David' when the baby jerked up its tiny hand and clapped it right over my mouth. You can imagine the result—far from 'Okay for sound.' So we had to wait, with the lights off, then do it over again. No hand came up the second time, but something else did. The baby hiccupped. I was about to make a third attempt when Mr. Cukor, the director, said: 'Never mind, we'll keep 'em in. Those hiccups are good stuff.' That precious infant had stolen my scene!"

Miss Allan threw back her head and laughed at the precocious robbery.

"That was your first experience with a baby," I supposed.

"With a four-days-old one, yes," she granted, "but not with babies in general and particularly babies-in-arms. Many's the scene they've stolen from me in the theatre. That happened when I was touring England with a stock company. We played melodrama. Our main stand-by was 'The Coast Guard's Daughter.' I was the daughter, and although the coast guard could save others from a watery grave in no time at all it took him five acts to save me from an even worse fate. To keep up the suspense I had to do a frightful lot of screaming. The babies in the audience were always pretty good at it, too. I'll never forget the night we played Chesterfield, a small coal-mining town. The audience was very interesting, with the blackened men coming straight from the mines without washing up and their wives carrying babies wrapped in shawls. A more sympathetic audience couldn't be imagined. The men and the women were all for me and their babies all with me. The moment I turned on my screams those youngsters whooped it up and when I went into my shrieks they went me one better. Nothing could stop them. After that highly competitive performance a woman with a crying baby under her shawl was waiting for me at the stage door. 'Please, miss,' she said, 'you've got my kid bawlin' so orful that I've brought 'im 'round to let 'im see you ain't really takin' on. An' there's a favor I'd like to ask you, for the good Lor' knows it's the on'y way me an' my man will be able to get a wink o' sleep this 'ole blessed night. Jus' to shut 'im up, would you min', miss, kissin' Joey?' I kissed Joey."

"Then you learned about babies before coming to Hollywood?"

"Long before—at any rate, about children. You see," explained Miss Allan, "at sixteen I was a kindergarten teacher. That was at my home in Skegness, a small place on the east coast of England. And it was from those children I learned about acting. I mean they gave me the idea, put it into my head. It's said, you know, that all actors are children, but I think it would be truer to say that all good actors are children. Those in the kindergarten certainly acted instinctively, and after teaching them elocution for three or four months I discovered I'd never know as much as they did. But I wanted desperately to learn something about acting, so I decided to go



Billie de la Volta, a blonde lovely you'll see in English films, is very proud of her pet rabbit.

to the Old Vic in London. At first my father, a doctor, was determined I shouldn't go on the stage, but finally I won him over by saying I merely wanted to study elocution. I really began as an understudy, then had a year and a half in Shakespeare. It was well worth going that hundred and fifty miles to London."

Meanwhile I wondered what brings English actresses six thousand miles to Hollywood, whether it is the lure of fame or fortune.

"I wasn't intrigued by money," replied Miss Allan, "because I knew in coming here I'd have to pay two income taxes, so in the end I'd be no better off financially. But I would be better off professionally if I made a success and then went back to England, for there they appreciate people coming from Hollywood. What I wanted was a build-up. You can't get that in England. After being in pictures there for three years I was called a star, but it didn't mean anything. There had been no build-up, and I realized I could get no further without breaking away. In Hollywood I would be learning from the start. It is good to learn here how people are made from nothing. In England it is an entirely different experience, for nearly all the film people are taken from the stage. It is necessary to be famous on the stage first of all, otherwise a person is quite unknown to cinema audiences. This, of course, is not true of Hollywood stars, who are

enormously popular there. With British people taken from the stage there is still another difference. First the film producers look for acting ability, then for a pretty face. Here in Hollywood if a girl is very pretty they sign her up, and nine times out of ten it works out."

"Do you think American girls are prettier than English girls?" I dared to ask.

"American girls are more finished, better groomed in the matter of hair, style, and the like," Miss Allan decided. "But English girls are naturally prettier—that is, without cosmetics and other artificial aids. When it comes to these things American girls make a better job of it. Girls on the street here take much more trouble with themselves. Stenographers and waitresses will spend two dollars a week on their looks, where in England girls spend a like amount on holidays, bicycling into the country and that sort of thing. In America it all comes down to film stars. Clever copies of their dresses may be bought in the shops for ten or twenty dollars. But English shops don't study the dresses of film stars. British screen actresses are not so well-dressed as Hollywood stars, and for this reason their clothes do not stir the imagination, or at any rate excite the imitation, of English girls. Nor is there the same keen, lively interest in the screen generally. Our girls are not quite sure what it's all about."

"How did you feel about it?"

"I was just excited about coming to Hollywood," she glowed, "and interested in seeing what to do—have my hair dyed, my teeth out, or my face lifted. From what I'd heard I expected to be entirely made over. But I was disappointed in that, for they took me just as I was. However, I do take more pains with my personal appearance here than I did at home. But not off the screen. I can't be bothered. I'm a very easy-going person."

A very genuine person, I should say. She's so real you'd never take her for an actress, not to mention the very good actress she is.

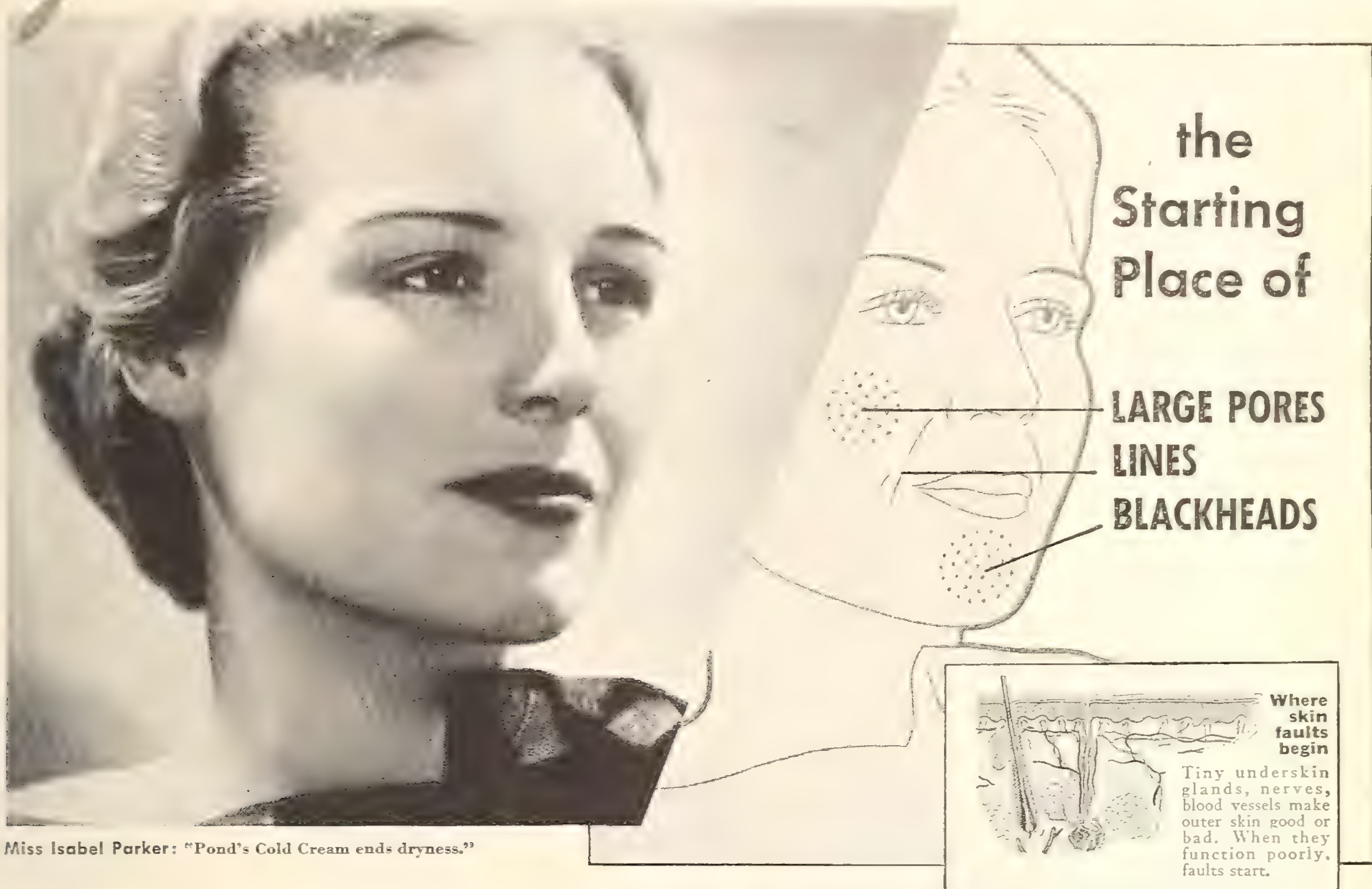
"Anyway," she added, "Hollywood has given me the build-up I needed and broadened my outlook."

"But meant nothing eventful?"

"Indeed it has," she protested, "the most terribly eventful experience I've ever known. It came with my first visit, when I'd been here only three weeks—the earthquake. I was working with Lionel Barrymore in 'Looking Forward' when it struck. Far from looking forward to anything, I believed it to be the end of the world. It wasn't fright that seized me, but something a thousand times worse, a vast, overwhelming sense of utter destruction. It seemed to paralyze me. Then I noticed a little child who had been playing about the stage and was tumbled over by the first shock. As I snatched her up, she gazed at the huge, swaying building and smilingly lisped, 'Rockabye.'"

Miss Allan passed her hand over her eyes, then reflected: "Children have always figured in my life, from teaching to acting. They have an unerring instinct for dramatizing everything, including themselves. Even to this day I never pass a schoolyard at recess time without stopping to watch them at play. Unconsciously they turn their games into drama, acting as naturally as a young bird flies. Somehow, I feel that whatever I have done in the way of acting I owe to children. So I don't mind having babies. But I don't want to have any more earthquakes!"

Get at that Faulty Under Skin



Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."

And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .

HORRID skin faults are usually *underskin* faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way



Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."

little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing

lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly*. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 7S-CA, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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Loyal Lady

Continued from page 51

your game? Don't let golf get you down."

"Oh, Eleanor, I don't know how to tell you! There's a new musical regime at the studio and you know what that always means. Off with the old; on with the new. I'm scheduled to get my walking papers in a day or two. One of the boys who works in the contract department told me."

"That's a lot of baloney!" she answered quickly. "Mr. Mayer promised you'd be with me again and he keeps his promises! There's been a mistake somewhere, I just know it! I'll see you on the lot in the morning and everything will be all right, you wait and see. Why, Metro couldn't get along without you! You're the best piano player on the lot and you know it!" she added affectionately.

There *had* been a mistake, as Eleanor discovered early the next morning. Mr. Mayer naturally had not known about the inner workings of the music department, but as soon as Eleanor told him the story, he saw to it that her "piano-player" was put back on the books for good. But the more Eleanor thought about it the more mad she became. "I think I'll just give that music department a piece of my mind, anyway!" she finally decided. "Imagine anyone not thinking that he was valuable! What's the matter, don't people know good piano-playing when they hear it around here? Of all things! It makes me burn, that's what!" And she was off to the music heads to make them do a little of the same thing. Only the burn on their faces was one of chagrin, not righteous indignation like Eleanor's.

This is typical of Eleanor. She is always



Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell, who gained stardom in the same film, "Broadway Melody of 1936," exchange hearty greetings.

crusading for someone. Everybody who has been without a job in the theatrical world in New York has been told at one time or another, "Go see Eleanor Powell: she'll get you something!" But, unlike most employment agencies, she not only gets people jobs; she also helps them to keep them. There was, as a second example, the case of the Greek doorman at one of New York's smartest night-clubs.

Eleanor was working there at the time and the doorman, as everybody does, adored her. Every evening between shows he would bring her ice cream, and ice cream is Eleanor's favorite of favorites. She could, on her own admission, eat it morning, noon, and night. Also, the doorman used to run errands for her, and for other workers at the club when Eleanor would hint that maybe he was doing too much for her, and that some of the others were feeling badly about it. He could speak very little English, but that didn't hinder Eleanor in finding out all there was to know about him, about his wife and his five children. She had some goofy nickname for him, something like "Lucahoff," and always she would give him a good-night hug to take along to the babies when she left at night.

One evening he came in to see her and he was so upset that he could do little more than moan and wring his hands and mutter something unintelligible about the poor, poor kiddies. Finally, Eleanor got the story. He had been fired. Just when the club had started to go over in a big way, the owner, Billy Rose, (yes, *the* Billy Rose recently associated with the Texas Centennial), had

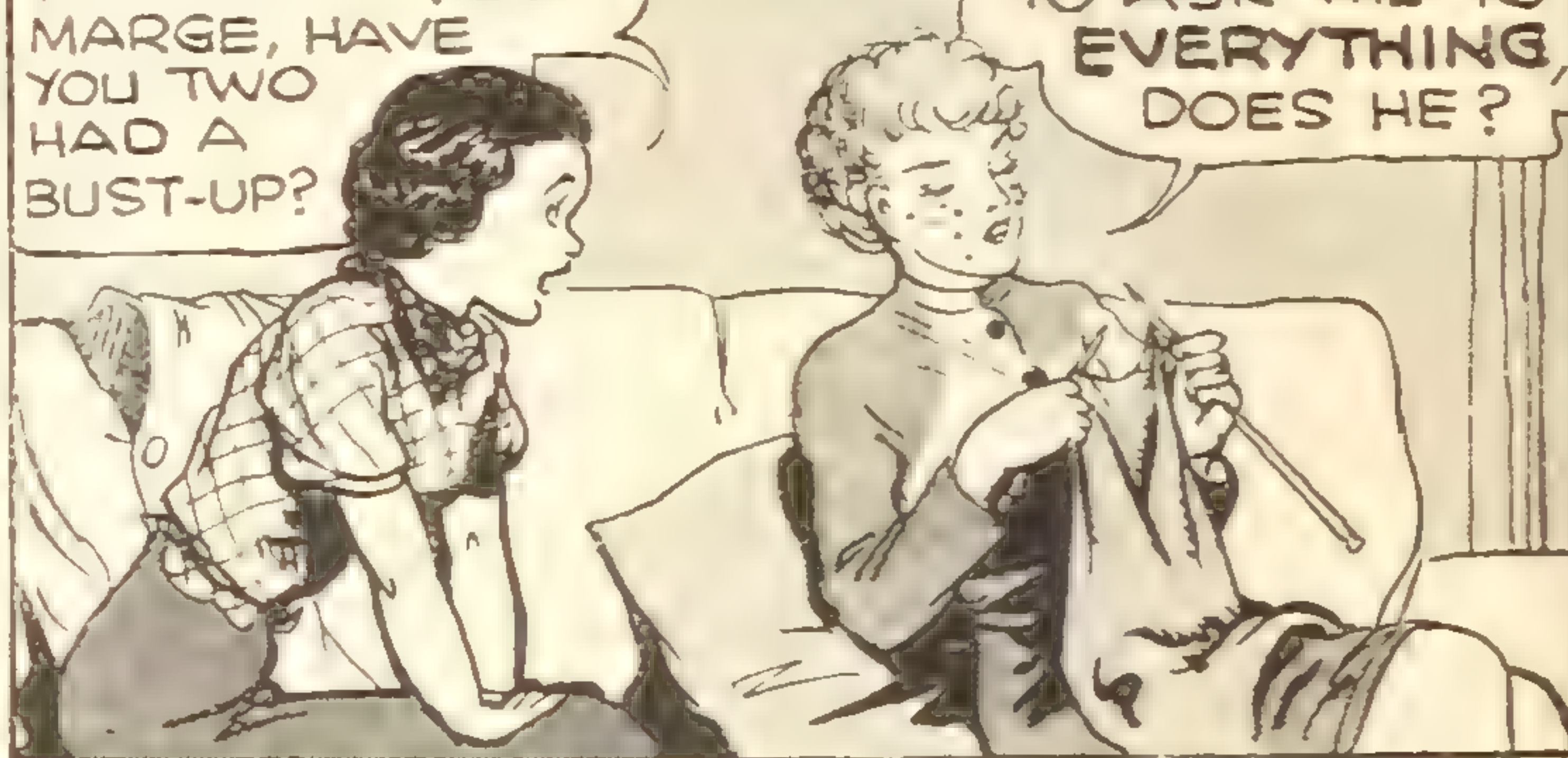


SAY MARGE- WHAT'S

— A
PIMPLY
SKIN
ALMOST
PUT A
STOP TO
MARGE'S
"DATES"

I ALMOST FELL OVER
WHEN DICK TURNED UP
AT THE DANCE WITH LOUISE
INSTEAD OF YOU.
MARGE, HAVE
YOU TWO
HAD A
BUST-UP?

OF COURSE NOT,
SILLY! DICK
DOESN'T HAVE
TO ASK ME TO
EVERYTHING,
DOES HE?



REMEMBER NOW-YOU'VE
GOT TO EAT THESE
YEAST CAKES EVERY
DAY. THEY'RE GRAND
PIMPLE CHASERS -
I KNOW-I'VE TRIED
THEM

OH TRUDY- DO YOU
REALLY MEAN IT-
I'VE BEEN SO MISERABLE
GOING AROUND LOOKING
LIKE THIS ...



LATER

TRUDY-IT'S MARGE
LISTEN DARLING -
DICK'S ASKED ME TO
THE DANCE NEXT WEEK-
UH-HUH-JUST LIKE YOU
SAID HE WOULD- ISN'T
IT WONDERFUL?



I TOLD
YOU THOSE
YEAST CAKES
WOULD FI-
THINGS
UP

decided to cut down a bit. It's the old, old temptation—when big money starts rolling in, to try and operate on less. Eleanor lost no time in telling Mr. Rose what she thought about it. "You can't fire this fellow. You can't, that's all; it's impossible! Don't you know he needs the job? He has a wife and five children, and he has to have it, and besides you don't know how much he does for all of us around here! Why, we couldn't get along without him. Fire somebody else if you have to, somebody who doesn't have to have the job. Somebody who can take his time getting another, without having to worry about five children to feed. But don't fire Lucahoff, do you hear me?"

It was impossible not to. When Eleanor gets excited about something, which is about half the time, she doesn't exactly speak in whispers! The Greek doorman kept his job.

Then there is the story of Holly and Fred, who work in the mail department at M-G-M. Ever since Eleanor first appeared on the lot, over a year ago, they have been her slaves. They used to stand around, gooey-eyed and ga-ga, and beg her to go to a dance with them. Eleanor has never been able to do that—that is *one* thing for which she hasn't found time—but the fact that they would feel free to ask her gives evidence of the friendly relationship between them, so different from that which usually exists, if at all, between star and "under-dogs" on the lot. Recently Holly came to her and asked a favor. He was getting two weeks' vacation, but rather than idle away his vacation he was anxious to get some thing to do during that time so he might have some for "something special." Could Eleanor suggest anything? "Sure," said Eleanor. "Come on with me and I'll introduce you to Dave Gould, the



James Gleason ponders the puzzle of a murder mystery and ZaSu Pitts helps him—puzzle, that is—in another sequel to the popular "Penguin Pool Murder."

dance director on my picture. You can dance in the men's chorus."

"But I can't dance," said Holly.

"Won't matter," said Eleanor. "I'll tell him to put you in the back. You'll still get the same money, seven-fifty, or is it ten dollars a day?"

"Gee-ee!" gasped Holly. "I've always said you were the swellest dame on the lot!"

To Dave Gould she said, "This boy has

to have a job for special reasons." He got it.

Part of the "special reasons" were soon made clear when Holly received his first day's check and spent most of it on flowers for Eleanor.

And so it goes. And this is why there are so many people in the world who mean it when they say "I'd do anything in the world for Eleanor Powell." How she has time or vitality for all these extra-career

HAPPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY

LOOK—THERE'S DICK NOW! MAYBE HE'S COMING IN! HOPE—DIDN'T EVEN LOOK THIS WAY—MARGE YOU OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS—

BUT, TRUDY—HOW CAN I? YOU KNOW HOW PRETTY LOUISE IS—AND JUST LOOK AT ME WITH ALL THESE AWFUL PIMPLES

MARGE—I BET THAT'S THE WHOLE TROUBLE. IF YOU GET RID OF THOSE PIMPLES EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT—LISTEN, FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT YOU NEED—C'MON, LET'S GET SOME NOW!

GOSH MARGE—YOU SURE DO LOOK PRETTY—SAY, HOW ABOUT MAKING A DATE RIGHT NOW FOR THE MOVIES TOMORROW?

I'D ADORE TO, DICK

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOUR BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES

PIMPLES often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets

oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. And then—pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes *daily*—one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear again. Start today!

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

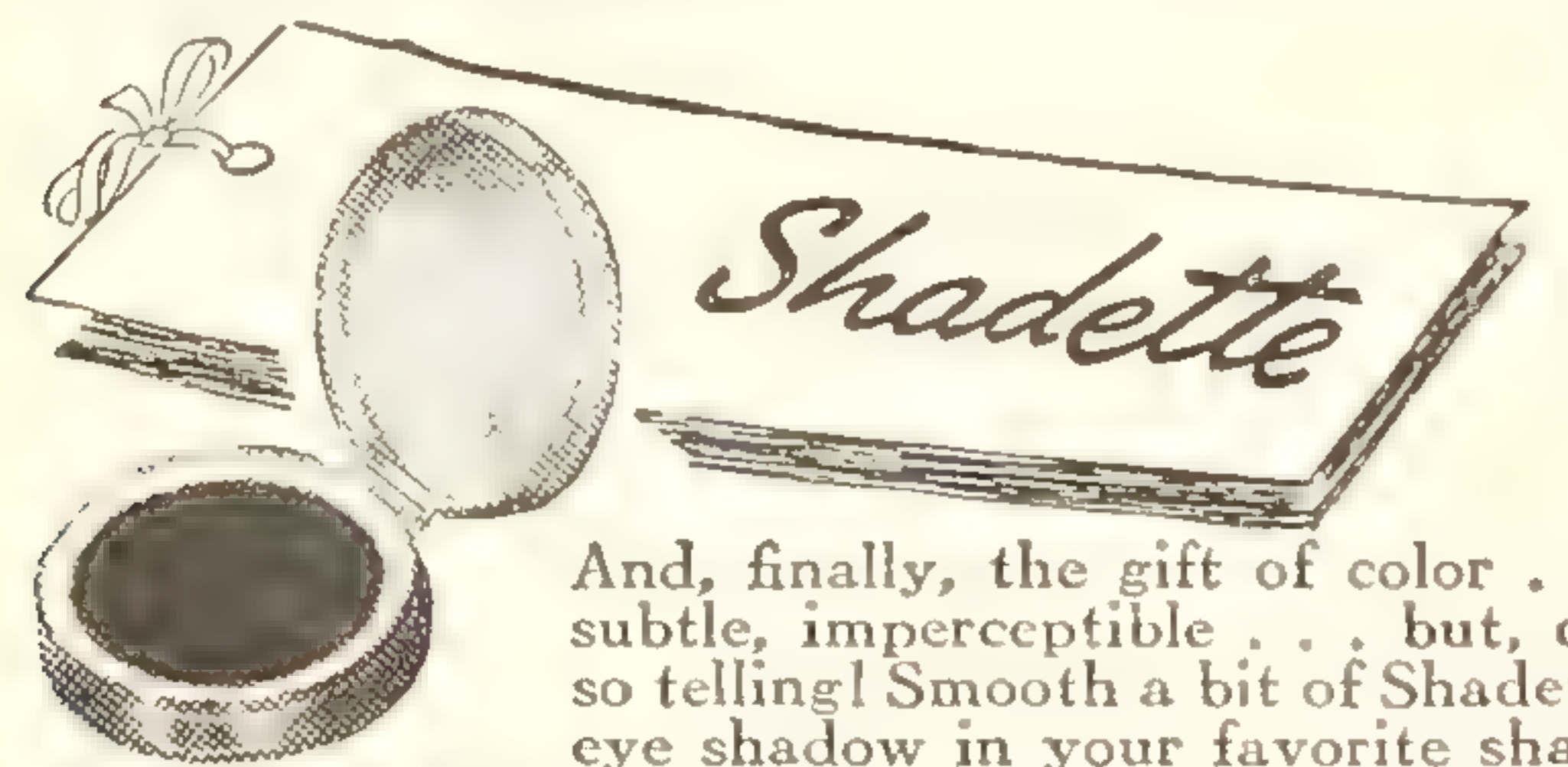
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HERE'S something for the girl who "has everything"—a gift to give herself. Beautiful eyes! All wrapped up in a package (the ingredients are). Or you can purchase them singly. Don't wait for some one to give them to you—prove yourself gifted by getting them immediately . . . and see how many eligible young Santas want to put you on their Christmas trees! First, there's KURLASH! Slip your lashes into it today. Like magic, they curl back in a fascinating curve. How much bigger and brighter your eyes look now that they have darker, fringed frames! KURLASH accomplishes this transformation in only 30 seconds. No heat, cosmetics or practice. \$1 at all good stores.



And here's another real gift. Darken the lash-tips with Lashtint while they are held in KURLASH. It adds that ravishing look that wraps every man up in mistletoe and red ribbon and puts him on your gift pile. Lashtint is the water-proof mascara applied with a convenient little glass rod. It dries instantly and looks completely soft and natural. Comes in black, blue, brown, or green. \$1.



And, finally, the gift of color . . . subtle, imperceptible . . . but, oh, so telling! Smooth a bit of Shadette eye shadow in your favorite shade on your lids. It will make your eyes look larger, deeper in color, and more brilliant. Shadette comes in twelve intriguing daytime shades. Mix gold or silver with green or blue to give your eyes an exotic iridescent look that's irresistible for evening. 75c.

Kurlash

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crusades no one will ever know; but anyway she does, and it is one of the seven wonders of Hollywood. It is part of her zest for life, her unending thrill in just being alive. Few people have the out-going personality that she has; the abundance of warmth and good-feeling to spread around. Her daily good-mornings and good-nights on the set of "Born To Dance" take up so much time, incidentally, that one day Director Del Ruth said, in a peeve, "Gee, Eleanor, I do wish you'd get in fifteen minutes earlier in the morning, because it takes you that long to say hello to all the grips and to find out if their wives slept well the night before! Would you mind trying it for a while?"

Quick as a flash Eleanor turned on him. "All right, I'll try. Maybe you think this good-morning stuff is silly. But honestly, Roy, you have no idea how good it makes you feel, to say hello to everybody. It does a lot for you—really it does!"

Now Eleanor and Roy Del Ruth both get in fifteen minutes earlier for friendly hellos. The entire "Born To Dance" set begins the day with the smile!

Unlike the many young people, Eleanor has a particular sympathy with "the older folks." "I just adore old people," she has often been heard to say, and perhaps this is because she spent so much of her early life with her maternal grandmother, her beloved Grandmother Torrey. Recently when the occasion arose to hire a servant for the new Beverly Hills home which Eleanor and her mother have just rented, among the applicants was a wizened little old colored woman, about 70 years old. Many another person would have dismissed her without even an interview, but when Eleanor heard her story, and heard her quaint religious viewpoint on life, and that her name was Abigail, she couldn't resist her and immediately hired her. Later she discovered that Abigail had a daughter who was also looking for a job, so now Abigail and her daughter both work for the Powells. Already Abigail worships the very ground on which her mistress walks. When Eleanor returns from the studio at night she grabs the little old colored woman up in her arms and dances a turn with her around the kitchen. Abigail has never seen a motion picture, but the first time Eleanor danced for her she gasped and said, "Lawdy! Why, I just know she's the best dancer in the world, and I ain't

seen any of them 'cepting Miss Eleanor!"

But Eleanor's generosity isn't confined to doing things—she is just as liberal in giving things. When she received her first pay check from "Broadway Melody" she used it—not to buy something for herself, but to buy a Ford for her grandmother. It was the first car that had ever existed in either the Torrey or the Powell family. Later, much later, she got around to buying a car for herself. In her attitude toward that car, incidentally, can be clearly shown her whole modest viewpoint on her own fame and fortune. She takes care of it herself—keeps the windshield and windows clean, and always locks it up herself at night. At the end of the first day that she drove it, she turned off the ignition and was startled to hear a bubbling sound in the radiator. Not realizing that this was normal, she was frightened and excited and immediately called the man who had sold it to her, fearing that something was wrong with her adored car. Again, after she'd had it about a week, her mother was amazed to see that she was driving so slowly—before that she had been driving like a speed demon. "Well," said Eleanor, "yesterday somebody told me that if you go fast around curves it's bad on the tires!" It never occurs to her that there can be other tires, other cars even, for the star Eleanor Powell. In her own mind she is still a simple girl, genuinely thrilled with her first car.

To complete this story of her warmth and generosity I must tell you one more thing, about the hurry-trip which Eleanor will make to New York when "Born To Dance" is finished. The studio has allowed her several weeks in which to rest before starting "Broadway Melody of 1937." If she followed good sense she would take that rest in California, away from staring mobs and station greeters. But no, Eleanor is going to New York. Why? Because she left her prize cocker spaniel there, and now she wants to bring it back with her. But couldn't it be shipped out?

"Oh, no!" says Eleanor. "You don't understand. He's a scary little thing—quivers like a leaf when he's frightened. That's why I want to carry him every mile of the way myself!"

Cocker spaniels, Greek doormen, 70-year-old colored women, piano Eleanor has mail boys—it's all the same. Eleanor has room under her wing for all!

Laughing Irishman

Continued from page 26

Flynn started laughing in the cradle, and that whatever the years may deny him or take from him, laughter—the root of all good, as someone has called it—will always remain.

This general impression is strengthened as you hear him talk. His mind seems to grow restive among dull facts, and to plunge toward comedy as steel toward a magnet. Yet, he was distantly related to Fletcher Christian, hero of "Mutiny on the Bounty." Christian was the maiden name of his mother, descended from a branch of the same family. Yes, they had a picture of Fletcher at home, and a sword that had once belonged to Captain Bligh.

Then his face lit up. "My funniest experience in that connection," he said, "was meeting my cousin in Sidney. They'd brought him from Pitcairn Island, he was named Fletcher Christian, and he was about the color of that—" He picked up a slice of pumpnickel from the table and

balanced it on his sunbrowned hand, where the difference in shade between hand and bread was noticeable but not startling. "Hm," he said thoughtfully. "Not so much point to that story as I'd imagined."

That meeting with his cousin needs explanation. What he calls his "loose leg," what the storybooks call a spirit of adventure—inherited perhaps by both him and Fletcher Christian from a common ancestor—had taken him at eighteen to New Guinea, where he ran a little boat and did some trading.

"One day some people came up, wanting to make a travelogue of headhunters and so on. They chartered this boat of mine, and paid me to act as guide and what not. Later this same crowd decided to do a picture called 'In the Wake of the Bounty,' and invited me down to Sidney to play a part. I went like a shot. Didn't know till I got there that I was to play Fletcher Christian. Curious, wasn't it? My

dark cousin was hired as an expert on family history. He proved the better bargain of the two. When I saw myself, I wondered why Fletcher didn't rise from the tomb and swat me one.

"Which didn't prevent me from harboring designs on the stage. I went to England and told them haughtily that I'd been in an Australian picture, counting for my impression on the fact that they hadn't seen it. They eyed me with interest and asked: 'Where's Australia?'"

"Well, I can see a horse when it hits me in the eye, and Australia vanished from my ken. Finally I struck a director who gave me a job playing butlers at six pounds a week. The second week he cut it down to three. But by dint of hard labor and a humble spirit, painfully acquired, I worked up from butlers through chauffeurs to family friends with a ready ear, but mostly a silent tongue."

And thence to leads in the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, England's best—"where my *Othello*," he explained with relish, "was distinguished as the worst that ever disgraced the boards." Asked why England's best repertory theatre should in that case have hung on to him as it did, he replied blandly: "Leading men are hard to get."

Irving Asher, Warners' agent in England, saw him in "Moon and the Yellow River."

"Want to go to America?" he asked.

"Sure," Flynn says he said, though it sounds more like something he picked up here.

"Want to sign a contract?" asked Asher.

"Sure," said Flynn.

"Like the idea of the movies, don't you?"

"No," said Flynn. "I like the idea of seeing America at your employers' expense."



Ketti Gallian emphasizes the sumptuous trend in fur styles with a luxurious silver fox cape.

"Your employers," Asher amended, handing him a pen.

Hollywood seemed to him an odd place—a place where they paid you a respectable wage for not working. "They rushed me around to the publicity boys, who took my pedigree and my picture." (Incidentally, the publicity boys, listening spellbound to his tales of adventure in the East, stared unbelievably at each other and whispered: "Look what Santa Claus brought." Here was one movie actor, whose true color biography shimmered with such rainbow hues as they would never have dared invent.) "I made it last," said Flynn, "as long as I could, lest someone should get on to the fact that I wasn't earning my salary. I was rather jumpy at first when I turned corners, expecting at any turn to be confronted by a mysterious power known as Jack Warner. Then there was an imaginary conversation that ran something like this.

"Mr. Warner: 'Aha, you're just the man I've been looking for, Errol Flynn. What do you mean by taking my money and giving me nothing in return?'"

"Mr. Flynn: 'I don't mean anything, sir—'"

"Mr. Warner: 'That's what I thought. Whoosh!'" He sketched a neat noose round his throat. Exit Errol Flynn, late of the movies.

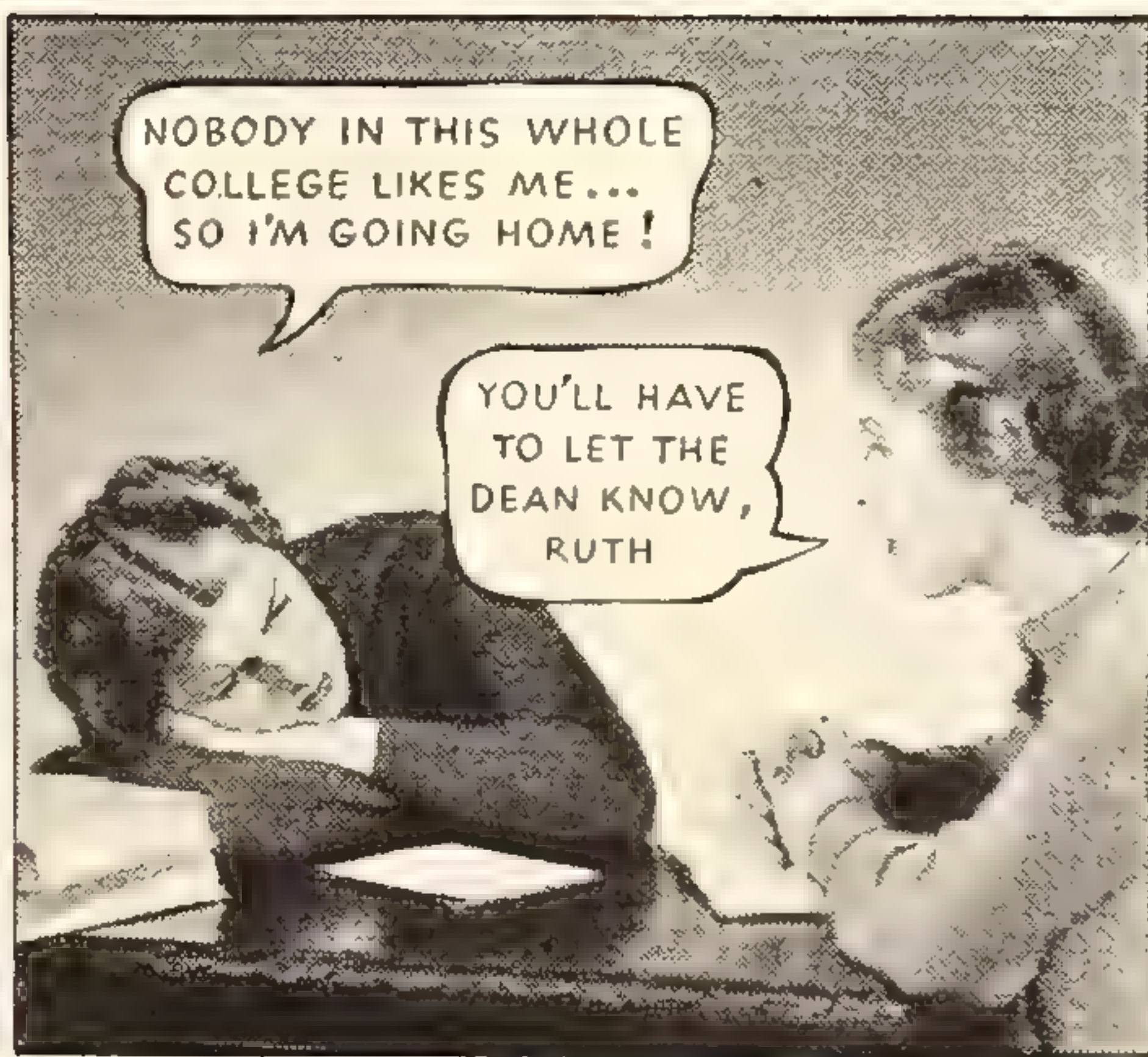
"What actually happened was quite different. Lili took me to a party at Dolores Del Rio's. 'There's Jack Warner,' somebody said. I thought I might as well face it and have it over with. We were introduced. 'How do you do?' said Warner. 'How do you do?' I quavered. And that seemed to be all—which was more than I could bear. Suddenly I decided I'd had that sword hanging over me long enough.

"Don't you know me?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Who are you?"



and I thought college would be fun!



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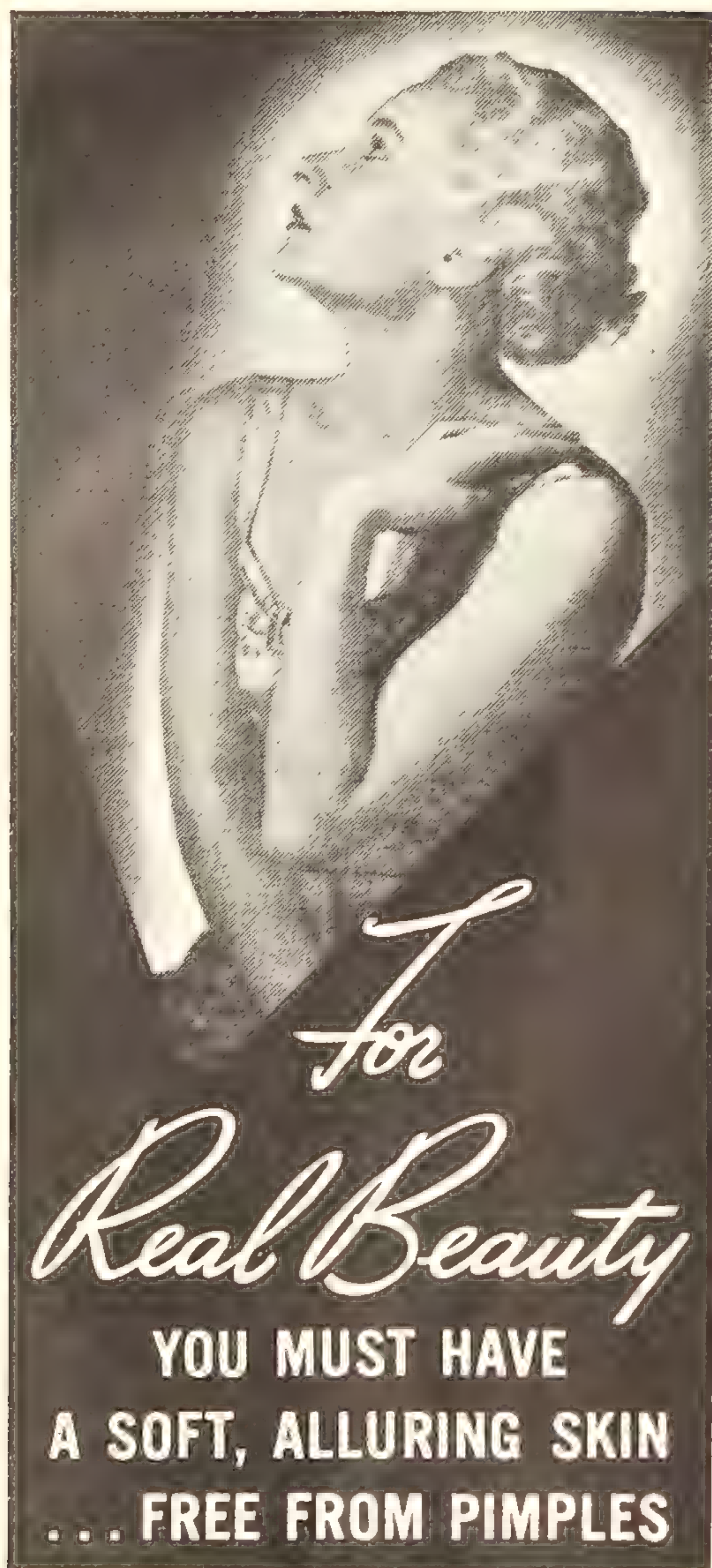


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“Listen,” I said. “I work for you. I came over from England to work for you. I’ve been getting a salary from you for five months, and you don’t know who in thunder I am.” I was feeling pretty plaintive by that time.

“So he patted my shoulder. ‘Don’t cry, Mr. Flynn,’ he said. ‘If you’re any good, I’ll soon know who you are. If not—’ So we left it at that.”

At one point only did the flicker of fun fade completely from Flynn’s eyes. That was when I asked him, quailing, whether there was any truth in the rumor that he and Lili Damita were planning a divorce. His mouth set in a straight line, he regarded me as one might regard an object that isn’t there. “That’s all nonsense,” he said very clearly and with a hint of savagery. And there the matter dropped.

He went on to pleasanter things—to the fishing trip from which he and Lili had recently returned. They had hitched a trailer to their car, and traveled to northern California to fish for salmon.

“The only trouble with that was that when Lili retired to the trailer for a nap, she got seasick. I’d rigged up a connecting wire from the trailer to the car, and tied a flashlight to the car end. The idea was that if she wanted something, she could pull her end and the flashlight would wink at me. So when she found herself getting seasick, she pulled in no uncertain terms, and the flashlight, instead of winking, got indignant and hit me a terrific whack on the back of the head.” He rubbed the spot ruefully, as if he could still feel it. “That made three indignant parties—the flashlight with Lili, me with the flashlight, and Lili—well, she wasn’t really indignant—just terribly hurt with the trailer for making her seasick.

“She took to camp life like a veteran. In fact, she turned what might have been major defeat at the hands—or should I say fins?—of a salmon, to victory. Our boat was anchored in the current, and we stood there for an hour, trying to pull this beggar in. Lili got so excited, I thought she’d pop. ‘Come on, fish!’ she kept yelling. I wasn’t quite sure whether she meant me or the salmon. I finally told her we’d better give it up.”

“Never!” cried Lili, and took her stand for all the world like the boy on the burning deck.

“Never it is,” said her husband. “Can you haul up anchor?”

“Poof!” said Lili. “Why not?” So she hauled away, while Flynn hung on to the line. Then they let the current take them to shore, and captured the prize from there.

“But on our way down to San Francisco,” Flynn went on, “the reaction set in very strongly with Damita.”

“We will go to the Hotel St. Francis,” she announced.

“The St. Francis?” he objected mildly. “In dungarees and a trailer?”

“The St. Francis,” she repeated, dreamy-eyed. “Hot water running in tubs, and bath scents and big woolly towels and breakfast in bed and people opening doors for you that you’re quite well able to open for yourself. I have been primitive. Now I will be grand.”

So they and their trailer drew up at the St. Francis. The gentleman in dungarees emerged and helped out the lady in dungarees. While she surveyed her surroundings with satisfaction, he repaired to the trailer and reappeared, carrying a very small suitcase. The doorman, trained to impassivity under all circumstances, tried to look impassive, but broke under the strain as the two sailed proudly past him.

“Luggage, sir?” he gasped.

“No luggage,” said Flynn, creating so clearly the illusion that there must be

something distinctly queer about people who arrived with luggage and minus dungarees, that the baffled doorman was left no choice but to open the door that they were quite well able to open for themselves.

Jack Warner knows now who Errol Flynn is—by the fan-mail barometer, second in popularity on the lot, shot to that eminence through a single picture. “I want Flynn! Get me Flynn!” chorused the press after “Captain Blood” was previewed. Rumor has it that that sensation will be counted as nothing by comparison with his performance in “Charge of the Light Brigade.” Flynn hasn’t seen the rushes. “I sweat too much,” he explained simply.

“I was told I ought to go to the premiere of ‘Captain Blood.’ They’ll let you talk into a pretty little microphone. All the people will look at you as you go in. And when you come out, they’ll mob you—if they like the picture. If not, they’ll mob you anyway, just for the hell of it.”

“So I curled up on the sofa with a good book.”



Vienna sends another charmer to Hollywood, as Della Lind, above, joins the M-G-M contract lists.

His passions are travel and writing. He wrote a story for *Cosmopolitan*. He may be found between shots on the set, writing interminable letters to his friends. “If it weren’t a question of earning a living at either,” he says, “I’d rather write than act. As it is, I can’t afford to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs—not while we writers,” with a fraternal bow, “are paid as we are.”

His principal objection to the movies is that they keep him from shaking his “loose leg” as he pleases. All his thoughts are obsessed at the moment by a trip he is planning to a small island in the Pacific, now under Japanese mandate, where scientists have discovered the “ruins of a civilization which makes the Aztecs look like savages.” Gone was Flynn’s bantering drawl. His eyes were eager, his voice jubilant.

“The Japanese government doesn’t care about visitors much, but I badgered a Japanese fellow I know, and when they found out I was just a harmless movie actor, they gave me a visa. I knew this Japanese had a bit of influence, but that was all I knew. He’s the strong silent type. But when I asked him if he’d give me some letters to people over there, he gave me three. ‘This,’ he said, ‘is to Prince Kunoye—he is my father—he will look after you. This is to the Viscount So-

and-so—he is the playboy of Japan—he will amuse you.' All this in the same sedate monotone, handing me prince and playboy without blinking an eyelash. But he slipped badly in the end. The third was to a plain mister."

He expects to be gone for three months. He expects to discover, among other things, whether he likes life better in Hollywood or away from it. "I'd like enough money to free myself of the petty tyrannies—the butcher, the baker, and the bookdealer. Apart from that, I don't think a lot of money is worth the time you have to give to it. I'd like to be able to buy myself some leisure among modest surroundings—leisure to read, leisure to use my mind and body while they're as energetic as they'll ever be, leisure to analyze the stupidities of certain things and certain stupidities of my own, leisure just to ruminate, cowlike, which I find very satisfactory at times—"

He glanced at his watch. "Leisure to watch the tennis matches," he smiled, "if you'll excuse me—"

And Mr. Flynn departed, taking laughter with him, yet leaving it behind.

Stars Are Strangers

Continued from page 31

were assigned to rôles in the same picture.

Chester Morris is a George Arliss fan, but hasn't met him yet. James Cagney says he would give a lot to meet his favorite actor, Buck Jones. George Raft would like to know Kay Francis better. Carole Lombard greatly admires Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and his gang, but hasn't had opportunity to congratulate him to date. Joan Blondell doesn't know Kay Hepburn. Jean Muir does, but hasn't seen about a dozen of her special favorites.

Walter Connolly never has met two players he particularly likes—Lewis Stone and Myrna Loy. Dick Powell tremendously admires Maurice Chevalier but they have never met or seen each other. Fay Wray admires John Barrymore but only has a "bowing acquaintance" with him.

As a boy, Franchot Tone had one great idol, Charlie Chaplin. To look and act like his favorite, he would place his shoes on opposite feet, don a mustache, and stuff his father's derby hat with paper to make it stay on top of his head! Equipped thus, plus cane and baggy trousers, he would answer only to the name of Charlie, and was forever re-enacting the comedian's antics he had seen on the screen.

Not until he came to Hollywood and was attending the premiere of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in Hollywood Bowl, did Franchot see his childhood idol in person, and there, just two boxes removed from him and Joan Crawford, sat the little comedian. So impressed was Franchot that he at once joined the throng of autograph seekers and asked for his signature. Ironically enough, Charlie didn't recognize him in the dark of the Bowl, and simply said, "Sorry, but I don't give autographs!" Later, though, the two were formally presented and now know each other very well.

There are some in Hollywood, too, who actually prefer to remain as strangers to most of their fellow-players. Cinemaland, supposedly a hail-fellow-well-met sort of place, where even casual acquaintances address each other by their given or nicknames, is really nothing of the sort.

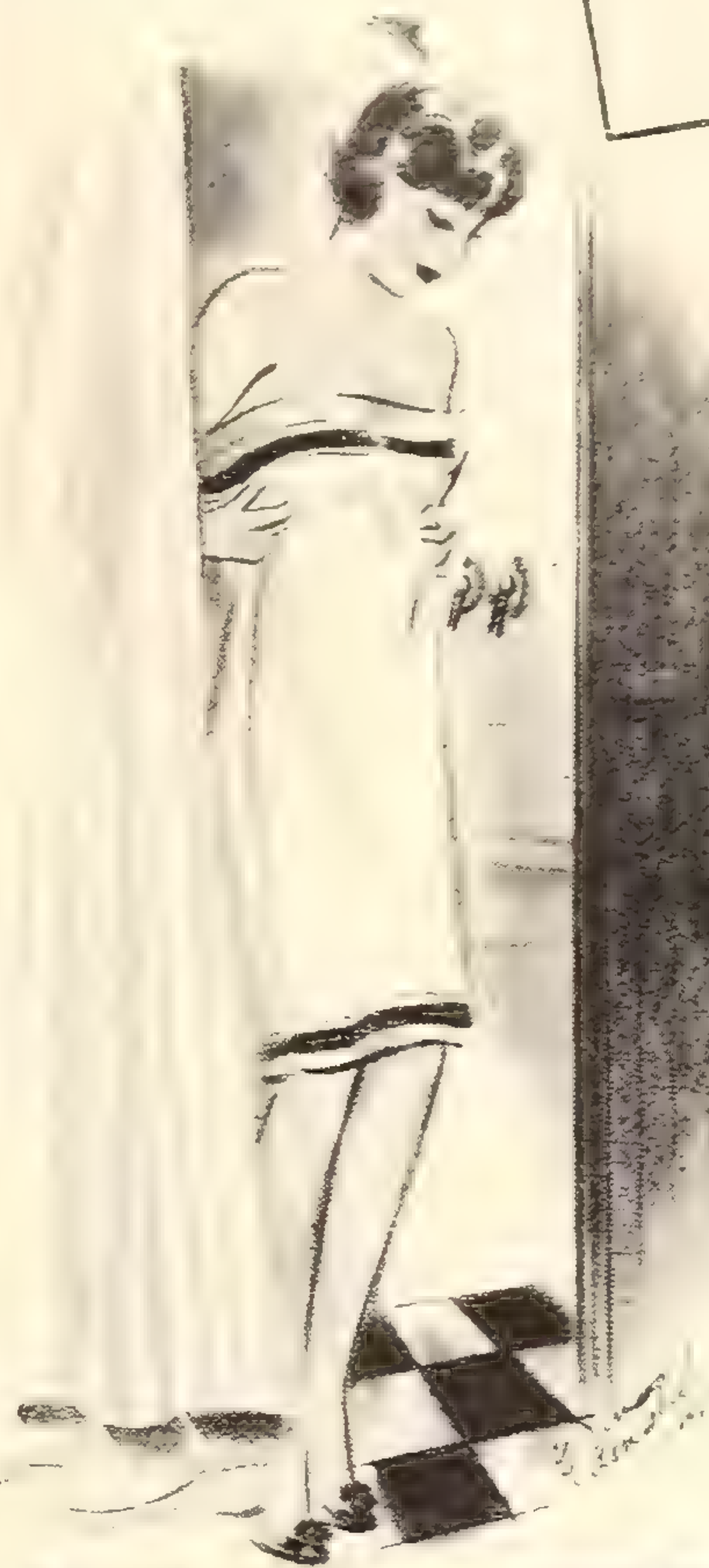
Not all the stars encourage oral intimacy on the part of fellow workers. Many

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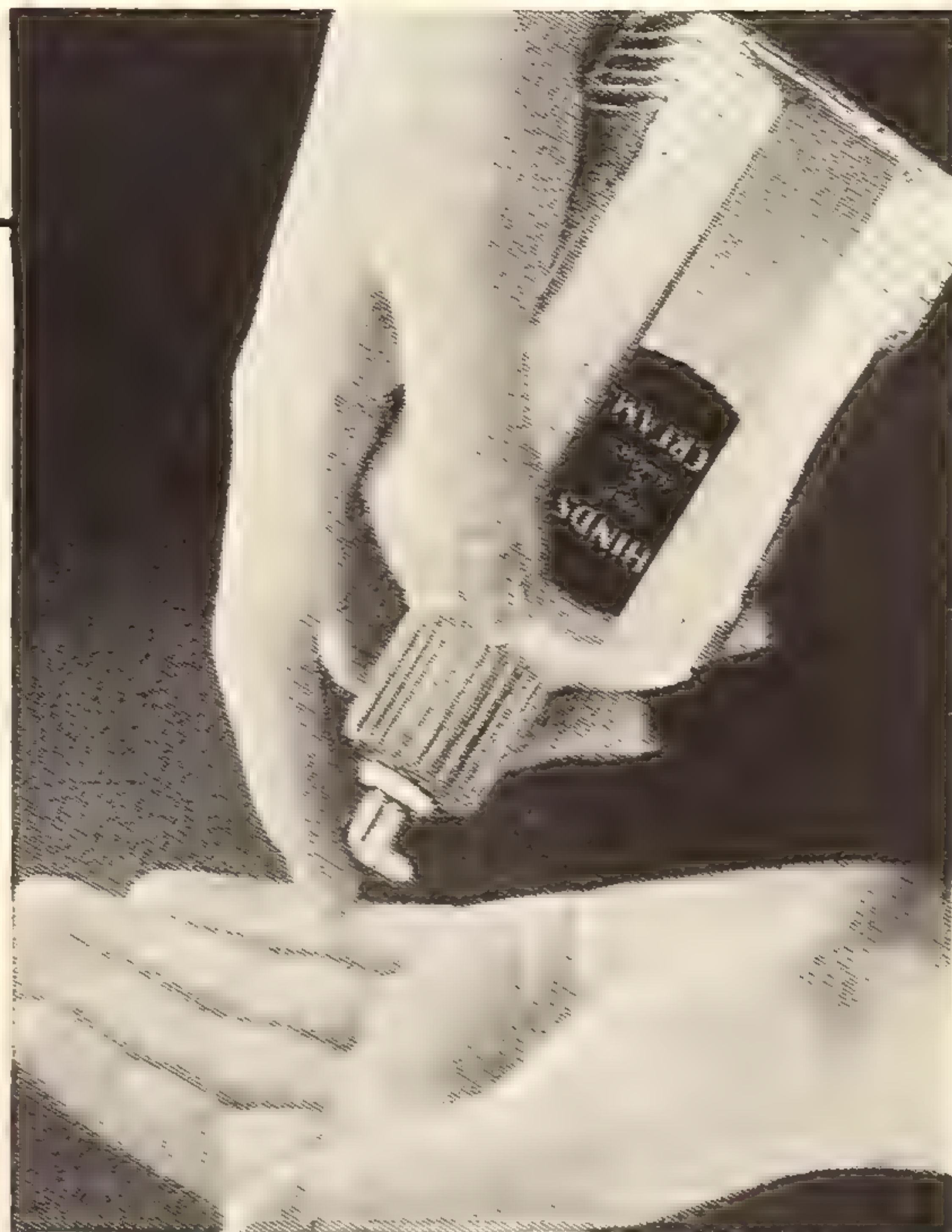
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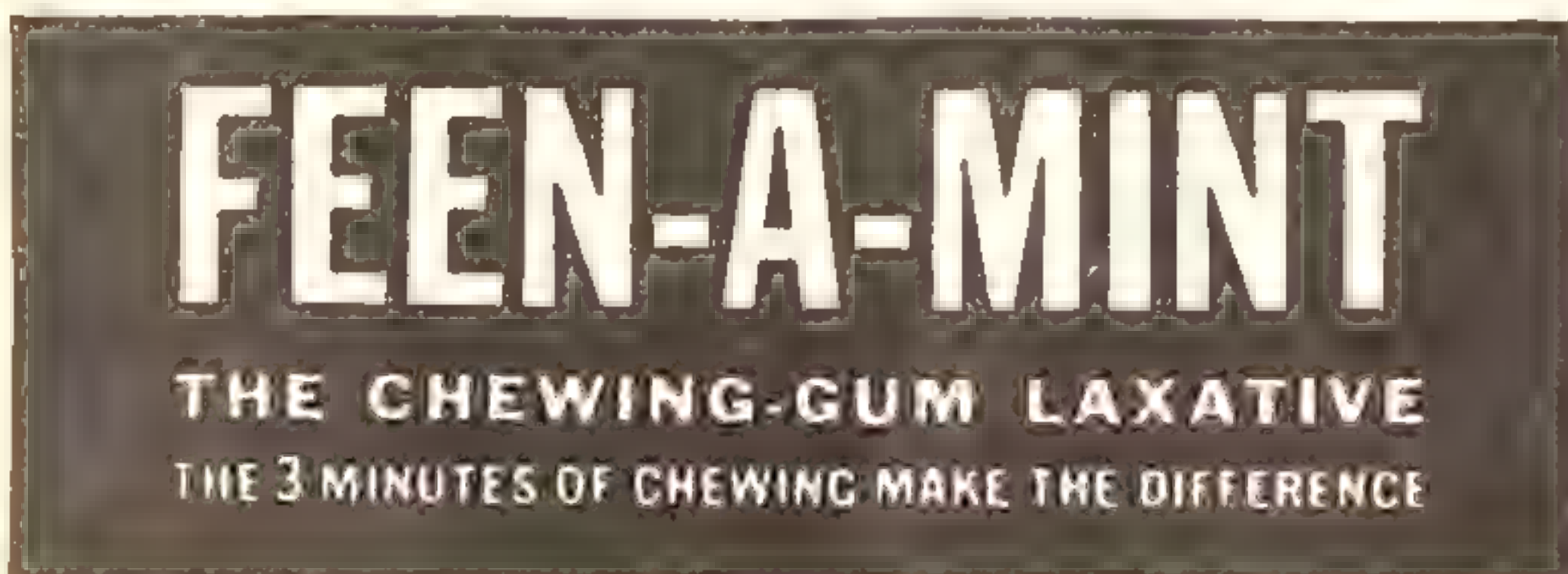
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of them remain Mister and Miss to everyone except a very few chosen friends.

Greta Garbo, of course, is perhaps the outstanding figure to command strict formality. But, then, no visitors ever see her and her friends are so few they can be numbered on two hands. Kay Francis also is Kay to very few associates. Likewise Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, and Ruth Chatterton. They are decidedly "Misses" and you are not apt to forget it.

On the other hand, Mae West is always Mae. Crosby is Bing. Katharine Hepburn is Katie to more people than you'd imagine. W. C. Fields is Bill, Cagney is Jimmy, Carole Lombard is Carole and Gary Cooper is "Coop." The same applies to Claudette Colbert, Joe E. Brown, William Powell, Clark Gable and George Raft. Eleanor Powell is "Kid" to all on the lot. As for Jack Oakie, Jimmy Durante and Jack Benny, Mister is a fighting word!

With the vivacious newcomers on the contract lists, it's different. In these cases, it's always the first name, and usually matters remain that way to studio employees. It is at the outset of young players' careers that nicknames are attached, and these are seldom shaken, even after they achieve stardom. That's how "Katie" was attached to Hepburn, "Coop" to Gary Cooper, "Big Boy" to Glenn Williams, "Kid" to Eleanor Powell and "Mac" to Jeanette MacDonald.

But all this is no sure sign of personality. One of the most genial and affable members of the film colony is always Sir Guy Standing. He knows most everybody and nearly everyone knows him. He's an exception, though.

On the whole, a "get-acquainted-club-for-stars" would be a nice thing for some enterprising and socially-inclined soul to start in Hollywood!

Pioneering Again!

Continued from page 62

yes-man and said no, we didn't think so.

All that had reference to an entirely new and somewhat pioneering course upon which Irene Dunne has embarked and upon which a professional prestige of tremendous value—in cash as well as personal pride—is being staked cheerfully.

The rewards of signing three contracts, each with a separate company, will be—if it works out that way—more variety in her work, more adventure in testing the mettle of Irene Dunne as a character actress, comedienne, and singing-acting star.

"Don't ask me how I am going to fit all these contract obligations together to make sense of the time 24 hours a day provides! And I don't know whether it will mean that, since I am to do only one picture a year for each company, I may be entirely forgotten by all of them. But it was such a lot of fun signing the contracts.

"I have always wanted to do a variety

of parts, but nobody would trust me with a comedy until lately. I made the plunge, and we'll see what happens when the returns are all in from 'Theodora Goes Wild,' the first picture under my contract with Columbia."

The next picture, and her first under a contract with Paramount, is "High, Wide, and Handsome," originally scheduled as a co-starring vehicle for Irene Dunne and Gary Cooper, but now to bring Randy Scott and Irene together again for the first time since "Roberta."

This one classes as a "musical." Next comes "Madame Curie," a character delineation based on the life of the great French woman scientist, and to be produced by Universal.

There's one of the most ambitious schedules we've heard about in a long time, and certainly a sporting one from the standpoint of the star. She's on her own to a



Sign language—and if you can read it you may know the real lowdown on the romance of Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs, young Hollywood twosome.

greater extent than most stars like to be, because while we hear lots of talk about the bondage of long-term contracts with one studio, you'll notice that the majority of the stars usually hang on to them as an anchor to windward—just in case there's an unfavorable reaction from a screen performance or perhaps some little private-life adventure, often calculated to be glamorous but sometimes turning out to be poison at the box-office. Under these circumstances the studio organizations with their high-powered publicity departments and powerful resources to protect a box-office name in which there is a heavy future investment come in handy.

This Irene Dunne program would be radical even for some of the gaily adventurous, light-hearted, and hell-bent-for-glamor stars in comparison with whom Irene is supposed to be so terribly conventional and conservative.

After all, you can buy plenty more of the cocktail glasses that get shattered at gloriously giddy parties; and a lot of spavined horses or broken-down Fords as gag birthday presents, and still have a lot of change left from last week's pay check if you're working at star's wages. But you're putting up real stakes when you free-lance the way Irene Dunne is doing at the present—and doing it more in the spirit of artistic adventure than commercial enterprise.

In respect to her reticence to talk about herself, Irene Dunne conformed to the advance billing as we've been reading it in the papers. She isn't one to dramatize the obvious or wander into copybook observations on life when she's talking about furniture. If you remind her that the last time you saw her the new house she has in Holmby Hills was just a blue print, she says:

"Well, it's all built now. But"—and here a look of despair quickly vanishes into a smile, a hearty laugh at the joke on herself—"I'll never get it furnished. Never! You just can't get the furniture I need to carry out the plan for that house. I've ransacked this town. Up avenues, and down alleys, climbing down to cellars and up to attics. It's hard on you from here down"—indicating the hipline—"and the other night when I went to the theatre the only comfort I could find was to drop my shoes off. Then, when I wanted them, I couldn't reach them. But the furniture: I'm having several authentic reproductions built. If I had any sense I'd turn the whole thing over to a decorator and have me a house that at least would have some furniture in it!"

She spends most of her vacations in New York, where her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, has his practice, and Miss Dunne ducks as many as possible of those business obligations the home offices of the film companies try to sell her, especially the engagements which are aimed particularly at publicity, the posing for pictures, and the "being seen" at events of strategic value in getting her name, and the company's, into the papers. The voice exercises and coaching continue faithfully for a couple of hours every day, even on the New York vacation—that's something she's very serious about; thinks perhaps since she started voice culture and music with the idea of doing concert and opera she's a failure for not having done either. But for the rest, Irene Dunne's junkets to New York, and her trip abroad last summer, are more wholeheartedly devoted to holidaying than most of the stars we've noticed about this town.

No, there shouldn't be anything like a legend about one as thoroughly alive and perfectly natural as Irene Dunne. You can have it if you want it. But next time we read about it, we'll take it like fiction—interesting but not true.



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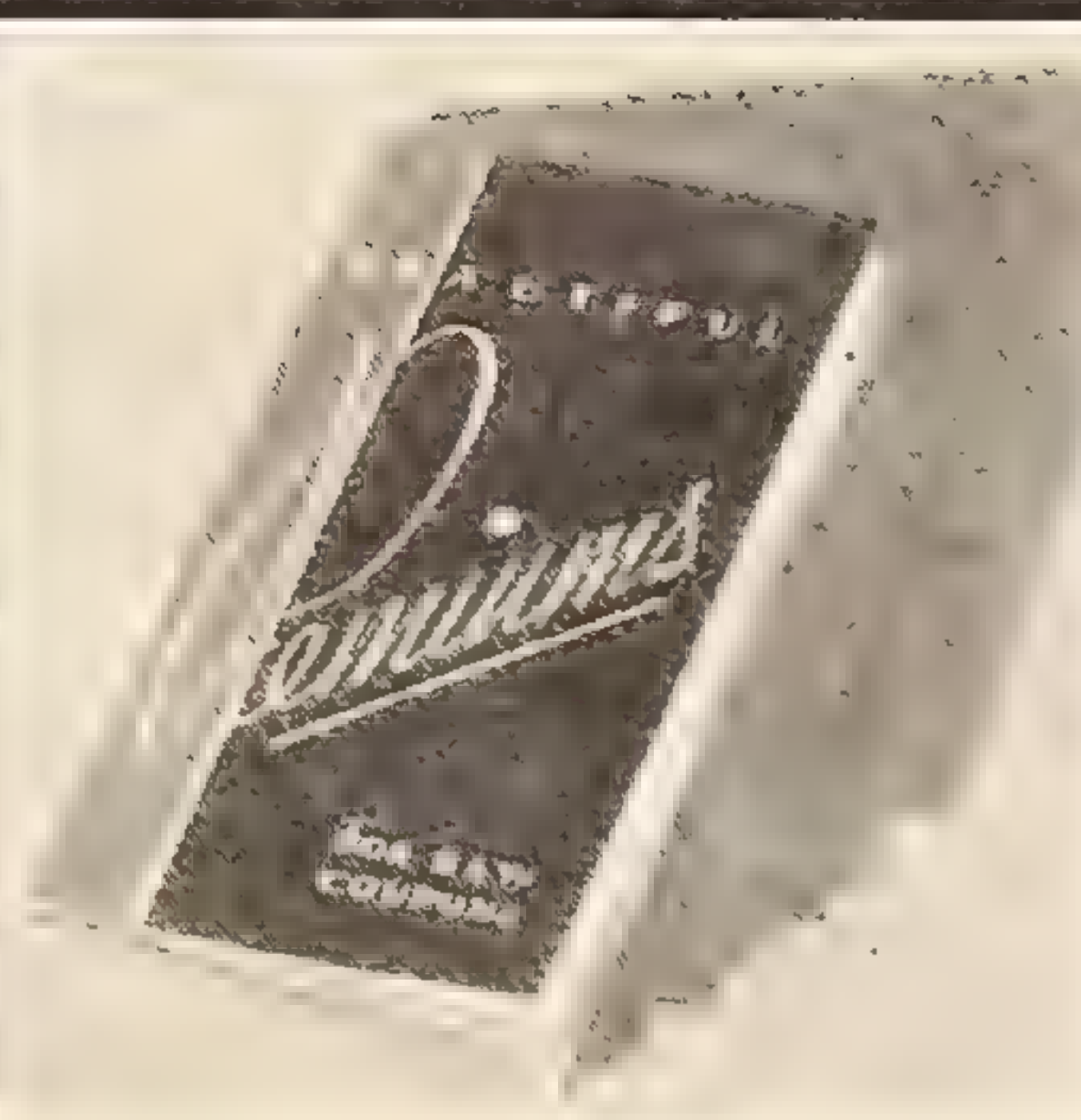
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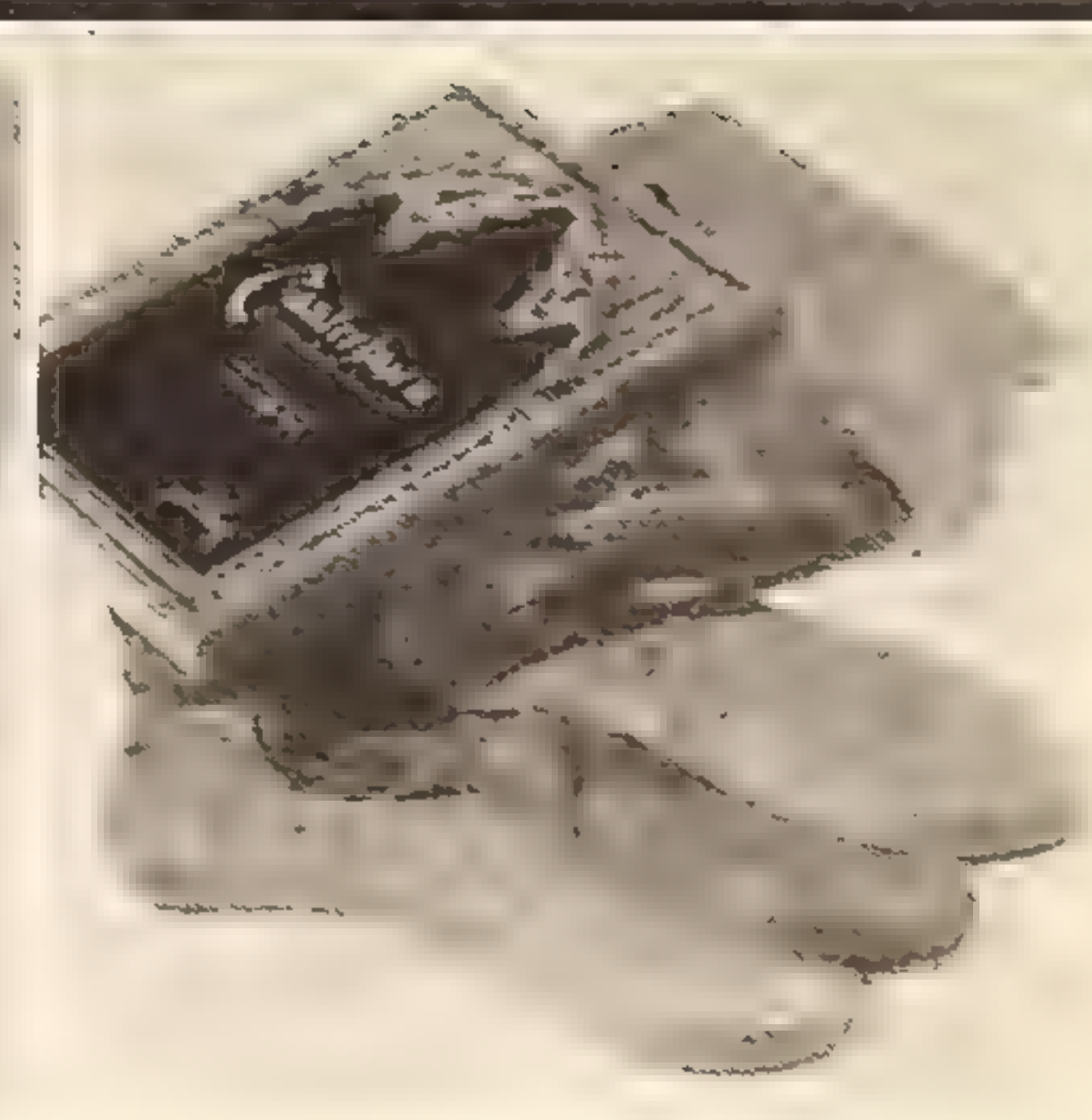
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Melvyn Douglas, Camera-Dizzy!

Continued from page 33

he never objects to posing for a snapshot.

"Of course if you can get a child asleep, you have a wonderful chance at a picture, if there's enough light. I once got a choice shot of my son when he was fast asleep in his bed. There was enough light in his room so that I could take a time exposure. He fortunately didn't move, and the result is like a sketch by an artist. Sorry I haven't a negative of that, but I doubt if it would reproduce—it hasn't the sharp outline necessary.

"I got a shot of Peter asleep on the steps here, but the light wasn't all that could be desired. It was too good to miss, though.

"I like to get so-called angle shots. These of my wife, Helen Gahagan, are rather interesting. I shot down at her as she lay in the sun.

"This patio is the answer to the camera

fiend's dream. If there's any effect you can think of, you ought to be able to get it here."

The patio and gardens combined are larger than that much-talked-of set for "Romeo and Juliet." The house is an authentic Mexican hacienda type, the color of adobe, with dull red roof. It is built in the shape of a letter L. The third side of the flagged and tiled patio is cleverly contrived with a two-story wall equipped with balconies to correspond with those on the two sides of the house.

An Aztec fountain stands in the center of the patio, and there are olive trees, tropical vines and shrubs, some superb white hibiscus trees, and appropriately gay garden furniture.

Beyond a small iron gate, steps lead through a rose garden to further green lawns and flowers; beyond another gate is

a child's playground, a small adobe guest house, and an orange grove.

"Peter went to school for the first time last winter—kindergarten, I suppose you'd call it, for kids of two and three. When summer time came, he was completely lost, as he is an only child. So Helen called up several other parents of only children who had attended his school and together they agreed to keep the training on. Six or seven youngsters used to arrive here every morning, plus a kindergarten teacher; they went out to the playground and spent the morning.

"I turned the guest house over to them and equipped it for the school with child-size tables and chairs. It has a bed, a bathroom and kitchen in it, anyway. Peter and the other children seemed to enjoy their summer. We hope to do the same thing next year."

Mr. Douglas does not develop or print his own pictures.

"I did so for a time, with a friend of mine who was an expert in photography," he told me, "but I found that it took too much time. Sometimes we were in the dark room all day. It's worth it, if you have the time, but I haven't. However, in Hollywood there's an excellent place to have your work done. You tell them what to do with a certain shot and they do it. You know what you have taken, so you say: 'Print this one rather dark,' or 'Give this a little more time,' or 'Cut down foreground,' or whatever it is you want. If you want a special effect, you can instruct them to print a picture on special paper. You know how they put it slightly out of focus to blur it artistically, or print it up on etching paper. Naturally you can't reproduce special shots like that, but they are gratifying to the amateur camera artist.

"I wandered around Europe with my father, when he made pictures, and I worked with him then and later. Some of the interesting shots in my album are of famous buildings. We got rather nice stuff by tilting our cameras so that the building or tower or rotunda or whatever it was appears at an angle on the print.

"But you must develop your own style. You can, if you like. Two artists can set up before the same scene and turn out vastly different pictures. Form your own style and stamp your pictures with individuality."



Margot Grahame makes a picture all by herself in this organdie gown designed for her by stylist Edward Stevenson of RKO for the English beauty's new film.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 12

let stand one half hour before making omelet. If chive is not at hand, simmer a few minutes in a little melted butter a very thinly chopped shallot and add it to the eggs before making omelet.

PINEAPPLE MUFFINS

- 1/3 cup butter
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 3/4 cup milk
- 2 cups sifted Gold Medal flour
- 4 teaspoons Royal baking powder
- 1/2 cup Dole's crushed pineapple

Cream butter, add gradually the sugar and salt, and the egg well beaten. Add the milk, pineapple and flour sifted with the baking powder. Bake in buttered gem pans about 25 minutes...

"Sometimes, when the guests include men with a taste for hotter dishes, we have Spanish Omelet—or sometimes Mushroom Omelet."

PLAIN OMELET

- 3 eggs
- 3 tablespoons milk
- 1 1/2 tablespoons butter
- 1/3 teaspoon salt
- 1/6 teaspoon paprika

Beat the eggs slightly, yolks and whites together; add the seasoning and milk. Use the butter to fry the omelet. The mushroom or Spanish omelet mixture must be stirred in just before it is put into the pan with the heated butter.

MUSHROOM OMELET

- 2 tablespoons butter

- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 can button mushrooms
- 1/2 cup milk

Melt butter, add flour. Mix. Add mushrooms and juice, and milk. Boil for 5 minutes.

SPANISH OMELET

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon onions
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 can tomatoes
- 1 bell pepper
- 2 teaspoons chili powder
- Salt and pepper

Melt butter, brown diced onion, add flour, tomatoes, chopped bell pepper and chili powder. Boil for 5 minutes. If too thick add a little water.

"I think of food, not as something delicious to eat, but as a means of getting together with my friends. I am one of seven children—I have three sisters and three brothers—and we were brought up to think of meal-time as conversation time.

"My father did not permit us to have our meals with a governess or nurse; we were all expected to be at the table three times a day, prepared to give an opinion on whatever came under discussion. My father was a lawyer and he insisted on our having an opinion, no matter how immature, on everything. Whatever subject was broached during a meal, each one of us must make some remark, as intelligently as possible.

"At dinner, he would ask each of us what we had been doing during the day, and if anyone's work, pastime, or study brought up a subject for discussion, so much the better. Current events were always in order, and we were all expected and required to read the newspapers from the time we *could* read.

"We had lots of fun, all of us together, and naturally with this training we found our interests broadening all the time. Today, all of us who are old enough to be out of school are doing something. I'm the only one of the family that was ever connected with stage or screen. No, the others aren't especially proud of me. If anyone asks them about me, they say: 'Oh, Rosalind's working in Hollywood.' I might be in the wardrobe department, cutting film, or selling real estate.

"This exchange of ideas across the table was the thing I missed most when I first came out here. I am not married, and I live alone, so I entertain a great deal. I have friends in for any or every meal, if possible. Now that I have plenty of friends, I never eat alone if I can help it.



"Hello, there!" Rosalind Russell sings out to early guests, from the white stairway of her Beverly Hills home.

"You see, if I am at the table by myself, I gulp down the food without looking at it, with no idea what it is I'm eating, my mind entirely occupied with the book that may be waiting for me upstairs, or the ride I'm about to take, the work I'm going to do or whatever it is next on my program. But if I have a friend in for luncheon or a group of friends to dinner, we eat slowly and talk as we used to do at home and have a wonderful time."

Friends most often seen on the guest list at the white brick house include Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, Ross Alexander and his bride, Ronald Colman, the Chester Morris, the Spencer Tracys, Charlotte Winters and Tim Durant.

"Since I am from New England, my cook makes a point of serving us New England dishes every so often," commented my hostess. "Baked beans and brown bread for Saturday night suppers or Sunday morning brunches. She uses maple syrup rather than molasses, I'm told.

"Her pumpkin pie, which I must admit is never seen on my table at breakfast time, in spite of pie being supposedly a New England breakfast dish!—that pie is perfection, according to my male guests. Men enjoy pie, though women in Hollywood usually won't touch it. They give you a reproachful look instead."

PUMPKIN PIE

- 1½ cups pumpkin
- ½ cup milk
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup Brer Rabbit molasses (light)
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- Salt

Sprinkle nutmeg over top. Bake in pie tin lined with unbaked crust. Use

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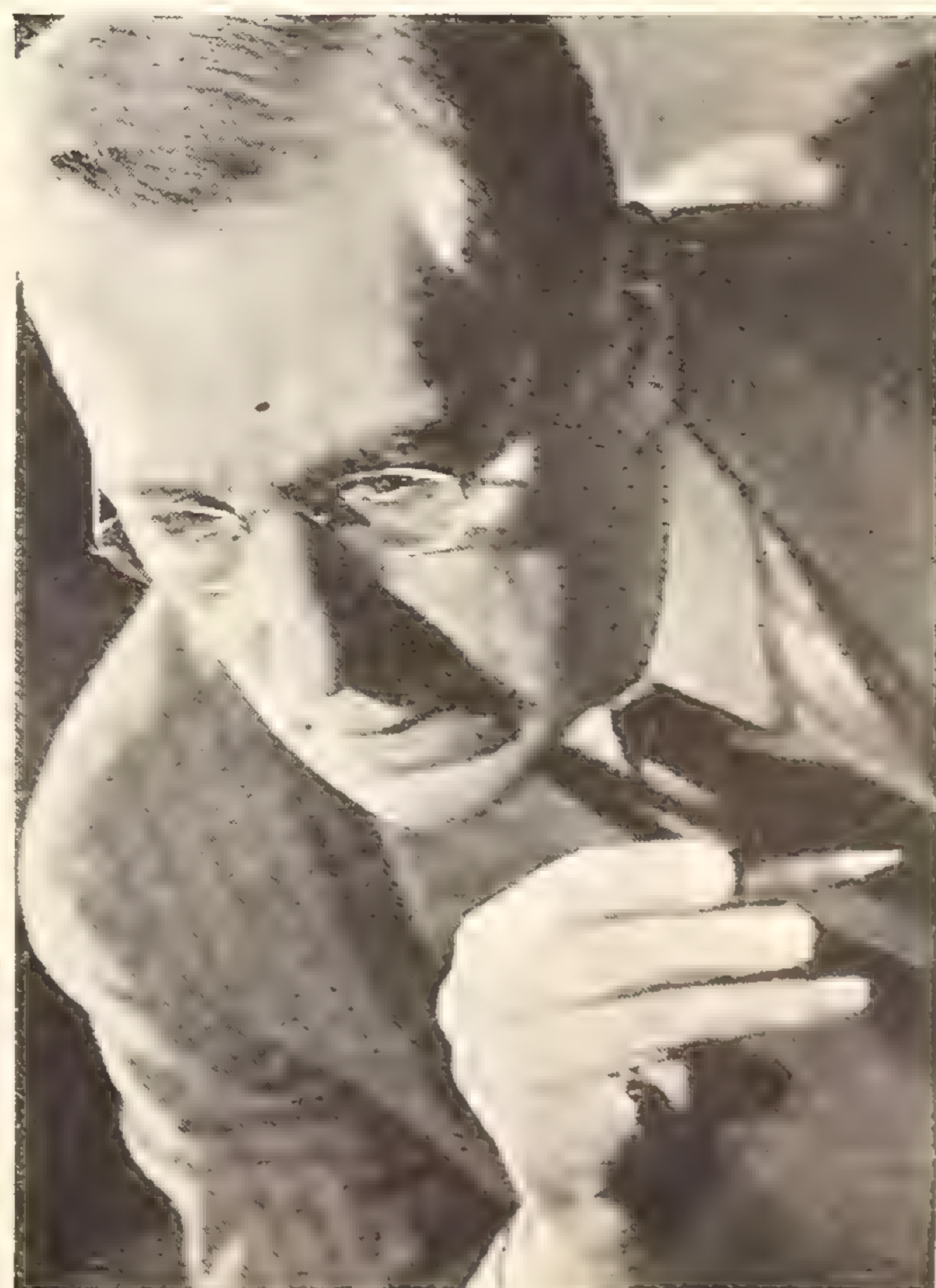
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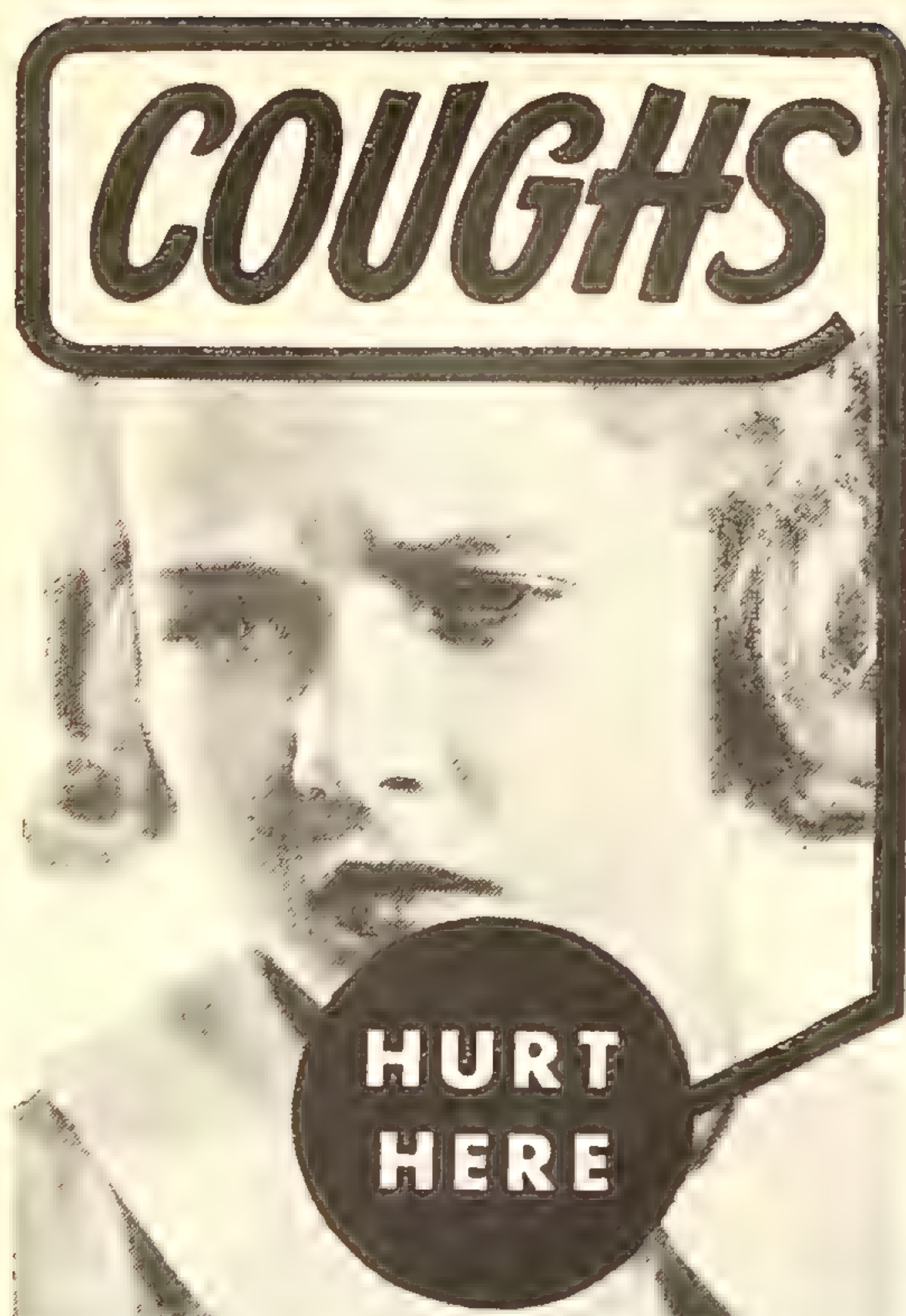
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canned pumpkin or bake pie pumpkin without cutting, and when cool, separate from skin and seeds, put through potato ricer, colander or mash fine.

"We lived on the sea coast and reveled in fresh fish at home. If I could yearn for any food, and I am not a very good yearner—it would be for a 'mess of clams'! Lobster Newburg, cooked with sherry, of course, is my favorite sea food, on sober second thought. But I don't serve it, because you haven't lobsters here in California like ours in New England."

LOBSTER A LA NEWBURG

1 pint lobster meat picked fine
½ pint cream
Yolks of 3 eggs
1 gill Sherry wine
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cayenne
Stir thoroughly, put in double boiler,

cook one-half hour.
"Cheese Souffle makes a nice brunchon dish, too," added Rosalind.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

½ cup butter
1 cup sifted flour
2 cups milk
6 eggs
¾ cup Kraft Parmesan cheese
Salt

Beat butter to a cream and work flour into it. Heat the milk in a double boiler and add to the flour and butter. Return to double boiler and stir until smooth and thick. Remove from fire and add the slightly beaten yolks of eggs. Mix well and stir in cheese, ½ spoon salt, and the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Fill mold three-fourths full, sprinkle with grated cheese, bake 20 minutes and serve at once.

Strong, but Not Silent

Continued from page 70

change the whole course of one's life—being on the right street, at the right moment, when the right person comes by. That sort of thing has happened to me a number of times. When a fortunate opportunity comes my way I make the most of it. If I don't get the breaks I charge it to Fate and try not to worry.

"When I was a child living in New York, where I was born, William A. Brady and his family moved into a house across the street. I became friends with them, particularly Brady's son, and through their influence and example became interested in the theatre. Later young Brady and I went job hunting together. My first stage appearance was with Mrs. Brady—Grace George—in 'Ruined Lady.' One thing led to another and Fate finally brought me to Hollywood where I am very glad to be."

This modest summary of the Bogart saga leaves a number of yawning gaps. A little cross-questioning served to fill in some of them. At fifteen, for instance, he rashly joined the navy. Not being of an adventurous turn—brown-eyed people seldom are—he gave that up at the end of his enlistment, and returned to civil life. ("Some day I mean to travel so that I can see something besides foreign ports," he remarked.)

With the United States Navy off his hands he decided to see what the business world had to offer. A job on Wall Street cured his juvenile dreams of becoming a financier. It was then that he definitely decided that the Thespian's life was the only life for him. During the next few years he accepted every theatrical job that Fate sent his way, taking the rough with the smooth and worrying little: assistant stage manager work, juveniles, character parts, bits, off-stage voices, romantic leads—and tough guys. He appeared in a long list of plays, some lasting a few weeks, some only a few days, and one which folded after a single performance.

In the words of Lorelei Lee, "Fate kept on happening," and Humphrey kept on working. Successful plays, such as "Cradle Snatchers," "Saturday's Children," "Most Immoral Lady" and "It's a Wise Child" were his eventual reward. At last "The Petrified Forest" loomed on the theatrical horizon and Bogart was chosen to portray a four-dimensional outlaw. After its highly successful stage engagement the play was brought to the screen, and its star, Leslie Howard, insisted that Bogart be given his original rôle. Humphrey dates his real

screen career from that momentous day, but he did, as a matter of record, make a number of pictures previously in New York.

"Have you ever suffered from stage or microphone fright?" I asked.

"The actor who never suffers from stage fright is no actor," said he, definitely. "I know a few who insist that they never do, but I don't believe them. One man in particular brags that he has never known stage fright, but he's not my idea of an actor."

"The worst case of stage fright I ever experienced was in a play called 'Swiftly.' My nervousness got to a place where I couldn't talk. My mouth was as dry as if I had been footing it across the Sahara. Since I was completely bogged down I couldn't think of anything to do except walk off the stage and get a drink of water. I did just that, leaving the other players to mark time until I got back."

"There is always a tense moment just before going on the stage. On first nights a freezing sensation settles down over the solar plexus. There is always the fear of forgetting one's lines, or that some other player will forget his, or that a needed prop will not be in place. It is rather awkward to reach for a gun, or letter, or something of the sort, and find that it is not there."

"In radio work I get nervous because there is no way of feeling audience reaction. I have never had trouble with microphone fright in pictures, although I am sometimes embarrassed when they set the camera on my nose and then start looking me over from all angles to see if my face will stand such close inspection."

Speaking of faces, Humphrey's does very well. His eyes are very fine, with brows set at a nice angle, and the rest of his features are assembled with a view to rugged but pleasing architecture. There is an earthy quality about him that is extremely agreeable, and his mental outlook is broad, alert, and penetrating. Anything of a political or mathematical nature appeals to him. During his school years he excelled in algebra and geometry. National affairs engage his attention and he is intelligently concerned with the problems of good government.

Although he goes in for considerable outdoor activity besides his daily toil in the interests of art—swimming, golfing, and sailing being his favorite sports—he eats with surprising lightness. The night before



A trio of great screen troupers caught in one snap of the camera lens. Jane Withers visits her favorite grown-up actresses, Jane Darwell and Lois Wilson.

he had attended a big dinner party at the home of the Fredric Marches. Dinner was not served until nearly ten, and as Humphrey had set that hour to go home he got no dinner at all. Beyond coffee he had had no breakfast. Despite all this he lunched on a portion of rice curry and two bottles of beer. "I don't care much for food," says he, and one can well believe him.

Since coming to gladsome Hollywood where the wage slaves work by day and party by night, Humphrey has gotten into the habit of getting up at seven each morning. This embarrassing situation doesn't particularly matter since he expects to remain in the profession where artists rise with the sun.

The threadbare question of movies versus stage cropped up.

"I prefer the stage," said Bogart, "but the theatre is no longer able to support its players. The high salaries paid for picture work are a strong inducement to remain in them, yet certain studio policies are incomprehensible to me. Imagine a producer deliberately setting out to make a grade 'B' or 'C' picture! It is easy to imagine that sort of picture being made unintentionally, but to schedule a 'B' picture and not let it run into the 'A' class—well, it beats me!

"I have never wanted to attempt a

Shakespearean rôle. I don't feel that that is my forte. The creation of true Shakespearean characters requires that most minute study and research, besides a natural capacity for that sort of portrayal. My first wife, Helen Menken, was a direct descendant of Edwin Booth, and I had an opportunity to examine his books and papers. The amount of thought, analysis, and dissection which he gave his great Shakespearean portrayals was amazing. The man was not only an acting genius but a thorough craftsman as well."

The present Mrs. Bogart, known professionally as Mary Phillips, last season played a stage engagement with Richard Barthelmess in "The Postman Always Rings Twice," and is now making pictures in Hollywood. Even during his portrayals of public enemies Humphrey wears the wedding ring of twisted gold threads which she gave him nine years ago.

It is perfectly obvious that in this article I have not endowed my subject with the outstanding features of Taylor, Gable, Muni and Howard, but I do hope that I have given some indication of the qualities that go to make up a friendly, civic-minded, intellectual artist named Humphrey Bogart. If I have failed he will just have to apply his own philosophy and blame it on Fate!

Time Out for Study

Continued from page 65

completed will enable her to produce either a stage play or a picture with a confidence gained only through knowledge and practical experience.

As a consequence, she is learning to write for the theatre and the screen, frequently sitting in on story conferences of her pictures and personally going over the problems that arise in situation and plot. Ever a close and careful observer, she has made a point of acquiring a knowledge of camera-craft and the art of lighting. The program that Miss Harding is following

with great diligence is ambitious indeed.

Photography also holds a fascination for Anna Sten, the Russian charmer, and Warner Baxter, to an even more advanced degree. Before she embarked for America, Anna was considered a passably fair camera artist, and since arriving in Hollywood she has made amazing progress in the study of higher and trick photography.

Baxter has a completely-equipped laboratory in his home. When not working in a picture, he spends a great deal of his time on the sets studying the lighting

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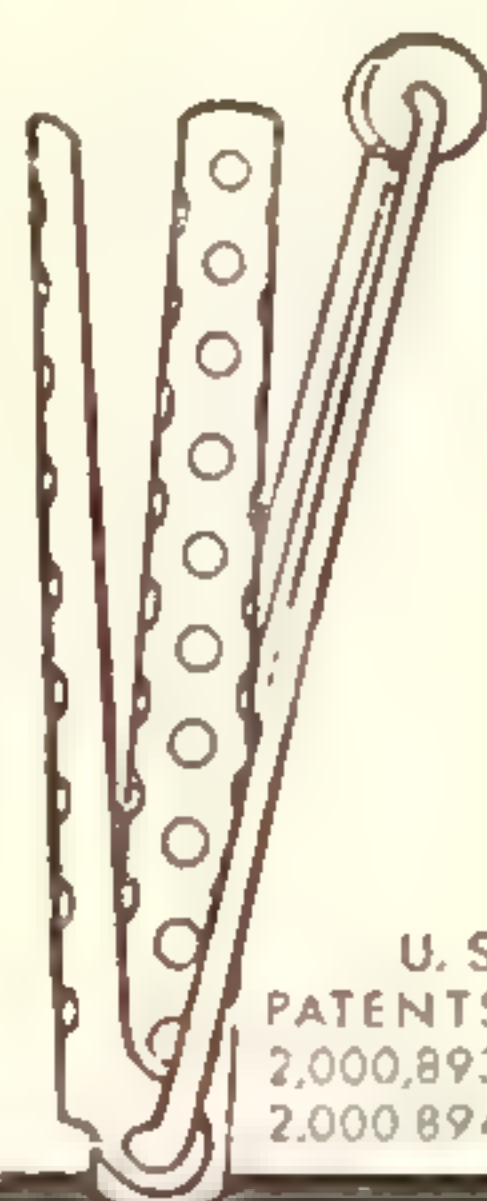
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These young screen players sure know their fashion points. For example, above, Helen Wood picks a chic printed lame frock.

effects and composition of cameramen. Many of his evenings are devoted to experimenting.

William Powell became so intrigued with the study of fabrics when he was planning and purchasing draperies for his beautiful new mansion that when he finished furnishing the house he continued his research. As a result, he's now quite an expert on fabrics, colors, dyes, history of materials and the like and can converse intelligently upon any phase of that industry.

Little Jean Parker is a student of costume designing. For years forced by the necessity of designing and making her own clothes, due to lack of funds in the family exchequer, she grew genuinely interested in the art and now whiles away many an hour in the perusal of how she may better herself in this line. Jean studies piano, too, as well as French and dancing.

Dancing holds the attention of many members of the film colony. Mary Brian goes in for tap dancing and Marion Nixon has studied classical expression for several years. Mary has put her terpsichorean knowledge to very good use, since she occasionally leaves Hollywood for vaudeville tours through the East. Carole Lombard, Dolores Del Rio, Claudette Colbert and Gail Patrick are others who take dancing lessons regularly.

Lee Tracy is qualifying himself in navigation in a big way, since his purchase of a 65-foot schooner, christened "Adoree." In order that he may be able to navigate the craft himself and thus do away with a pilot he has taken unto himself the task of learning as much about the subject as a land-lubber may.

Both Glenda Farrell and Joan Bennett have developed into first-rate interior decorators, as a result of their studious application over a period of years. Each has practical experience behind her, through furnishing her own home. The former recently decorated a house which excited considerable public attention.

Douglass Montgomery, the up and coming young actor, takes a lesson in fencing every day, claiming there is nothing else

in the line of exercise that gives the body the grace and sureness of action. He needs it in his work, he says. Gene Raymond subscribes to this same theory, and can perform amazing feats of agility and balance. He has taken instruction in handling the foils since his early teens and is considered somewhat of an expert in the sport.

Being a top-rank singer, Jeanette MacDonald, of course, studies daily, and Kitty Carlisle spends two separate hours with her voice teacher six days a week. Gloria Stuart and Katherine DeMille study singing, as well, to mention but a quartet of those Hollywoodians who are engaged in learning how to sing.

The brotherhood of Man is Francis Lederer's all consuming desire, and as a result he devotes all his spare time and a great deal of money to his World Peace Federation. He lost a brother in the World War and ever since he was old enough to think has been vastly interested in the movement and studies it from every angle.

Economics and national politics command the attention of Eddie Cantor, who is extremely well versed in both these many-sided subjects. He is a deep student of the trend of the times, and in his writings always touches upon the economic side of present-day problems. There is humor in his articles, but underneath a shrewd evaluation of existing conditions.

Alan Hale possesses a consuming interest in astrology and has a considerable fortune invested in an experimental and research laboratory. Mary Boland is active in her study of sculpturing. Jean Harlow takes piano lessons and Isabel Jewell is learning both the piano and the violin. So that she may feel at home when she returns to France with her French husband, Pat Paterson is perfecting herself in that language. And Jackie Cooper wants his own orchestra, so devotes much time to the "traps," and to piano.

The stars aren't the idle play-fellows they sometimes are cracked up to be. They're too darn busy with their studies.



And for jaunts outdoors stylish Inez Gorman selects a smart coat and suit ensemble of yellow tweed trimmed with lynx fur.

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 69

THE Errol Flynns are both very much disappointed to learn that Lili will be unable to accompany Errol on his forthcoming trip to the South Seas. It seems that Errol, who was formerly a government official there, has a special permit to visit certain portions of the interior which he hopes to photograph for background scenes in "The White Rajah," the story he sold the studio, but no women are at any time allowed there. Lili, during his absence, may go to New York to do a play.

LORETTA YOUNG'S recent vacation in Honolulu has improved her health a hundred percent. Never has she looked more blooming than she did the other night at the Trocadero, wearing a beautiful gown of shimmering gold sequins. Eddie Sutherland, as usual, was in attendance. Also in the party were Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow. Other Troccers, on the same evening, were Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Charles and Mrs. Starrett, Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton.

SIR GUY STANDING, working in "Lloyds of London," is getting a big boot out of confusing all his friends and acquaintances since he was obliged to shave off his mustache for his rôle in the picture. It's the first time he has been without it since he was a young boy. So changed is his appearance, you actually have to look three times to make sure it's Sir Guy.

IF YOU think Hollywood screen stars have really grown up, you should have seen the sight I saw out at the West Side Tennis Club the other Sunday! After most of the guests had departed, the large social room was turned completely upside down while Ann Sothorn, Cesar Romero, Phillips Holmes, Count Carpagna, Frank Shields and his wife and Humphrey Bogart played musical chairs!



Helen Vinson, who may be relied upon to be always stylishly stunning and smart, wears here a brown broadtail caracul cape.



From over London way comes this beauty and style hint from Jessie Matthews in a Harris tweed suit, set off by a crisp plaid scarf.

WHEN Ralph Bellamy and Charles Farrell started the Racquet Club at Palm Springs, it was more of a gag than anything else. That was two years ago. Now they find themselves in possession of a \$100,000 business, because the popularity of the Club among the filmites has grown by leaps and bounds, causing the membership fee to rise from less than a hundred dollars to four hundred and fifty.

THERE'S a bit of rivalry going on on the set of "Another Dawn." It all started the other day when Kay Francis' small dachshund was hurt by a falling beam and Errol Flynn rushed over to administer first aid treatment. The little fellow has become so attached to Errol, he follows him all over the set, much to the disgust of Arno, Errol's schnauzer. It reached the point yesterday where Errol was obliged to confine Arno to his dressing-room during working hours.

SO MUCH in love with Eleanore Whitney is young Johnny Downs that he finally quit wearing bow ties just because she didn't like bow ties. Recently, he sent Eleanore a picture of himself autographed: "To the only girl who could make me stop wearing bow ties." And so much in love with Johnny is Eleanore, she sent him a birthday present the other day of a very smart bow tie. The little card accompanying it said: "To the only boy who can wear a bow tie and make me like it!"

JANE WYMAN, radio singer just come to pictures (and what a honey!), is building an artificial lake in the back yard of her Toluca Lake home just so she can indulge in her favorite pastimes of fishing and surf-board riding. She's making her debut in Warner's "Ready, Willing, and Able." You'll see more of this youngster.

(Continued on next page)

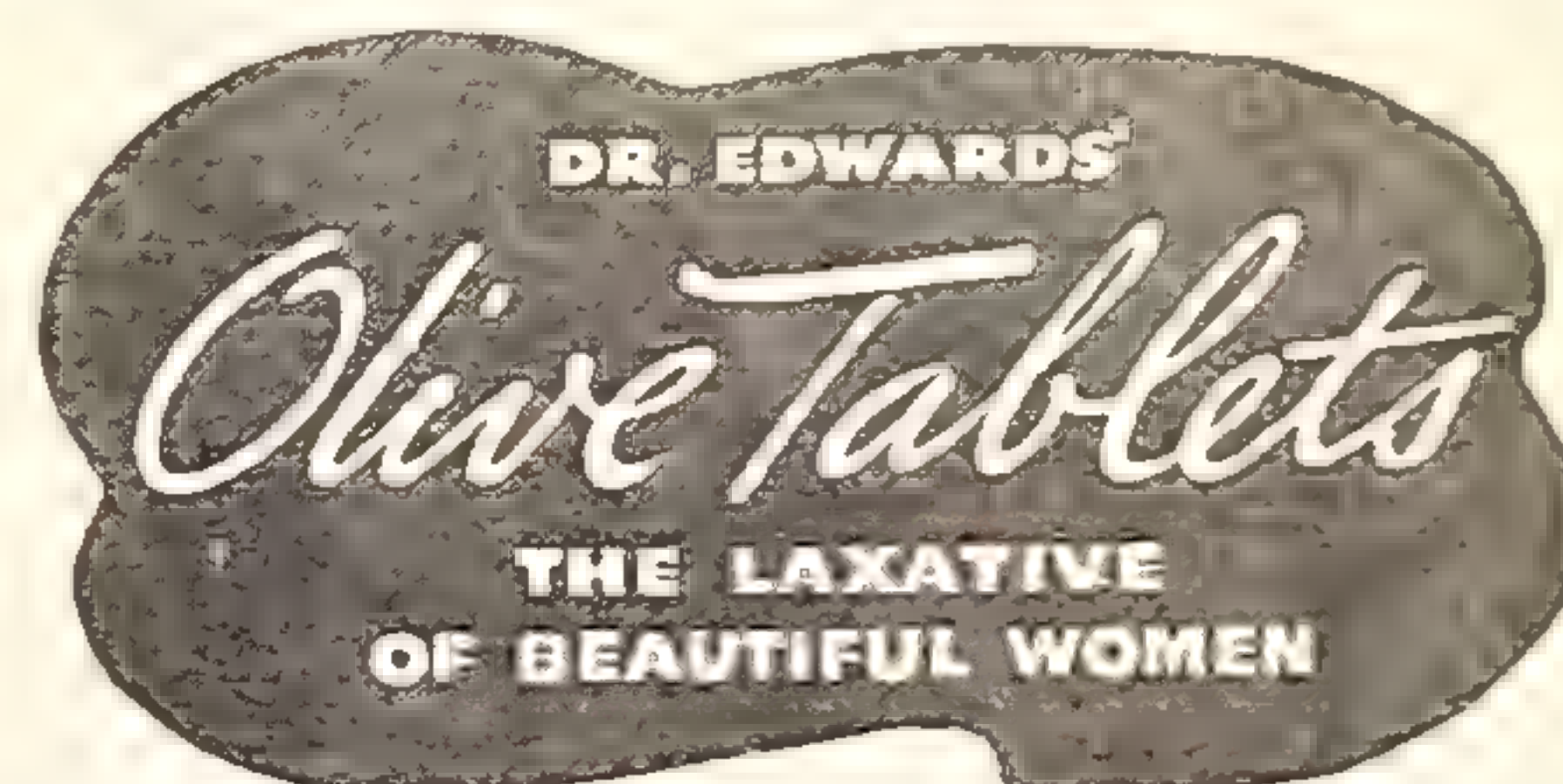


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OH, OH, said the town gossips, when they glimpsed Joan Bennett and Charles Boyer having a quiet cocktail at Lucey's the other evening, immediately trying to make something of it. It was all quite innocent, as a matter of fact. Joan and Charles were just trying to work up their courage to face the microphone on the Camel program at Station KHJ, which is right across the street.

DURING the 57 weeks Benita Hume worked on "Tarzan," she came in contact with practically every type of wild animal, and Benita didn't seem to be a bit frightened. Much to the surprise of everyone on the set of "Rainbow on the River," in which Benita plays an important rôle, loud shrieks were heard from the lady when she discovered she'd sat down right next to a cage of small white mice, practically scaring the little creatures to death.

EVER since she made her first public skating appearance at the age of thirteen, Sonia Henie has received on each and every occasion a message of good wishes and a huge box of red carnations from the King of Norway. The other day when she was about to make her début in the most elaborate and important skating scenes on the large ice rink which has been specially built on the set of "One in a Million," she was very much surprised and touched to receive his usual greeting—cabled all the way from Norway.

DEER hunting has become more and more popular among the male contingency this season. Among the recent participants are Gary Cooper, Guy Standing, Errol Flynn, Charles Starrett, Douglas Dumbrille, Donald Woods, Leo Carrillo, Alan Mowbray and a score more. Dumbrille, as a matter of fact, has made three trips since the season opened, but so far hasn't even had a shot at a single deer!

MAY ROBSON now boasts she has over a hundred birds of various and sundry species in her aviary. Incidentally, there are no cats allowed in the Robson home. Only her dog, "Bonnie Boy," is permitted the freedom of the grounds.

EVELYN VENABLE just *won't* be a Hollywood mother! She's made up her mind that nothing is as important as to have her new baby love her and feel that she's important in her life. So each and

every Wednesday, come what may, the nurse is dismissed for the day and Evelyn takes entire charge of the little one. Even from the very earliest days, when night feedings were in order, Evelyn insisted on taking complete care of the infant on that one day a week. Studio shooting schedules are arranged to conform, so that Evelyn can spend Wednesday at home.

WHEN Bing Crosby returned from Honolulu, he found two hundred checks awaiting his signature, to say nothing of something like eight hundred photographs to be autographed. Each check sent out by Bing Crosby, Inc., must be countersigned by his brother, Everett, and his father, but no check is complete without the John Henry of your favorite crooner.

POOR Basil Rathbone has just about given up the idea that he'll ever be anything but a big, bad man. Few people realize that before he came to Hollywood and pictures he had never played "heavy" rôles, but he's been so typed since he came here that no one would give him any other characterization to do. At last, however, he received an offer from England to do a romantic part which he hoped would break his jinx. But the other day that hope was blasted when a woman approached him as he was walking down a London street. Stopping directly in front of him, she gushed:

"Oh, Mr. Rathbone, my little boy just hates you!"

THERE must be something about Joan Crawford's dinner parties that everyone enjoys. At seven-thirty, the Fred Astaires, the Gary Coopers, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor were among the guests who sat down at the table. At twelve-thirty they were still sitting. Joan and Tone still had a movie to run and popcorn to be served. And believe it or not, they never once talked about moving pictures. Well, maybe just once!

DID you know that Greta Garbo, although known as the world's champion camera-dodger, has actually posed for 3000 portraits?

EVERY time Fred Astaire and George Murphy get together, they reminisce about the good old days on the stage. Fred was dancing in musical comedy, while George danced in vaudeville. Every day they'd meet between shows and go to the movies. But don't get the idea that they were crazy about the galloping tintypes. They loved the silent drama, because it was such a good place to catch up on their sleep. Now they're dancing with tears in their eyes, while other people tear off forty winks.

ERIC BLORE, who glorifies the movie butler to such perfection, had a very amusing experience. Rushing home from the set to get into his dinner clothes, Eric joined Mrs. Blore, who was waiting for him in the car.

"And just what is the meaning of this?" asked Mrs. Blore, as she tapped an impatient foot.

Taking a good look at himself, Eric discovered he had put on one of his butler outfits, instead of the correct white tie and tails.

WHEN Claude Rains was touring in Europe, a Pasha presented him with an oval-shaped silver coin, bearing this Turkish inscription. "You'll never be hungry or in want with me." Claude has been carrying the coin for twenty-seven years and the only time he has been hungry is when he gets so engrossed with his acting, he forgets to go to lunch.



Ann Dvorak, whom we haven't seen since too long ago on the screen, in character for her next film.

RAY MILLAND is still wondering just what you would feed a dog that would cost \$5 a day. Ray was frantic, a couple of weeks ago, when he found that his prized setter had been stolen. The other day, two middle-aged women drove up to the house with the dog. Ray and the dog were both overjoyed at the reunion, the dog leaping and bounding all over him in his excitement. The ladies were very cagey, however, and Ray had to talk long and fast to convince them that the dog really belonged to him.

"Well, all right," one of them said, grudgingly. "I guess he's your dog. But we've been feeding him for two days so I think you should give us \$10 for his board."

DURING her recent visit to New York, Jeanette MacDonald decided to remain incognito in order to take advantage of a much needed rest and vacation. She took the most elaborate pains in the world to disguise herself, slicking her hair back under a strange hat, wearing large colored glasses and embarking on the train under an assumed name. Arriving at her favorite New York hotel, she carefully registered under her new name and started for her

room, preceded by the porter who was carrying her bags. While they were waiting for the elevator, the porter grinned at her. "You didn't bring your sheep dog with you this time, did you, Miss MacDonald?" he inquired. Jeanette decided then and there that this incognito stuff is the bunk!

ACCORDING to Gail Patrick, who possesses one of Hollywood's loveliest figures, the way to do it is by climbing stairs. Gail claims she walks up and down the stairs a dozen times a day. She says it teaches her how to balance her figure.

JOAN and Franchot Tone have become preview hounds. They slip over to the Westwood Village Theatre and sit unobserved, in the back row of the theatre. Incidentally, both of them are going in for wearing glasses. They're just for seeing movies, because the strong lights at the studio cause such a terrific strain on the eyes.

KAREN MORLEY is one Hollywood actress who leads a double life and gets away with it. When Karen is working, she lives in a Hollywood apartment. In between times, she lives down at Palos Verdes, where she runs a home all year 'round for little Michael and her husband, Charles Vidor. Away from her Hollywood existence, Karen makes it a rule that moving pictures or anything pertaining to the acting profession must not be referred to, in her home.

IT SEEMS fantastic, but it actually happened. Early in the morning, Henry Wadsworth was rushing to the Paramount studios to report for work. Failing to notice a stop signal, a pedestrian stepped in front of Henry's car. He jammed on the brakes and managed to save the man from anything more serious than a shaking up. As Henry was helping to pick up packages and letters that were sprawled all over the street, he glanced down at the top envelope in his hand. It had Henry's name on it and the man, recognizing Henry, admitted that he had just written for a photograph. And what's more, he insisted he still wanted it.

CLARENCE BROWN, who knows his feminine stars, (he's a Garbo specialist), predicts there are two players in Hollywood today who are destined to be the greatest actresses of this age. Clarence has never met either one of them or directed them in a single scene. But he's been watching their progress for years and knows whereof he speaks. The favored ones are Margo and Julie Haydon.

IT DOESN'T make sense, but then neither does Marie Wilson—when the script calls for it. In a recent "pitcher," the blonde comedienne played the rôle of an ice skater. The first day Marie kept slipping and spent half her time sitting on the ice. The next day she came to work with a sore throat!

BILL POWELL is taking a correspondence course in trout fishing. He gets daily instructions through the mail from his son, Bill, Jr.

EVER since Carole Lombard moved into her Bel-Air cottage, whimsically called "The Farm," she has been deluged with presents from all her friends in the form of animals. Carole now has a large dachshund, a small dachshund, a cocker spaniel, a pekingese, and a cat named Josephine. For her birthday the other week, her two servants presented her with a beautiful bantam rooster and hen to match, while someone sent around a dove. Next thing she'll be getting. Carole laughingly supposes, will be a cow!

(Continued on next page)



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Those stepping Stones! From left to right, above: Mrs. Fred Stone, Fred, daughters Paula, Dorothy, and Carol, and son-in-law Charles Collins, Dorothy's husband.

MADGE EVANS has originated something new in landscaping in the garden of her new home. It's divided into little plots which will supply a different type of flower for each room in the house. One contains yellow and rust chrysanthemums for the living room, another is filled with white roses for the dining room, while still another bed is planted in yellow daisies for the breakfast room, etc. It's not only very practical, but extremely colorful.

THERE'S a haunted house in Laurel Canyon and it took Henry Wadsworth to solve the mystery. At the time he rented it, Henry took a year's lease. He couldn't understand why he got it so cheap, until his best friends promised never to come and see him. The first night he moved in, Henry heard strange voices. The next night he heard music. The third night he decided to investigate. After searching for hours he discovered an unused radiator running around the ceiling of a store-room. Wires had been stretched across, as a suitable place for drying the family washing. Through some unexplainable contact with the elements, sound was produced. The combination of the wire and the radiator picked up and broadcasted the local radio programs.

JUST to play a little joke on her director, Julie Haydon got all dressed up in old clothes and disguised herself with make-up and a wart. On the set, they were using a group of scrub women. Julie got herself right in the middle and proceeded to do everything, just opposite from what she had been instructed. The director didn't discover the gag until he gave Julie a line to read with a Swedish accent. Instead she sounded like she was doing a take-off on Fanny Brice. Everyone burst out laughing and Julie was forced to give herself up.

TWICE a year they have dollar day on Hollywood Boulevard and the whole town goes mad. Who do you think was the maddest of all and got the best bargains? It was none other than Una Merkel, who in spite of being a high-priced movie star, still can't resist that old feminine urge to purchase things at "half-off." Most of the things she bought, Una really didn't need. She just couldn't resist them, so now she's giving them away to all her friends.



Grooming for stardom! Dorothy Oldfield was a nurse receptionist in a London clinic when Douglas Fairbanks Jr., signed her for pictures. She makes her debut in "Accused" with Doug and Del Rio.

AT A recent Hollywood premiere, Francis Lederer was seen hurriedly to run up the aisle and dash out of the theatre in his evening clothes. Thirty minutes later he dashed back again and resumed his place. It developed that Francis suddenly remembered a certain antique table he had long admired, was to be auctioned off that night. He arrived at the auction just in time to increase the bid and get the table for his very own. No wonder they call him the bouncing Czech!

FRED ASTAIRE is the proud recipient of a most unique watch chain. It was presented to him by his wife, who had it specially designed. Instead of the usual chain, this one is made of individual letters, spelling Fred's full name. They are joined by tiny connecting links. The chain is worn diagonally from the belt or suspender button, to the right side pocket. In this way the name can easily be read.

IMAGINE, if you can, having an eight-month vacation and not knowing what to do with it! That's what's happened to Walter Connolly. Seems when Walter first signed his contract with Columbia pictures, he stipulated that every two years he was to have eight months in which to do a play in New York. And now the vacation period is here, but Walter has been unable to find a play, so chances are he and his wife, Nedda Harrigan, will spend the entire eight months taking short trips around California.

BEING such a well-mannered and charming person caused Brian Aherne to spend a pretty uncomfortable evening. A letter addressed to his home, informed Brian that the sender and his family were on their way to Hollywood and were most anxious to renew their friendship. Brian didn't recognize their name and yet he was so afraid it might be someone he had met in England that he invited the people out for dinner. His guests arrived, they were friendly and spoke of Brian's friends and seemed to know all about them. Brian couldn't ever remember meeting or seeing the people before in his life. When they said good night and thanked him for a lovely evening, he still didn't know who they were. Either some fans got away with a clever ruse, or Brian is having a little memory trouble.

THOSE who come within a half of a block of the R-K-O make-up department, will tell you that Katherine Hepburn can be heard talking incessantly at the top of her voice. This occurs every morning that Katie is made up for a picture. Either this extreme measure is taken to cover up an innate shyness, or maybe our Kate likes to be heard, even if she objects to being seen in the flesh.

JOAN BLONDELL and Dick Powell have given up their respective houses at Toluca Lake since their recent marriage and moved into a new home in Beverly Hills. Both of them felt it was better to start their married life in new and fresh surroundings.



If Tala Birell, whom you see above, lives up to the title of her new picture, there'll be fireworks on the screen. The picture Tala does next is "Blonde Dynamite."



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